

Sage Francis, Civil Obedience

You can't kill me, motherfucker
You can't kill me, motherfucker
You may try, but you will die
You can't kill me, motherfucker

Go to bed late, then I have to wake
Get to work, keep it goin, can't stop, can't take a break
Gotta get it done, in time for me to do the things I wanna do
But in the time I finished it, it's time for me to talk to you
And then explain what I do in my day, well
It's complicated and you say, "Pray tell";
And now we'll try, if I miss any details
Think about it later and send it in an email
'Cause my brain is on a loop, but there's a buzz
That I need to troubleshoot, not now
Gotta gotta get the work done
Last night, some other day is turnin to the first one
I, never gonna never gonna
I, never gonna never gonna
I, ain't gonna ever gonna die

Huh, pedal to the medal, gonna get ahead
Gonna run another red light in the dead of the night
Lettin the light from my cellphone distract my eyes
Sexual text message into my mind
Fingers are busy, but now I'm lookin in the mirror
Cause the people behind me, they're givin me the middle finger
I'm kill'em if they pull up any closer to my bumper
Short-tempered mother shut your mouth!
Drinkin the coffee, now I'm dumpin it out
He's honkin the horn like "You wanna throw down";
He thinks, "Oh boy, you wanna go now";
I'm ready (I'm ready), for the typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
(di-di-di-difficult isn't it)

I'm a just man, with a company van
And a supervisor who just does a summary scan
And a coworker who's always like "Discover me man";
In the morning we all get in the huddle again
Like "Can we even make more money";
I wonder what the luxury is really taken from me
I don't even have to worry (ha-ha-ha-hiiii)

Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedient people
Are gonna die, because they can't live my life

All eyes on the small guys makin small noise
In a small town with the small music men
They're just fall guys, in the law's eyes
Your voice is worth more than you know and you're not foolin anyone
I'm not a con-artist, your pencil and promises is eroding eraser tips
I'm sick of your colleges, expensive taste tester, "Spit that wine";
Excessive waste, chest, butt; it's that time
For me to get randomly checked again
Bored until you're marked with a blood-red pen
Water bottle sittin in my pocket and I'm walkin with a grin
Cause the liquid isn't permitted, I'm rippin up the ticket
For the lady at the counter as confetti in her face
Shoulda never let me in this place

Fly, fly boy in the brownest state
I feel I'm never gonna be let out the gate, because I'm the bomb
Yea I said it; cool, collected and calm
Maneuver through the computer to do a little song
My music got the charm, smoother than a cougar
Attack the mic and get on the intercom

Hello passengers, fellow activists, whether you're masochists
Mellow pacifists, tell those faxin it, it's no accident
By the end of this record, you're gonna know

Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedience
Typically sick, little simple civil obedient people

Are you listenin, love? We got a 30 for us
Can you hand me enough, can you hand me my stuff
Bout to move out this scary cemetery you trust
Livin just a little bit of it isn't nearly enough
Livin just a little bit of it isn't nearly justified
Because ah-ah-ah-I, ah-ah-ah-I am
Never gonna never gonna never gonna never gonna die

[Sage Speaking:]

I wanna kee- I wanna keep making things an-and death really is
is uh not to be part of my eh-eh-everyday activities
It's not to be in my music anymore, I don't want it there
It'll-it'll sneak its way in and out, but that's that's, we're beyond that
I mean de-de-death only as a concept is what matters and-and
god as a concept is-is-is one of those huge things to me
And to you, I know you, I know youuh much better than you think I do uhh
I hope we meet sometime, I'd love to shake your hand and um maybe get a kiss
uh right there, on my face
And uh I don't know maybe have sex a little bit