

# Sage Francis, Mermaids Are Seasluts

I am nothing but a shell of the man I once was  
So you can put me to your ear and actually hear yesteryear's ocean  
I was in shape then  
A much better built body of water with infinite waves and fathomless depths  
Where you could have deep sea fishing for compliments  
And caught plentiful schools of reassuring comments  
Now all you get is the boot  
You fell for the bait and got hooked on what you thought I was  
Now we're both struggling to win this tug of war of the worlds  
Where we breathe the same air, it's just done differently  
And I'm tryin to figure out ways to have comfortably survive outside your element  
Compromising intelligence  
I dabbled in watered down thoughts that filtered in from the main stream  
I'm offering mind altering ideas that make the most quiet natured brain scream  
from exposure to the types of things that won't necessarily make you happier  
They'll just give you a greater range of emotions  
And I can feel myself getting lured into deeper oceans of ??  
Where people think they're as safe as cartoons simply because they speak in bubbles  
A sanitized safe-haven where you could face Satan and have his faith straightened  
His new goal would be to dethrone Poseidon and have Neptune's place taken  
They'd swashbuckle with their pitchforks  
While Lucifer shit talks and rips forts of coral reef  
For relief they be like &quot;bitch walk&quot;  
From this oversized aquarium that daddy kept cleanly to unhealthy degrees  
Writing suicide notes with invisible ink on transparencies  
And posting them to the glass boundaries that surround the seas of change  
Strangely enough, while bringing back the real  
I could sense intense resistance so I had no other choice but to cut the line  
I'm not saying you're overly naive  
I just think you should get into the habit of seeing when strings are attached  
Fortunate for you I'm compassionate enough to throw back what I catch  
If it's underdeveloped and needs time to grow  
Though I'm remorseful of the pain I've caused you  
And I want to kiss your lips better  
I sympathize with the sorrow by stroking the scar  
of my own traumatic experience with my excommunicated tongue  
Say I know exactly what you mean when you say it hurts too much to talk  
I've been there; I don't plan on returning cause  
No matter how much distance I kept or how long I waited for my wounds to heal  
They'd re-open with the slightest flashback  
So I sued time for malpractice  
That bastard's a hack with a rusty scalpel and barbed-wire stitch thread  
Instead of seeing things clearly, they're pitched red  
And there's this glitch in my head that's got me thinking contradictions, it said:  
&quot;There are more fish in the sea  
Whether you hear me not or you listen to me  
Whether you listen to me or hear me not  
There are more microorganisms in my teardrop&quot;  
But fear not, I'd never sink as low as to make my ears pop  
And I imagine now you only want to swim with members of your own league  
And you don't need me meddling, sending sonar signals  
High pitched notes are symbols, my voice has grown far  
But ripples are only caused when you cast stones  
But you shouldn't throw rocks if you live in fragile fairytales

Girl: &quot;This really means something to me; I'll always treasure it as a token&quot;

Guy: &quot;No you won't, cause this is for the girl who loves me

The girl who cares about me for who I am, not what I look like

I just wanted you to know you'd be missing

You think I don't appreciate art, you think I don't understand fashion

You think I'm not &quot;hip&quot;, you think I'm pathetic

A nerd, a lard-ass, fatso, you think I'm shit

Well you're wrong, cause I'm champagne

And you're shit, until the day you die

You, not me, will always be shit&quot;