Trite

Kneebody

[Sage Francis]i'm having identity crises.
"no we're not." "yes we are."
i'm having identity crises.
"no we're not." "yes we are."
i don't have a feeling that hasn't been felt, feeling on my felt tip,
showing my hand...revealing what i've dealt with.
and how i'm dealing. cut the deck. evenly distribute the pieces
of shit talking during our disputes on weekends.
we can sing along to each other's song, right?
even if the interpretation is wrong, right?
just make sure you don't bring the wrong mike,
'cause i don't care about meeting a boyfriend we can all like (nah!).
this song is called trite, hope ya like it.
could've substituted your name with the title but i decided that i'd keep it private.
violent dream sequences just seem endless.
i can see myself making a heated entrance
to your workplace with a smirk on my face.
and a tongue in my cheek. and a gun in my reach.
sneaking naked photos of myself under the seats of your co-workers,
putting a knife to your throat and screaming out "i won't hurt her!"
they're like, "let her go!"
and i'm like, "let her grow!"
prisoners wouldn't listen to this. their rational side was out on a furlough.
i like turbo-nuclear family affairs.
i want a wife, a house, and two and a half mistresses to call when i'm not there.
then hang up the phone, and have my wife call up the phone company,
and ask the phone company guy "why???"

and he's like, "ma'am...well, maybe you just don't know how to talk."
and she's like, "damn...well...wanna fuck me?"
"yeah of course."
see? case closed. and he knows how to trace calls,
so i can't make cranks saying, "i hate ya'll!"
i throw baseballs at my mirror, break walls a tear a-
nother page out of my diary, throwing it from the eighth floor 'til i hear a
pin drop. unsuspecting pallbearers are in shock.
they know i'm about to kill myself with a sling shot.
they bring rocks for ammunition,
steal my lifetime magazines and then cancel my subscription.

their hands are just itching to scratch my clean records.
my rap sheets are infected, now i can't be president???
i just have to be elected! i ask for just a second chance.
the answer back was "kid, you never did in the first place."
speaking of that, give me my blue ribbons back and anything that is mine.
waiting for a nice guy who can't make it to the finish line.
when i die you won't recognize the picture buried inside the obituary,
but it'll say, "bye, i miss you very much."
i'm always one for last words at departing time,
in a million years is when this dead star will shine.
say my fuckin' name. nope. say my fuckin' name. nope.
you don't...know what to call me so you don't.
you don't you don't call me.
you don't you don't call me.

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