

## Three Sheets To The Wind

Sage Francis

Had one too many one way conversations  
with the licky licky lord  
'till I grew a scissor tongue  
and c-c-cut the cord  
put the phone on the floor  
detach the wires in my head  
took awhile to accept that that line was dead

didn't never wanna not live forever didn't never wanna not not  
wanna live

Nah, it didn't matter if the laughter didn't come after the bad  
joke,  
if i was down with the filthy rich or flat broke,  
accepted by the Aryans or black folk  
cause i was carrying this weight until my back broke,  
wasn't trying to be no hip hop god or raps G.O.A.T.  
shootin to be a rock star like its my last hope  
Eyeballin that pack of smokes DO ME IN!  
graduatin on the crack coke DO ME IN!  
knocked of a paddle boat in the middle of the castle moat  
kings men are yelling GRAB THE ROPE!

three sheets to the wind three!  
three sheets to the wind!

i talk like a sailor, my mother is one  
that's why i got this sixth sense of direction and my split ton  
gue  
taught me how to go with the flow when the winds come  
curled up in a ball and tried to hide inside a kick drum.  
while the crew is gettin piss drunk i had to purify my own and  
drink up  
i had to save and conserve recycle my salty words to keep the m  
eat on my bones all pres-s-s-served.

It was a tug of war and we all faught together  
'till we went our own way when the c-c-c-cord was severed  
The stormy weather would begin, we'd all sucumb to this sin  
any bar within reach, Three sheets to the wind  
From a back pedal the backstroke got traded in my life jacket f  
or a mask and cloak  
Three sheets to the wind  
I had to go, watch the sail grab the rope  
See shanty ending on a sad note, three sheets to the wind  
Malnutrition (Pull me in), Bad Religion (Pull me in), Fact or F  
iction thats addiction  
Three sheets to the wind

Pick it up, put it down  
Three sheets to the wind