

# Day Grows Old

Sage Francis

Build up your saliva and get ready to kill the fire

Spit in the face of figure heads, give 'em a taste of the shit I said  
Build a place for children to escape  
The inbred human race of living deadbeat  
Dads milking the motherless childcare system

Let the sleepers have another nightmare from Christian conservatives  
They don't fight fair and any religion would murder kids  
If they don't quite care about the condition  
Of the prison where we're serving bids  
Once I escape my skin cell I won't be banging on the bars of soap  
That I dropped into my living hell

The seemingly indestructible knuckles of my fists are clean  
Keeping eyes wide open and bulging out like Mr. Bean  
Misdemeanors made to look like felonies, the prison queen  
Is existing in his own filth and feeling no guilt it seems  
It's a dream with cheetah speed we're chasing after  
Some are running quick

Track teams want me to lead but face the fact  
Y'all can't catch up to it, pace at your own pace on this race track  
You'll eventually get lapped on your last leg while stretching my aggression  
is just a lack of serotonin  
Plug the jack of your telephone in to the wall  
So I can call your bluff just to say what's up, how ya doin'

Now I've ruined the beautiful sound of silence  
Won't get quiet until the voices in my head come down with laryngitis  
Talking, talking, talking, talking, so much to say, so little sense to make  
Bedposts get chopped off once innocence gets raped  
Close the curtains and drapes, pull down the blinds  
Cover your ears, block your nose and mouth, shut your eyes

There's a black box in my head which is actually read  
When I crash and burn it keeps a record of every last word I said  
It goes "one" for the finger, fuck, two for the peace sign  
3 strikes, you're out, Casey's at bat with unloaded guns in his mouth

As the day grows old  
We pave this road  
When we take control  
We will save your soul

And it burns just like that famous ring of fire  
Sing to inspire, try to loosen up the dirt that clings to the tires  
Establish some traction, lingering behind the curtain of satisfaction  
I'm certain of nothing, Mr. Knew it all  
Late for my disorientation, fate glued to the wall

The pain felt could make the brain melt  
Heard the shackles on the ankles, mistook the sound as slay bells  
Remember that song called big pimpin'?  
It made me want to dance around but I had no type of rhythm  
Then I thought I should write a song called sick pimpin'

'Cause I know a lot of beautiful psycho inspiteful women  
Now I'm that cat that tiptoes on this pads  
With the gauze on track and so as not to cause damage  
Hello, Miss Management, time decision making process  
Trying to catch the breath I couldn't find 'til I lost it

Stand upon a rock I couldn't climb if I tried  
With a fist full of issues, a bag full of pride  
Well alright, I'ma write all the problems on the board  
If anyone can answer 'em, I'll let them drive my Ford  
I quit searching for the truth 'cause the truth can change

It all depends on how the furniture's arranged  
If you don't take a moment to sit in the chair  
Then there wasn't any point of ever puttin' it here  
And I'm lovin' every minute as the day gets vivid

While I'm twistin' up the lyrics of existence  
And it goes, one for the wife and two for the house  
Three strikes, you're out  
Now please remove my life from your mouth

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