

Eviction Notice

Sage Francis

Fuckin' doin' it This song is called Eviction Notice, it's a 2-parter
It's about how drugs are the gateway to fun and flat laugh lines There's effort in her smile and it shouldn't be
that way

Her last days are being snuffed out in an ashtray, and that's pricey
Trying to intercept the passing away I've asked nicely But I've learned not to feed the hand that bites me

This morning the cradle rocks the hand

As I bang on pots and pans

she's just playing in her warning labeled box again

She wants a man I can look up to, a role model to come through--

Don't bother unpacking your car...cinogen filled thrill sticks

This girl will spit fire

Got me doing pirouettes over her guilt trip wire

I still skip by a land mine or two, see I've learned the landscape

All the while practicing my firm handshake

Hair, trigger-finger itch to spark any conversation

Said explosive personalities don't part deadly confrontation

What happens in between her lips

She needs a fix more than she knows her friend's a bitch

And needs to go There's a note on the door..

Eviction notice "Listen, one of us is leaving, and when I say US I mean YOU...

YOU'RE leaving. (You're leaving... You're leaving.) "I'm in the house y'all, I'm in the house y'all

And ain't no little piece of paper gonna kick me out y'all!

What?? I'm in the house, I'm in the house

And ain't no legal separation gonna kick my ass out

I'm in the house y'all, I'm in the house y'all

And ain't no new boyfriend gonna kick me out, y'all!

Fuck that, I'm in the house, I'm in the house

Ain't no snot-nosed brat gonna kick my ass out Pick ME! Please leave me believe me

please leave me believe me please

Please leave me believe me please leave me

please believe me, leave me leave me.. This song is called Eviction Notice, it's a 2-parter

Basically it's about how sacrifice and vices will invite themselves

to an overstayed welcome at your haunted house parties There's effort in her smile and it shouldn't be like that

Her final evenings have her drowning in a nightcap, and that's costly

Trying to keep her on the right track I ask softly

But she just says "BACK OFF ME"

And I've learned to space her private respect

She breathes some room to need and every afternoon proceeds

To mix her liquid sitter while preparing baby food to feed

She wants I man I can look up to, a mentor-- Fuck you!
Get your things packed
Yes kids, the poison is the message in the bottle
Before the dawn she'll have to kill all fetal positions by ingesting a
morning-after pill
Crawling fast until I get rewarded for how good I've behaved
While practicing my goodbye wave..
Should I stay? After planning my escape routes
And shouting out, "Is there a lifeguard in the lighthouse?"
To the rescue bottle mouth-to-mouth between her lips she sips
She needs a fix more than she knows her friend's a bitch And there's a note on the door..
Eviction notice Fun times fun times, ("Fuck you!") fun times fun times fun times
("Fuck you!") Fun times fun times, fun times fun times fun times
("Fuck you, get the fuck out of my house...")
Fun times fun times, fun times fun times fun times
Fun times fun times, fun times fun times fun tiiiimes!!! ("Fuck YOU!")
One more time guys, fun times fun times fun tiiiimes!
("Get out.") I love you ("Get out!!! Get the fuck out of here! GET OUT!! Go.") Your mother would like to hear
from you

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