

Sage Francis, Water Line

I just sit there
And let the thoughts flood
And I remind myself, "It's all right, it's all good, it's all love"
It's not though
Cause there's a kink in the armor
A pot hole I'm sinking in
While I think of the drama
So I stand up
Start to pace in my living room
Set my eye to the highway knowing that I'll play chicken soon
There's a vanity plate with my name on it
There's a Davey Crockett hat with a Masonic fat cat under it
A musket rifle spitting at my feet
They want me to dance in the middle of the street
And I respect my elders, so I do as I'm told
But I offset the bell curve when I do it with soul
Losing control
Guilty feet do have rhythm
They just dance to the wrong theme music to amuse the villain
Instead of killing, I'll spare the raccoon
And start filling sandbags as I stare at the moon and let the thoughts flood
Blessed are those who are dammed
When the levee broke
How many choked on the steps to a slow dance?
A staircase to a hug with no hands
Accountability hung out to dry on the line of command
We let the thoughts flood
We remind ourselves "It's all right, it's all good, it's all love"
It's not though
Cause there's a kink in the armor
A pot hole I'm sinking in
Sharing a drink with my father
It's a family affair
The vanity we share
The waterline is rising
All we do is stand there