

# Sage Francis, Crack Pipes

I'd give a 21 gun shot salute...

With the toy rifle that you bought me, but it won't shoot.

And all is well, because there's been one too many shots.

The sterile robots want to talk to me about detox.

Stop the presses. There's been an update via 1:30 AM phone call.

When an only half-informative source talks discretely...

Meet me...at the family room on the side of the intensive care unit.

Immediately...I'll carry a tune, but the siren's so loud I can't hear my music.

Keep free...of negative thoughts. Everything'll be fine we all assumed.

That is would go back to the way things were. That it would go back to normal soon.

I saw the moon in a way that I'd never seen it before when I looked up that night,

Into the sky...wondering why...looking for answers. Guess I ain't asked right.

I'm guessing most of y'all out there know exactly what that's like.

What that's like. Tell me...what's that like?

It's like a whirlwind of emotions that occurs when moms and dads fight.

It's like when a girl grins and a motion of hers that holds your arm and grabs tight.

Hurl him into the ocean. One of those cold sweat, heat flash types.

But extreme fluctuations and temperature changes have been known to crack pipes...

Crack pipes...

crack pipes.

Meet me...halfway and I'll go that extra length just to help your strength.

Meet me at the AA meeting, needing to take more than 12 steps.

Bring me to your hiding place so I can face your vice grip.

I'll chisel every single monkey off your back with this ice pick.

Come meet up with me on the sidelines when the game is over just to say hello.

Then afterwards...backstage...to let me know that you enjoyed the show.

Then go to Grandma's house for Sunday dinner. Sit at the head of the table.

Take away the fatal flaw you made the day before I seen you bleed.

Meet me...on Christmas Eve. We can fight but make up before you leave.

Make visits with the rest of those who rest in pieces of my dreams.

Meet me at the fork in the road where the lost souls get indecisive.

Meet me at the crossroads so I can have someone to walk into the light with.