

# 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