

# Little Houdini

Sage Francis

Christopher Daniel Gay was arrested on a Friday  
In Florida at the Daytona International Speedway  
He was a fugitive on the run,  
Christopher made a quick escape  
while being transported in a van  
that was picking up convicts state to state.  
He did it during a bathroom break,  
he hot-wired somebody's pickup

In fact,  
Christopher had a long history of theft  
involving trucks,  
He was on route to Alabama  
for stealing someone's travel trailer  
Grand Theft Auto  
He was a career criminal, jailbird  
who also had three outstanding warrants  
in his home state of Tennessee

It was an outstanding performance that set him free

Little Houdini  
Stole a big rig, then a tour bus that belonged to Crystal Gayle  
to evade a five state manhunt that wanted to put that birdy back in jail  
but they failed  
'cause Christopher wasn't just running from cops  
Christopher Gay was now racing a clock  
his mother was dying  
and there was no time to be held  
inside of a cage with locks  
so yall can turn up your nose  
and suck on your teeth and wag your finger like tsk-tsk  
but he had to take the risk  
Little Houdini

There wasn't a single thing sinister in his decision  
to break from the prison  
His only motive was to go back to his childhood home  
while his mom was still living  
it wasn't a house  
more like an old mobile camper  
where she was bedridden diagnosed with colon cancer

Sometimes,  
The only answer we're left with  
when the loved one's name is on the death list  
Is to head for the exits and go home  
Christopher got the hell out of Texas  
His abandonment was reckless  
It prolonged his sentence  
Y'all can forget it

He had numerous convictions and none were as strong as this  
Unless you consider the other instance  
He went the distance

Similar situation, it was a bizarre coincidence

When he escaped from the prison the first time,  
Not this time, but the one before  
He visited his dad  
Cause he was dying inside of a mental ward  
Suffering from Alzheimer's  
He paid respects  
Made his peace  
When he was done  
He didn't run  
He returned himself back to the police

That's when his mom made her plea  
She said:  
"He knows what he done was wrong,  
but he knows his father don't got long  
He's not a fugitive on the run  
He's not dangerous, he's our son  
he ain't never hurt no one

He knows what he's done was wrong,  
but he knows his father don't got long  
He's not a fugitive on the run  
He's our son"

This ain't no country western song.

Christopher wasn't just running from cops  
Christopher Gay was now racing a clock  
his mother was dying  
and there was no time to be held  
inside of a cage with locks  
So Y'all can go on tossing rocks  
And talk your talk like tsk tsk

Meanwhile Chris is stealing a tractor trailer from Wal-Mart  
An 18 wheeler, he's peeling rubber the bird takes flight down turnpikes  
Three hundred thousand dollars worth of merchandise, but it ain't worth her  
life  
Ran it off the road, and abandoned it  
50 yards from his moms to avoid the cops  
Thats half a football field from her feeble arms

After all this stuff  
The tour bus, the pick up trucks  
The tractor trailer, interstate chases  
He put on the brakes and couldn't get close enough  
The news reporters told people to lock their doors  
Like there was a monster on the loose but there was no truth to those report  
s.

His mom had weeks to live  
And Chris had years to serve  
They were within shouting distance  
But I don't think he heard her final words.  
I don't think he heard her final words.

She made her plea to the TV

"He knows what he's done was wrong,  
but he knows his mama don't got long  
He's not a fugitive on the run  
He's not dangerous, he's my son  
he ain't never hurt no one

He knows what he's done was wrong,  
but he knows his mama don't got long  
He's not a fugitive on the run  
He's not dangerous, he's my son"

This ain't no country western song.

The third time he escaped from a state cop at the Georgia pit-stop  
He just slipped out of the handcuffs, he jumped ship then he took off  
With no father to visit, no mom to go home to  
Just an open road where he could be free  
Little Houdini

With no father to visit, no mom to go home to  
Just a wide open sky where he could fly  
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