

Sage Francis, Clickety Clack

[Hook]

Clickety clack, clickety clack
Gather my things, and I quickly attack
Sword in my sheath, knife in my back
Keep enemies closer than where friends are at

Rose in my mouth, the petals are black
One armored suit, the metal's intact
Come fully strapped with a skull wooly hat
Just picture that, clickety clack
Now I find my location and unfold a map
My index inspects it and follows the path
My horse is on loan, and I borrowed a staff
From some mystical wizard, I will give it back
But I'm off to the races, my face has got cracks
Worn out and weathered like a red leather mask
I've been through the storm, future, present and past
Light as a feather, swift as a cat
Cold as a rock, you know not what you nicked from my sack
Little bastard, you'll get skinned for that
And you'll swim with the fishes once I finish this task
No strings attached, clickety clack

[Hook]

Kicked myself in the ass for not bringing my axe
But I've got the flash paper and one single match
Light won't escape me, a fire will catch
You'll beg and you'll plead, you'll scream and you'll scratch
But nothing can save you, you need to relax
I'll keep you alive for a while, feed you scraps
Love you like you deserve love, with some smacks
A kick and a slap, clickety clack
It's no longer personal, I'm simply detached
From what's hurtful, I need to keep my business exact
Separate beings, I can see our differences are vast
And I can't bridge the gap, clickety clack
Built a rickety raft out of twigs and some grass
And I made it to shore just before it collapsed
Salute to this mission, take swigs from your flask
Tilt your glass, pick your poison, I'm poised to be fast
On your scent, picked it up just by sniffin' the tracks
Kept my ear to the ground and heard snickers and laughs
Adding insult to injury for your criminal acts
Now the cost of your freedom is a liberty tax

[Hook]

You should have known better than to be mingling with rats
Got a lead to your shack from some gypsies in the trash
Cryptic interactions, I asked them to stick to facts
Made a trade and gave them everything that I packed
Now there's a brick through your window, kid, sift through the glass
Notice the note in which the brick was wrapped
Explaining that I know how you're quick to the dash
But it won't be very long before you slip in my trap
Like a moth to the flame with its wings in the wax
It's hard to escape with your limbs in a cast
Your heart will deflate when your wrists both get slashed
And gradually I snap these synapses in half
Magnificent crescendo, the cymbals all crash
You'll pay for your deeds, but we don't accept cash
We will mix and match this for that, tit for tat
Gonna get it, get it back, gonna getcha getcha back

[Hook]