

Sage Francis, Keep Moving

I keep moving
I go from house to house
I stay committed
Like one foot in, one foot out
I bounce
Yeah I'm leaving this place
Divorce papers falling out my briefcase

Miss Intuition, the half-truth harlot
Got her suspicions
Lacks proof but wants it
I've been practicin grabbin the noose when the knot slips
Rewiring my mind to make the firing squad miss
And while they're busy reloading
I'm decoding the messages she sent with this key I keep holding
But it's a copy
And the lock seems broken
Got me chokin' on discussions I cannot keep open
I'm fully clothed in this cock-tease moment
The last cigarette sits between my lips
But I will not smoke it
While it dangled I got strangled by a second hand
Broke the ropes when I held my breath and let my chest expand
Threw the stogie to the lonely hitman for hire
Told him that he owed me and he showed me his hand's on fire
We didn't shake on it
He nodded, I nodded back
He lit the cigarette with his finger and dropped the gat
I started walking the tracks you should've tied me to
I waited for a train to hop but stopped to say good-bye to you
When I turned my head
I heard what you said:
"Murder him dead and try to do it with the girl in his bed"
So I fled
As I remembered one should never look back
There's no direction home only blood on the tracks
Stuck in the past
I jetted and left the red footprints for them to follow
Headed toward tomorrow
And took sips from the flask
That you bought me
For my sober anniversary
Her dad tracks my scent
She's got her old man in search of me
He knows where I'm headed, he's been there
King of the home
Sits on his throne like it's an electric chair
I'm the heir to that domestic death sentence
I see people accepting lethal injections
Dead in seconds
They confused prison for a bed in breakfast
Used their one call on voicemail to see who left a message
Could it be her?
Could it be!?
They're desperate
Mad at me cause they lack a strategy for exit
Nobody pregnant, nobody get burped
I got lost on this head trip but won't talk to an expert
My legs hurt cuz I've been walking with cement boots
Ever since you lured me to the water bed to get cute
She had a wet suit and dry dispostion
But couldn't execute that type of mission
It's no small time thing organizing my ending
My book of life

Is a "Choose Your Own Adventure"
With a circular section
You can tell your friends I walked all over you
But you know that's not what these boots were made to do
In fact, you had them crafted at the store
Said, "Baby, slip em on" but I don't know what you take me for.
I knew what was up once I felt nailed to the floor
And since the key didnt work I kicked my way through the door

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I am no destination
I am just the journey
So don't go settling on me, love
No, don't go settling on me

I am no destination
I am just the journey
So don't go settling on me, love
No, don't go settling on me

I am no destination
I am just the journey
So don't go settling on me, love
No, don't go settling on me

Speak of me in your travels
Take pictures if you please
But don't go settling on me, love
No don't go settling on me