

Going Back To Rehab

Sage Francis

I'm going there to give 'em cash, hear 'em laugh bring 'em back
If i cant tear down these walls I'll slip 'em through the cracks.
If that crack ain't big enough, I'm sick enough to get committed,
Where he's been I ain't been, allowed to visit, and I miss him.
They put me in a submission hold, got him living in a hole.
Give me the rope, pull it back, cut him slack he's getting old.
This cold does nothing for his brittle bones..he's shaking.
Always put on hold that prison phone's always taken
They put me on a speaker but my voice is breaking up.
I'd like to think he caught bits and pieces before the gates got shut
RAISE IT UP
Somebody cover me, I'm going in, with razor cuts, and something ugly that I
know within
Can't afford the luxury of exposing everything, but I've been doing the best
that I can.
I take it day by day, just one step at a time, and I don't need a sobriety t
est to walk the line
Walking on this tightrope with arms open wide, hoping to find you live and w
ell on the other side
So I could give you this gift as a symbol
When I felt the rope loosen, I knew i missed my window
He really did love you, you know.. pat pat..I said 'Get your fucking hands o
ff my back'
This is my passage into adulthood and I need not
Small talk fingers fishing from a weak spot---i used to dream alot
In search for meaning in a sleepwalk
The only time I find myself having a deep talk
But now I never sleep 'cause sleep is the cousin of death
One can never rest depending on how up the drugs get
Upset, submit me to a bloodtest
Find no trace of my words reverting back to...wait, that wasnt what I meant
My right eye is sunrise, the left is sunset, the moonshine ain't got me drun
k yet
My tounge's wet for the lunar eclipse, and when youre flat broke ain't nothi
ng you wont do for a fix
It's a beautiful mix of Jesus-Juice from my lips
And words that are stuck so I stirred 'em up with a crucifix
And this is where I found a friend in Christ
I also found a few spikes and I decided to use them as pegs on my bike
So you could have a place to ride when I broke you out of that vice
And now im going back to rehab.
I'm going back to rehab...back to back..going back to rehab...I dont drink t
hough
I'm going back as a dead again Christian, with a medicine prescription, the
other friend of Bill ..let let let me in
Get me outta this
Hooked up to plugs and wires while dogs sniff for a powdered substance
In a town of judgements with glass house development
Cookie-cutter Republican school-book intelligence
They aint never considered how just one rock, could crack the whole facade n
ow they call the ski slingshots
I will not meditate on the sermon
Heaven's gate is burning so we self-medicate with bourbon
While their collection players turn into a person
I've turned into a second rate person, but I'm not the first
This isnt your typical cry for help
I tried to melt, but someone stopped the trickling with a bible belt

Reminded me of tourniquets and heroin nods
Now that, that right there, that's one hell of a God
You cant match magic with an addict thats got a mapping compass
In order to find a substance and match dick that functions
A searching and fearless immoral inventory
'Til every person with a story begins to bore me
I did what i had to do to get
To the place where your face wasnt such a blurry mess
I took all our favorite promises and dreams that we kept,
You werent hard to find, all it took was 13 steps