

Waterline

Sage Francis

I just sit there and let the thoughts flood
And I remind myself it's all right, it's all good, it's all love
It's not though 'cause there's a kink in the armor
A pothole I'm sinking in while I think of the drama

So I stand up, start to pace in my living room
Set my eye to the highway knowing that I'll play chicken soon
There's a vanity plate with my name on it
There's a Davey Crockett hat with a Masonic fat cat under it

A musket rifle spitting at my feet
They want me to dance in the middle of the street
And I respect my elders, so I do as I'm told
But I offset the bell curve when I do it with soul, losing control

Guilty feet do have rhythm, they just dance to
The wrong theme music to amuse the villain
Instead of killing, I'll spare the raccoon
And start filling sandbags as I stare at the moon
And let the thoughts flood

Blessed are those who are dammed when the levee broke
How many choked on the steps to a slow dance?
A staircase to a hug with no hands
Accountability hung out to dry on the line of command

We let the thoughts flood
We remind ourselves it's all right, it's all good, it's all love
It's not though 'cause there's a kink in the armor
A pothole I'm sinking in

Sharing a drink with my father
It's a family affair, the vanity we share
The waterline is rising, all we do is stand there

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written by ISHAM, MARK / LANDRY, PAUL F.
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