

## Strange Fame

Sage Francis

People seem to be real curious  
what it's like living the life  
of an underground super star.

I awake around eleven or so with a kitten in my face.  
And that's not innuendo.  
I shake the cobwebs out my head.  
Live alone so I don't bother making the bed.  
I change sheets once every other week.  
Making four cups of coffee before I brush my teeth.  
Should I shower? Hell no.  
Use a little baby powder to cover the smell though.  
Check the cell phone. Ring out! Ring out!  
To hell with these text messages from Twitter.  
Gonna block QuestLove. I ain't hating his game.  
I'm just not ready to play.  
Simple and plain. Everything's strange.

Strange. Fame. Makes a man take things over.  
Things are getting  
Strange. Fame. Lets him loose, hard to swallow.  
The business is  
Strange. Fame. Puts you there where things are hollow.  
Even homies get  
Strange. Fame. Strange, baby!

My oven is busted.  
The bathroom sink's in the fritz.  
And my dryer's broken so my clothes stink.  
The fridge stopped workin (Workin!) and it ruined my food.  
We beat the shit out of it and put the video on YouTube.  
People made comments like:  
"Is this what people do because it's boring in Providence?"  
No. It's what I do because I'm excited.  
And I don't have time to refute your writings.  
Click the thumb-down image.  
Go get out my business.  
I ain't paying for 1000 listens.  
I ain't clearin no sample for this song.  
I just give it away.  
David Bowie ain't my homie.  
Is that strange?

Strange. Fame. Makes a man take things over.  
This industry's  
Strange. Fame. Lets him loose, hard to swallow.  
The lawyers get  
Strange. Fame. Puts you there where things are hollow.  
Even my fans get  
Strange. Fame. Fame. Fame. Fame. Fame. Fame.

Don't give yourself to these unnatural men.  
Machine men with machine minds and machine hearts.  
You are not machines. You are not cattle. You are men.

I got the world at my fingertips  
but me an my girl got some shit to fix.

We battle on Facebook, updating the status.  
When I was on Friendster my friend said  
MySpace was fuckin full of bigots.  
Now they talk about Widgets.  
Wikipedia won't even let me correct the false tidbits  
of info on my own bio page.  
Like I don't know my name.  
Like I'm the ripe old age of fiddy-somethin.  
So be it.  
Download my dick!  
Don't give me nothin. I don't need it.  
Cause the more that I get, the more people complain  
that they should have shit, like I have shit.  
That shit's strange.

Is it any wonder I reject you first?  
Fame. Fame. Fame. Fame.  
You gotta hope for the best and expect the worse.  
Is it any wonder I reject you first?  
This one is free. Next time better empty your purse.  
Got kids to feed. in the future..  
..personal life..  
..total stupidity that I have to deal with  
on a day to day basis..

Greed has poisoned men's souls.  
Has barricaded the world with hate.  
Has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed.  
Machinery that gives abundance has left us in want.  
Our knowledge has made us cynical.  
Our cleverness, hard and unkind.  
We think too much and feel too little.  
Don't give yourselves to brutes.  
Men who despise you, enslave you, who regiment your lives.  
Tell you what to do, what to think, or what to feel.  
(What's your name?)  
Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world.  
Millions of despairing men, women and little children,  
victims of the system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people.  
To those that can hear me I say do not despair.  
The misery that is now upon us is but the passing of greed.  
The bitterness of men who fear the way of human progress.