

Sage Francis, Mourning Aftermath

I know I look good.
Stop sweatin' me.

I'm makin' myself look pretty
I'm makin' myself look pretty for you
I'm makin' myself look prettier

Let me rub my back against the notches on your bedpost
To scratch these afterthoughts off my flesh and shed ghosts
My head's close to your closet door.
I've got the glass to my ear. My nose is in your
business (I smell something fishy here.)
I hear bones rattling. Poems battling for space and time
Phones that'll ring when I make judgment calls with pick-up lines
Sexual hang-ups leave me waiting nude and while alone
It gets aggravating masterbating to a dial tone.
I'm the home to run-away trains of thought
My one track mind is a collision intercourse where victim's cross,
Bedroom eyes...uncross their legs exposing inner thighs
I disrobe and show my most convincing disguise.
I've lived so many lives each death has left my face scarred
Hid so many lies under my breath that I can't face God
Dig into my mind deep enough you'll find a graveyard
I get nervous bodies will resurface every time it rains hard
"Don't cry, girl." Let me outline your short comings
My world is full of them and they're all in the long runnings
It's all fun and games. It's all done in vain. It's all a ----ing shame
I ain't the one but I'm the one to complain?
I'm the one to come home.Compare.Contrast.Come fast
Make love to the present, fuck the past
Make love to the present, fuck the past.Nothing lasts
Don't you dare worry about the morning aftermath

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Taking an acid bath, pissing on the shower curtain
The gal just laughs and starts dissing my towel turban
I had to ask if she knew how to listen now I'm certain
Now my task is just to get up in her like I was a surgeon!
I'm a virgin who makes exceptions at sunset
My dirty skin gets cleansed by the summer sweat
"Self, have some respect! I don't need you new and clean
But I don't want the procedure routine!"
A screw machine!with a few bolts loose.robot response touch tone
Hair trigger, happy-go-lucky emotion monger wants a love poem
Run home.dip into your closet and jump bones
Your secret admirer's stuck higher up and he's unknown.
Looking down on you.can you bare the burden?my ears are hurting
I found a few gears are turning
With squeaky wheels.they get the grease cuz its a damn nuisance
Understand the blueprints for our mechanical movements.
It never ran smooth since we abused the Earth
Grabbed a hand full of pubics and removed the turf
Refused its worth, we lose our shirts.she assumed the worst
And needed proof of birth? I'm leaving this universe.
It seems doomed and cursed.see if you come first then come fast
Come here.Come back.Compare.Contrast
Complain.Constrain.Constantly ask,
Complicated questions contain scientific answers in your flask
Condone.Condemn.Come home.Come friend
Confuse.Common issues.Condelude.Comprehend
Carma.Chameleon.Come again?

Continue to come in you. Come to daddy. Condescend
Come and bring us (Confidence). Cunnilingus (Compliments)
Come to thank us went from guilty conscienceness to common sense
Calm down. Complete. Compound. Come eat
Our Common ground meat from man-made concrete
Come to the street. Conquer the weak. Come to terms with coming last
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Don't you dare worry about the morning aftermath.

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