

Sage Francis, Lie Detector Test

Got a caveman banging on my back door
Got a hang man hanging on my front lawn
Got an old maid wasting away in the living room
Kids in the kitchen with their mouths full of silver spoons
Got a paper full of yellow journalism
A restraunt waiter selling me words of wisdom
The small town crier is chilling with the village idiots
The big city slickers are still busy building pyramids
Got a dimploma but no wall to hang it
Tags on the bathroom stall to make me famous
A job description that don't fit the bill
a fatal femme fatale dressed to kill
Get me out of this, lie detector test
My pupils inhale and exhale
My breath is a microphone check: 1, 2, what is this?

(I wanna give a big special shout out to all the real people out there, keepin it real, because reality

In a world where these girl's got retro tattoos
and all I've got is a gut and velcro black shoes
and elbows that move in a way that makes space
I'm looking at you (stay awake, stay awake)
Natural face affected by the chemical leaks
Grammatical mistakes in every sentence I speak
It doesn't matter, I make enough sense to seem deep
Now look at me (go to sleep, go to sleep)

(You know I wanna give a shout out to my boy Reanimator, my man Chris doing his damn thing, ke

I'm a poor man's version of a rich man
I've got a small van swerving through a big land
I've got a road map that's looking alot like a math test
A blocked phone number and a bunk home address
I've got a way out but I ain't trying to use it
cuz I've got some ins and I'm a bet all my winnings
If it hurts me more than it hurts you, then I won't hurt you
I've got more sense than virtue
I've got a cerfew, it's 12 o'clock
After that I'll start trembling if I get fed hiphop
Cuz I'm a G to the r-e-m-l-i-n
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?
Get me out of this, lie detector test
My pupils inhale and exhale
My breath is a microphone check: 1, 2, what is this?