

# Vonnegut Busy

## Sage Francis

Of all the words of mice and men  
The saddest are, "it might have been"  
Of all the words of mice and men  
The saddest are I like for my shoes to look like they've been walked in  
My house to look like it's been lived in  
My car to look like a coffin that's been driven off a cliff  
My career like a non-stop graveyard shift  
Don't clean the crime scene cause time means money  
Don't need visine when my eyes seem bloody  
I see dead people, but who doesn't?  
We walk undercover, deadpan blending in with other human puppets  
Discussing nothing but the sports and weather  
If I stare long enough they all morph together  
Then I freak out, it'll blow my cover  
So I just keep out, no, we don't know each other  
I'm on the road to recovery, no GPS  
Hoist in my sails 'till the sea breeze rests  
Suck wind if you wanna player hate  
Day to day I use my fear of falling asleep to stay awake  
I appear psychic-like, but I'm not a psychic  
You're just predictable with no fight left to fight it  
If you write it they will come with a red pen and a tazer-gun  
Let's do something  
I like for my shoes to look like they've been walked in  
My house to look like it's been lived in  
My car to look like a coffin that's been driven off a cliff  
My career like a non-stop graveyard shift  
I sift through the ashes in search of survivors  
Digging up the Earth filling urns with dirt  
For what it's worth I'm richer than the cemetery soil  
I use slant drilling to get my midnight oil  
I've been moonlighting as a daydreamer  
I'm at the wheel of an eight-seater, (hey) hey mister gatekeeper  
Call me key master, no, home owner  
One, two and to the three and to the foreclosure  
They said the war was over, but we know it wasn't  
They wanted more soldiers so we said "sure, fuck it"  
Here's a fresh batch of people with setbacks  
The poor folk, in fact they're all broke cause of your debt traps  
Picking the pockets of people who probably needed assistance most  
Selling them lies, selling them out, sending them off to a distant coast

Telling them anything anyone left with impossible debt is receptive to  
Breaking a promise of negative worth like "buddy there's nothing left for you"  
Gotta buy buy buy to stay alive, they punish the payment delayed  
Then they charge you for the low balance then they ask "why didn't you save?"  
Too long we took it on the chin, too long we took it to our grave  
Now we take what we can get, fuck an unlivable minimum wage

Do something

It might have been

(Do something)

It might have been

Of all the words of mice and men

The saddest are Vonnegut busy

Do it, do it - mess up my mind (Vonnegut busy)

Do it, do it - mess up my mind Sometimes I shoot myself in the foot, I put my foot in my mouth

Clean it while it's there, and then i suck the bullet out

Reload the weapon, now that's conservation

Stay locked and loaded in a bad conversation

He making blank statements like the circles of your ammunition's finite

Visionary nothing, you're a man who lives with hindsight

Return to the hive mind and call me back

I'm predicting early that you'll be the Monday morning quarterback

So, cocksure in a culture that gangs up on bully-types

Mob mentality, as if that isn't what a bully's like

Inspiration strikes like an union

I write these lines just to cross 'em, I'm concluding

If my mama don't wanna she never has to work again

You never asked me why I spread myself so thin

I'm finna flirt dirty with the pen and flick my tongue on this bottom

I promise writer's block ain't never been a problem

I'll probably make the columns wanna pop bottles of pain relief

Sometimes it's what you don't say that says the most to say the least

Idle feet are the Devil's fetish club

A highly exclusive spots none of us are members of

Dante is a scrub - we kicked him out the van and steamrolled him

In 2010 we had a couple dreams stolen

Me and B. Dolan relocked and reloaded

When it feels like you're going through hell, keep going

And as they say may the bridges that we burn light the way I like for my shoes to look like they've been walked

in

My house to look like it's been lived in

My car to look like a coffin that's been driven off a cliff

My career like a non-stop graveyard shift Do it, do it - mess up my mind

Do it, do it - mess up my mind

Vonnegut busy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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