

# Sage Francis, Hell Of A Year

It's been a hell of a year, but I'm mentally prepared  
To do a dance around the next couple medical scares  
I'm Fred Astaire with the metal wearing quickly off my tap shoes  
So I step quietly, the way that cat's move  
But I'm bear-like. My head trapped in dear lights  
You can call me John, I'm writing letters to the dark side of the moon tonight  
My lovely Jane, you went away but the pain stayed  
So I'm sending you a package to the address where you traded names  
I made no claims on the identity theft  
I'm more concerned about the home with no amenities left  
And it's already a mess. The dust piles like your junk mail  
So I eat away depression and crush the scale  
You find yourself on the opposite side of the spectrum  
Emaciated on a strict diet of bed crumbs  
Me? I choose to wallow and I'll just swim in my fat  
You...refuse to swallow so I see ribs from the back  
This isn't an attack, it's an admission of guilt  
I'm living in the past, kissing your ass, sipping your milk  
But it's all bone and curdle. I saw stones in a circle  
Stood in the middle. Told myself riddles in a robe that's purple  
The murder weapon was an icicle  
Is that the reason why I'm standing in this puddle with my eyes so full?  
I fight feelings like a war on drugs  
I'm a chemist with a test tube addiction born through coffee mugs  
Our baby now is all growed up  
Your car is still dead in my driveway while I wait for the tow truck  
And you know what? I know I drove you away  
I still don't think it was wrong so I don't know what to say  
It's been a tough year. You say that life ain't fair  
Well, guess what, baby...life ain't. Them's the breaks  
You say that life ain't worth it. But it is. You gotta work it  
Nobody's life is perfect

Yeah, you've been dealt a bad hand. Placed against a stacked deck  
Been through all the cat scans and bad checks  
But I slashed your debt. Not your wrists  
And I couldn't help with anything else that became cancerous  
Halfway people with a full baby to bury  
Took a flame to the papier-mache sanctuary  
When the smoke clears...try not to stare into the light  
But, also, don't stay in the dark as if that's what life is like  
It's just a series of unfortunate events  
But the messages we get are more important than death  
What's the rush?  
I've got a shortness of breath  
What's the rush?  
Running from you...running from me  
It's the rush. The crush. The lust. The love-trust  
So what's the trouble? The busted bubble? The unjust?  
That's just the way the cookie crumbles. It does suck  
But suck it up. We're all looking, but nothing's enough  
We used each other as a crutch. The clutch. The shift switches  
You couldn't just adjust. You combusted and ripped pictures  
This is why I'm not considered a saint?  
Well, guess what?.....I ain't

It's been a hell of a year  
You said that I ain't there, I ain't care, and life ain't fair  
It's been a hell of a trip  
You say my mind's unfit, I've been flip, and I ain't shit  
It's been a hell of a life  
You say that I ain't like the way I write and that ain't right  
It's been a hell of an attempt  
You say that I ain't meant for promises unkept

Well, guess what, darlin..  
I'm a keep keep callin  
Guess what, darlin..  
I'm a keep keep callin