

Sage Francis, Black Sweatshirt

Tonight I'm in the mood for some unscheduled affection
Spontaneous combustion...I'm playing with my fire inside
Burning my inner child blackened his skin to the tint of his sweatshirt
"Hey...when you play with the big boys, you get hurt!"
I used to suck my thumb while rubbing silk blankets across my cheek
Until my mom denied me access. I bawled for weeks
We don't speak to this day. I came to terms with my fear and loathing
Now I wear this clothing...like it's an extra layer of old skin
Afraid to shed...tears...in the fabric...from years that I've had it
Found abandoned on the stairs to the attic
Collecting runaway skin cells...absorbing memories
It's been to hell and back, dragged through the dirt and even worn by enemies
Born in the 70's of the 20th century
Making that distinction is for future reference...In case y'all remember me
And my genesis. What's most important is to remember this
Women and men are pissed. When they kiss they exchange spit that is venomous
Most of it is affection-less and the affects of this has us quick to clench a fist
Don't get fancy with your paintbrush when you reminisce

I'm sentimental and I miss what used to be close to me
or maybe I've just got OCD and I can't break my old routines
Hopefully I reconcile with my inseparable...what lies inside from head to toes
Instead of symbolizing clothes...identifying with outside symbols...

Cut out the middle man...

But my woobie is in demand...

I'm feeling like a kid again.

"It protected me from the wind, sea and sand
Sanity was saved from the crazy cemetery walks
And every awkward moment spent talking with the Boogie Man
Man...managed unconditional comfort. As I've come to understand...
The monsters are under my bed again...
The monsters are under my bed again."

Dedicated to the memory of my Black Sweatshirt