

Sage Francis, Threewrite (Non-Prophets)

This is to the (uh-uh) intertwined souls
the hands I've been trying to hold
This is to the (uh-uh) love that I lost
and all the troubling thoughts of how I got double-crossed
and this is to the (uh-uh) divorce I was forced to settle with
and the remorse I fought off with metal fists
and this is to the (uh-uh) wet, watery kiss I left you with
on your porch while I watched your trembling lips

This is to the... memory of our early years
the first girl I shared feelings with
and it's the realest thing I'd experienced in my short existence
and I ain't afraid to admit
cause love is one of the things that doesn't come with an age limit
now does it? In fact I'ma have to say I'm more keen to feel such things
hopeless things I'd lost in a smokescreen of meaningless fucking
Touching without touching, candles in the dark
casting shadows on our parents battles, this is for the romantics at heart
It wasn't too long before I held you more than my pen
when I wasn't writing songs, it was something like
"Forever and always, whenever those songs play..."
I remember empty hallways
or your image that descended from the top floor became an echo
I paid the price for those hard things, and couldn't afford to let go
From a passive debt, I'm past regret
Did you know I dreamt about you before we met?
Remembering our first kiss, and it hasn't even happened yet
Recollecting your set, and I wasn't even given the chance to forget
I guess that's the magic of it
Now every rehashed subject's displaying what I wrote
on cafe napkins to the public
to get it over and done with, closure hath cometh
My shoulders have plummeted from holding these buckets
Hold your laughs till I go back to the tunnels of Paris
where I wrote half of these paragraphs... but fuck it

This is to my ten year story, in another decade
you better be better prepared for me
in the first four years, you were all ears
then the next six, you left me for the next exit
with depth to my message
So that began my affair with the world abroad
Behind the curtain with the other hurtful girls I explored
Until I became the monster, turning to the words that I record
Pardon me, if you heard it all before
"I didn't shake you to hurt you"
when you landed on the floor
In a room of naked virtues
I closed my eyes to cancel what I saw
Your hand made the first move to the handle of the drawer
where the frail girl couldn't think to live
"I didn't shake you to hurt you"
I never planned it before
I can't shake off your perfume, can't wash my hands no more
and I'm breaking my curfew, but I can't walk
I'm standing at the door, I hear the wailing of a little kid
...and the failure of innocence
His compromise eyeing the side of the kitchen sink
What you think, I just let you cut you, cut me-- cut the bullshit
Damn, I love the hugs enough to tolerate
the way we made each other crazy, making it so tough to operate
Productively, my self esteem didn't help when I felt ugly
and I figured that's the reason why you wouldn't touch me
My ego does bleed, I shouldn't have let you test it

and let your arms free to follow through with your domestic slip up
Love is a battlefield so lick your shots quick
while I lick my wounds and then resume as an obvious target
Infatuations with the past protect my Purple Heart with
a faded picture I had in my shirt pocket
I'm going out with a bang..
in a blaze of glory holes, the anti-hero
I don't care how many ways the story's told
Be careful when these doolies play like drums
and be careful what you say, because my uzi weighs a tongue..

This is to the sleepless evenings that I spent next to grave stones
Hoping someone from beyond would grab my arm and take me home
I hadn't accepted I'd have to make it alone
after feeding everything I had into a payphone
and this is to the rain..
I felt like it was made of spit
My parade was an unbreakable chain of Gabe's trumpets
Save the buckets even though they weighed down my walking
You don't know the height of the steak you place your fork in
You look old (that's what you said)
I feel old (that's what I said)
I been through a lot since you been gone, dead, born again
torn to shreds over girls who were porcelain
the cry-baby dolls, when we were allowed to talk again
I stopped accepting wake-up calls (that ring true)
I hate the way I fall for everything you do
Our fate is flawed, that's why I make these break-up songs to sing to you
Music is my only psychiatric drug
And you're a pill in human form I'd like to hide under my tongue
Kiss the foot that couldn't fit into the slipper of my mouth
The denizen in your house begging for the benefit of your doubts
When I got kicked out, I played the faithful puppy dog
Loyal to the love alost, sitting at your fucking door in utter disbelief
I sucked all of the skin off of my teeth
you pulled away, you let me choke on your invisible leash
You can find me hiding these screams behind my eyelids
She blinded me (she blinded me) with silence..
So my air-mail lips blew her a fairwell kiss
Slinking over the sink, where all the hair gel drips
Stairwells dip deep into her mouth where I found a cycle
and ever since then, I've been on a downward spiral
this round is final, it's time to recover
because it's a porch that some dogs choose to die under
the first song was a breakdown, I apologize in round two
this version im certain, this shit ain't even about you
It's the threewrite..