

# Black Out On White Night

Sage Francis

Lights are out, phones are dead  
and I'm the only thing that's runnin in this city  
except for the clouds  
and man they're comin down  
if i knew my way around wouldn't feel so dizzy

where's tele? nobody can tell me  
i don't speak a lick of that language and got a slippery memory  
if i spelled it all out on my arm, only if  
but i didn't so i think get a grip kid, deal with it  
baby's waiting for a ring  
wont settle for the substitute excuse that's forming  
i got a complicated case of escapism  
for her i try to rewire my nature  
too tired to wake her up  
odder that artificial calm she was on  
drug-induced future that slipped out of her palms  
seductive rain dancer, she thinks i'm waterproof  
like superman doesn't need a roof over his head  
when i come home to roost i need truth to hold in bed  
but i'm seeking salvation in a booth

and the phones are dead  
and the lights are out  
and i'm the only thing livin in this ghost town  
except for the clouds, and man they're comin down  
if i knew my way around by now i'd be bound for home

blackout on white night in rome  
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i know that i'm in love, but i know i'm out of touch  
and i know that i get dumb when i can sense something's up  
and then i bottom out  
European tailspins  
scrolling messages out on my pale skin  
in hopes that they get mailed in  
before the ink poisoning takes effect  
and it gets smudged because i budge before letting paint set  
i get judged by the ones who have shelter and rain checks  
while i trudge through the mud cuz its pouring to rain sweat  
regain consciousness and lose common sense  
the ominous dark skies that lie between me  
and providence are signs  
the obvious answer isn't standin on your face with stilettos on  
if you pop the question wrong  
every song's a post afterthought  
i wont grab the chalk to outline my body of work  
toe-tags get caught in my teeth  
cuz my foot is in my mouth  
and spurs are in my words so my tongue cant dismount  
even after our rapport had fully run its course  
couldn't figure out the most heroic time to jump from the horse  
and place this old hat for the last time  
on the coat rack  
but i donate all of my earnings from this race  
just to know that

resisting urges to go back and get it later  
like the milk wouldn't sour itself in the refrigerator  
a wet boy  
in a dry, dry state  
on an old country road  
where tradition has a blind date  
i make it dance on its own grave tonight  
with a change of direction by the pale moon light

and if it needs theme music i'll break out the bagpipes  
and play a tune a ghost wrote me in a past life  
that goes like...

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