

# 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 disposition  
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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Yeah I'm leaving this place  
Divorce papers falling the fuck out my briefcase

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