

# Sage Francis, Escape Artist

Escape Artist  
by Sage Francis  
album:Healthy Distrust

(When I first got in to magic, yeah.)

When I first got into magic, it was an underground phenomenon  
Now everybody's like pick a card, any card  
If I shot my full load with the first hand I played  
I'd be a monkey in a box hangin' with the David Blaines  
I be swimmin' with the sharks, mouths full of razor blades  
But I'm not, I got out of that game

Escape Artist

I talk 'til I'm red in my face with strain polyps  
I'll rock 'til I'm out of my range then raise octaves  
I play through the pain and remain conscience  
Refraining from commenting on the lame compliments  
And the petty criticisms from those who ain't accomplished  
Even one fifths of some of this shit I made progress with  
I'm leaving naysayers stumped like rain forests  
After years of pullin' rabbit ears out my pants pockets  
I'm not revealin' any tricks of the trade  
It's just there ain't no magic in the breakdown baby

In an effort to make 'em all see what I found in my life I decided to give 'em a look  
None of 'em giving a glimpse trying to guess that I'm sitting in the middle of an unread book  
Letters are falling apart  
But the sentence descend on the word and the wording is permanent  
Never been missed  
If you were missed  
What did you miss  
Interpreted is  
Falling and serving a sentence of solitary confinement  
Result in the death sentence just filling my running assignment  
I'm just wondering where my time went, it pulled a disappearing act  
And every single assistant I ever had got sawed in half

You See I never payed attention  
But I can't afford to laugh  
'cause I'm lookin' for my break in an autograph for my CAST  
but I'm short on staff so all I ask is volunteers in the crowd  
show a little bit of audience participation now

When I say hip (what do I say?)  
You, you say shut the fuck up we ain't sayin shit!!!  
And I'll respect it  
Check it,  
In a flair for the dramatic exit  
A fashionable entrance  
Late to my own arraignment (Oh!)  
The self-destructive things that I do for entertainment  
My folks gave me this already broken heart as my pallet  
While I was out honing my craft you was disowning your talent  
That's why you still live at home  
And I bought this house off my parents  
I'm getting ahead of myself  
(gettin ahead of myself)  
I see the hair on my back  
(see the hair on my back)  
I'm on the road reading Kerouac  
It's poems versus better raps

I think to myself  
What's worth remembering  
Versus defending the size of my manhood or confessional canned goods

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Result in the death sentence just filling my running assignment  
But none of this is getting told in confidence  
I recognize the confidential records just to hold the listeners attention

I'm a veteran of spacial relationships  
I clip ya wings to fit you in head shrinking magician  
Shape-shifting reptilian turned body contortionist  
Orphanages started offering torches to abortion clinics  
I lost acquaintances  
And a morgue of lady friends  
I gender bent the heaven sent angelic devil boy with God's androgynous  
I'm lookin' marvelous but looks can kill  
And I'm unsure about my sexual orientations still  
Put me in a special kind of case that only breaks if  
You hit it with a bouquet of flowers and baby breath arrangement  
The vault is vacant  
They're all looking for fault or blame  
I called my agent  
The moment that I caught the train  
I let him know, I'm going nowhere, he's invited  
If he leaves tonight then he just might help me find it  
But this is my burden to bare, not his  
And I'm a psychic without a sidekick  
Holding the future hostage  
A loose cannon standing on the roof top with  
A new respect and understanding of bartenders and locksmiths  
They call me daredevil but I'm not precise enough  
Unprofessional on an amateur level, I love my life too much

Escape Artist (x 5)

I'm in two places at once

Escape Artist

I ain't slept in months

Escape Artist

I'm just trying to get away  
Ain't no magic in the breakdown baby

(Ain't no magic in the breakdown baby  
No magic in the break  
Ain't no magic in the breakdown ba-by

Escape Artist)

(continues in background)

Sage Francis:

(Pussies, you're scared to shoot me in the heart!  
You know it's too big, uhh!  
Fuck, I gotta bulletproof heart, hit me baby.  
I'll never fall in love with you, ever!  
If you got (heart?) so I do! Bitch!)

Slug:

Make some noise for Sage Francis ya'll!