

Jaw Of Steel

Sage Francis

Everybody want Kevin but nobody want fed.
I played cemeteries, been heckled by the dead.
But Jeckel never Hyde. Every rhyme that I said
was part man, part wolf. Fight. Never fled.

Tighten up the rents on little leather boots.
The type to make advances but then never recruits.
Loosing to the man while the independent groups
got a bullet proof plan: "don't meddle with the suits".

My peddle got the loops. My chamber got the echo.
Invested way too much in this here anger to let go.
My vicious cycle is a calm steady tempo.
I always extinguish birthday candles with a death blow.

Dim mark. Hand touch of the faithful.
Secrets never leak. Keep the Mescalito playful.
Devil on my shoulder saying "I don't need no angel".
Other shoulder's cold silence hanging from a halo.

It's the Jaw of Steel.

Swing low sweet chariot of fire.
Let me know if you need any help carrying it higher.
Had it up to here with this valley of desire,
being fearful of a god, and married to a liar.

Now daddy's tired of the war that he feels.
Mommy's defenseless with a cross on her shield.
The golden glove champ born in a field,
backed into a corner, it's the Jaw of Steel.

Rewind, Selector. Run that tape backwards.
Reverse the curse and become radioactive.
It takes practice just excepting these straight jackets
in a land full of snakes without no Saint Patricks.

My Irish temper is a curse that is a blessing.
A sign that I'm alive although at first it gets upsetting.
A burst of adrenaline that then turns to depression...
And I only go to church for a funeral or wedding.

Sometimes I can't tell one from the other.
The type of place where you could loose a best friend or a lover.
A bunch of people crying, keepin stuff under the cover.
Confess all your sins, mother fucker.

Come down, Selector. Boom! Bye bye to the emperor.
Would you die? Die for his leather?
Rely on the weather. They manipulate it with machines.
Parade around naked til you freeze.

Tornado chase her. Drink with your rival.
Listen to the wind get caught in the spin cycle.
Worship the idol American psycho.
Portrait of a boxer trading in his golden gloves for a rifle.

Chik-chik a-chik cha-chin check.
Chik-chik chik-chik cha-chin check.
Chik-chik chik-chik cha-chin check.
Chik-chik chik-chik cha-chin check.