

Sage Francis, My Name Is Strange

Rollin' on some lonesome highway, East of Omaha
You can listen to the engine ?? out as one long song
You can think about the woman
Or the whore you mongered the night before

(I'm really feelin' those lighters)

Sometimes you can hear 'em talk, other times you can't
All the same old cliches, "Is that Sage or Xaul Xan";
And you'll always feel outnumbered when you go to the Scribble Jam
Uh, ah, uh, uh, ah, uh, ah, uh

Say here I am, on the road again
Here I am, up on the stage
Here I go, I'm playing a star again
Here I go, My Name Is Strange

(This is the real motherfucking deal y'all, I'm really feelin' those lighters)

When you walk into the restaurant, shut out from the road
You can feel the eyes upon you, as you're shakin' off the cold
You pretend it doesn't bother you when they ask if they can download
Uh, ah, uh, uh, ah, uh, ah

Later in the evening, as you lie awake in bed
With the echo from the amplifiers ringin' in your head
You smoke the days last emcee, ridiculing what he said
Uh, ah, uh, uh, ah, uh, ah, uh

Say here I am, on the road again
Here I am, up on the stage
Here I go, I'm playing a star again
Here I go, My Name Is Strange

I said here I am, on the road again
Here I am, I'm up on the stage
And I say here I go, I'm playing a star again
Here I go, here I go

Peace, respect, we outa here