

Sage Francis, Black Out On White Night

lights are out, phones are dead
and I'm the only thing that's runnin in this city
except for the clouds
and man they're comin down
if i knew my way around wouldn't feel so dizzy

where's tele? nobody can tell me
i don't speak a lick of that language and got a slippery memory
if i spelled it all out on my arm, only if
but i didn't so i think get a grip kid, deal with it
baby's waiting for a ring
wont settle for the substitute excuse that's forming
i got a complicated case of escapism
for her i try to rewire my nature
too tired to wake her up
odder that artificial calm she was on
drug-induced future that slipped out of her palms
seductive rain dancer, she thinks i'm waterproof
like superman doesn't need a roof over his head
when i come home to roost i need truth to hold in bed
but i'm seeking salvation in a booth

and the phones are dead
and the lights are out
and i'm the only thing livin in this ghost town
except for the clouds, and man they're comin down
if i knew my way around by now i'd be bound for home

blackout on white night in rome
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i know that i'm in love, but i know i'm out of touch
and i know that i get dumb when i can sense something's up
and then i bottom out
European tailspins
scrolling messages out on my pale skin
in hopes that they get mailed in
before the ink poisoning takes effect
and it gets smudged because i budge before letting paint set
i get judged by the ones who have shelter and rain checks
while i trudge through the mud cuz its pouring to rain sweat
regain consciousness and lose common sense
the ominous dark skies that lie between me
and providence are signs
the obvious answer isn't standin on your face with stilettos on
if you pop the question wrong
every song's a post afterthought
i wont grab the chalk to outline my body of work
toe-tags get caught in my teeth
cuz my foot is in my mouth
and spurs are in my words so my tongue cant dismount
even after our rapport had fully run its course
couldn't figure out the most heroic time to jump from the horse
and place this old hat for the last time
on the coat rack
but i donate all of my earnings from this race
just to know that
resisting urges to go back and get it later
like the milk wouldn't sour itself in the refrigerator
a wet boy
in a dry, dry state
on an old country road
where tradition has a blind date
i make it dance on its own grave tonight

with a change of direction by the pale moon light

and if it needs theme music i'll break out the bagpipes
and play a tune a ghost wrote me in a past life
that goes like...

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