Escape Artist

Future Islands

(When I first got in to magic, yeah.)
When I first got into magic, it was an underground phenomenon
Now everybody's like pick a card, any card
If I shot my full load with the first hand I played
I'd be a monkey in a box hangin' with the David Blaines
I be swimmin' with the sharks, mouths full of razor blades
But I'm not, I got out of that game
Escape Artist
I talk 'til I'm red in my face with strain polyps
I'll rock 'til I'm out of my range then raise octaves
I play through the pain and remain conscience
Refraining from commenting on the lame compliments
And the petty criticisms from those who ain't accomplished
Even one fifths of some of this shit I made progress with
I'm leaving naysayers stumped like rain forests
After years of pullin' rabit ears out my pants pockets
I'm not revealin' any tricks of the trade
It's just there ain't no magic in the breakdown baby
In an effort to make 'em all see what I found in my life I decided to give 'em a look
None of 'em giving a glimpse trying to guess that I'm sitting in the middle of an unread book
Letters are falling apart
But the sentence descend on the word and the wording is permanent
Never been missed
If you were missed
What did you miss
Interpreted is
Falling and serving a sentence of solitary confinement
Result in the death sentence just filling my running assignment
I'm just wondering where my time went, it pulled a disappearing act
And every single assistant I ever had got sawed in half
You See I never payed attention
But I can't afford to laugh
'cause I'm lookin' for my break in an autograph for my CAST
but I'm short on staff so all I ask is volunteers in the crowd
show a little bit of audience participation now
When I say hip (what do I say?)
You, you say shut the fuck up we ain't sayin shit!!!
And I'll respect it
Check it,

In a flair for the dramatic exit
A fashionable entrance
Late to my own arraignment (Oh!)
The self-destructive things that I do for entertainment
My folks gave me this already broken heart as my pallet
While I was out honing my craft you was disowning your talent
That's why you still live at home
And I bought this house off my parents
I'm getting ahead of myself
(gettin ahead of myself)
I see the hair on my back
(see the hair on my back)
I'm on the road reading Kerouac
It's poems versus better raps
I think to myself
What's worth remembering
Versus defending the size of my manhood or confessional canned goods
In an effort to make 'em all see what I found in my life I decided to give 'em a look
None of 'em giving a glimpse trying to guess that I'm sitting in the middle of an unread book
Letters are falling apart
But the sentence descend on the wording and the wording is permanent

Never been missed
If you were missed
What did you miss
Interpreted is
Falling and serving a sentence of solitary confinement
Result in the death sentence just filling my running assignment
But none of this is getting told in confidence
I recognize the confidential records just to hold the listeners attention
I'm a veteran of spacial relationships
I clip ya wings to fit you in head shrinking magician
Shape-shifting reptilian turned body contortionist
Orphanages started offering torches to abortion clinics
I lost acquaintances
And a morgue of lady friends
I gender bent the heaven sent angelic devil boy with God's androgynous
I'm lookin' marvelous but looks can kill
And I'm unsure about my sexual orientations still
Put me in a special kind of case that only breaks if
You hit it with a bouquet of flowers and baby breath arrangement
The vault is vacant
They're all looking for fault or blame
I called my agent
The moment that I caught the train

I let him know, I'm going nowhere, he's invited
If he leaves tonight then he just might help me find it
But this is my burden to bare, not his
And I'm a psychic without a sidekick
Holding the future hostage
A loose cannon standing on the roof top with
A new respect and understanding of bartenders and locksmiths
They call me daredevil but I'm not precise enough
Unprofessional on an amateur level, I love my life too much
Escape Artist (x 5)
I'm in two places at once
Escape Artist
I ain't slept in months
Escape Artist
I'm just trying to get away
Ain't no magic in the breakdown baby
[Ain't no magic in the breakdown baby
No magic in the break
Ain't no magic in the breakdown ba-by
Escape Artist]
[continues in background]Sage Francis:
(Pussies, you're scared to shoot me in the heart!
You know it's too big, uhh!
Fuck, I gotta bulletproof heart, hit me baby.
I'll never fall in love with you, ever!
If you got (heart?) so I do! Bitch!)
Slug:
Make some noise for Sage Francis ya'll!

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