

Got Up This Morning

Sage Francis

It's not that what we're doing is wrong
But let's try to keep this a secret
Between me, you, and the song
A menage a trois that sings to me
Sinfully
When god plays along

Jolie Holland:
What you want with a woman who won't do what you say?

Sage:
I was sweet on her
She was sweet on Jesus
We slept with a blanket barrier between us
Master of her craft, I had her laughin like hyenas
When I asked her if she'd marry an elitist
Staggering genius in lace
With the grace of a drunken monk
The mask isn't seamless cause her face says something's up
But I don't dare ask her I just listen
Switchin to my good ear and adjusting my position
As she discusses Ginsberg I listened and learned
As she dispersed his words I just resisted the urge to do like he would
Whatever he wanted, if she allowed me to
She dangled that carrot then asked me:
"What would Bukowski do?"
Oh don't go there
He'd make you his mom and then completely lie about it in a book later on

Jolie Holland:
Got up this morning
Didn't know right from wrong

Sage:
Spirits were lifted when she whispered something French in my ear
Tension was there
When I responded in English it sounded less sincere
The sex in the air couldn't be left alone
So welcome to the Terrordome
A bedroom full of pheromones
Where nothing that we say is set in stone
If I thought it was for posterity I'd already be writing better poems
But I'm talking in extremes
Best this and best that
Best not regret anything that ever gets said to this hell cat
Creepin on all fours
Ready for combat
With secretive wars sneaking her claws in our contract
Bending every which way but loose with no proof that anything that we've sug-
gested to this day is the whole truth

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Sage:
I heard her chemical romance was a medical slowdance

Said my advance was sexual
Held my genitals with cold hands
Set up the Coke cans
Broke out the Red Ryder
Then one by one I tried to knock down everything that's dead inside her
She used to treat street dividers like a balance beam
Arms spread wider than the legs in her dad's magazine
Re-enacting the pages that she got trapped between
I used it for kindling and then spilled the gasoline
Now I'm your water boy
I fetch it from your cheeks just like tennis balls
Smell the stench of your weakness on the bedroom walls
Somebody careless let em vaporize
"Who let these fall to the floor from your poor vacant eyes?"
Disintegrate
This ain't a great first impression
But I work better on pages, they say words are my profession
Let me spell it out in simple language
Plain English
I want your suicide to be a book of mine that I never finish

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