

# 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

Jolie Holland:  
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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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