

Runaways (Gruvis Malt 03)

Sage Francis

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It's time to rethink every fact that is imaginable
Survival instinct dwells in a past that is inhabitable
I happen to pull fast ones over the slow parole board
Who likes to speak to de-fanged wolves who cry sheep
Time seeps into our skin, age indicates how long we've been lost in space
I keep putting expression looks upon my face
An awful waste of human skin who waits for Autumn to begin
While far from grace, will do me in to late
(I'm out of seasoning)
No spring chickens, summer romance novel writer could win a prize
It's Nobel, go to hell in a riding vehicle that he winterized
I change my mind more often than my undergarments
Abide abortion and other nonsense
I'm an orphan who comes from Providence
I am assigned from God! For the parentally misguided(And I know...)
State is not an ocean, not an island, not a road
If I don't know where I come from
How do I know where to go?
It's not where you're from, not where you're at
It's where your going... and I am going home
(And I know...)
State is not an ocean, not an island, not a road
If I don't know where I come from
How do I know where to go?
It's not where you're from, not where you're at
It's where your going... and I am going home.....to where? The land of the lost souls
Feeling a loneliness that really only exists in abandoned foster homes
How many images of missing kids can be fit onto a milk carton?
Framed, they're starting to look the same
Starting to say his name, and claim privileges
As if they found HIM!
The strangest little kids surrounding the circle of false friendship
Rings of fire are connected at the elbow
Cause they're tired, moms unexpectedly let go
The Velcro light component that keeps there unit cohesive
It's the music! So we give reasons to get sober
Life experiences to hum to
These kids play Red Rover? I look for weaknesses to run through

With reckless abandon, they're standin', refuse to go down
The pinballs in their machine bounce between abusive homes now
If its fighter flats, they'll just choose to throw down
Ain't nothing like beating a dead horse, riding it through a ghost town
I move with no sound... I used to think I was invisible
Til they stopped me in mid-stride and said
"I think I seen a picture of you..."
Picture that, I said "Nah I just got one of them faces
Placed next to an expiration date that changes.
I kind of look familiar, my name is at the tip of your tongue
The lost look on my face makes you play dumb.
Say something colloial
I need to get my bearings and a feel for where I'm at
but you ain't hearin' that."
They shout freeze! I'm a tourist trapped by townies
Who put bounties on armies and all surrounding counties
Before I bounce, I hear them shout
"Someone help us out, PLEASE!"
We're all alone in the foster home
Killin' ourselves with the house keys...
Not every broken home can come equipped with a fix-it man
And it's a smelly mess once the shit hits the fan
Kids just stand in their circle jerks with there dicks in the sand
Saying "FUCK THE WORLD" cause they ain't got no girl
But who do they think I am?
Think again, I'm not that quick to plan ahead of time
I'm two steps behind the schedule, they pretend to befriend my mind
I think they just misread the lines in the palm of my hand
Cause, they're random scars caused by slap boxin' with landlords
I ran with the dogs till I realized they were all mutts
Turned bitch once the dog catcher caught up
Forced into trucks, boarded up, put to sleep in the pound
Being an orphan sucks, but I'm done with sneaking around
I see my frown posted up on street lights
And telephone poles, from what they show it seems like
I never grow old, from what they show it seems like
I never go home, and that doesn't seem right
Cause they won't let me grow...And this is where some go
to avoid the sunrays and the noise of subways
Emerging introverted, unemployed and unshaved
I feel rewarded offering a finder's fee that I know no one will pay
And this is where some go
to avoid the sunrays and the noise of subways
Emerging introverted, unemployed and unshaved
I've got multiple personalities and my inner children are runaways(And I know...)
State is not an ocean, not an island, not a road

If I don't know where I come from
How do I know where to go?
It's not where you're from, not where you're at
It's where your going... and I am going home...
To the land of the lost souls

Feeling a loneliness that really only exists in abandoned foster homes I feel rewarded offering a finder's fee that

I know no one will pay I've got
multiple personalities and my inner children are runaways
I feel rewarded offering a finder's fee that I know no one will pay I've got
multiple personalities and my inner children are runaways
I feel rewarded offering a finder's fee that I know no one will pay I've got
multiple personalities and my inner children are runaways...
(kids shouting until end)

Songwriters

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