

Escape Artist (Prod. Alias)

Sage Francis

(When I first got into 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'd be swimming with the sharks
Smiles full of razor blades
But I'm not
I got outta that game
Escape Artist
I talked till I'm red in my face
With strange califs
I rocked till I'm outta my range
Then raised octaves
I played through the pain
And remained conscious
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 leavin' naysayers stumped like rain forests
After years of pullin' rabbit ears out my pants pockets
I'm not revealing any tricks of the trade
Its just there ain't no magic in the break down baby In an effort to make them more secret I find in my life I
decided to give them a look
Now I'm givin' them a glimpse and I guess I'm sittin' in the middle of an unread book
Letters are falling apart but the sentencess end and run of the wording is permanent
Never been missed
Suckers been missed
What did you miss
Interpreted is
Funny I'm serving the sentence of solitary confinement
Results in a death sentence and still I'm a running assignment
I'm just wondering where my time went
It pulled a disappearing act
And every single assistant I ever had got stored in half Cause see I never payed attention but I can't afford to
laugh (word?)
Cause I'm lookin' through my book
And an autograph from my cats (Ok)

And I'm short on staff
So all I ask is volunteers from 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 (yes!)
Check it
In a flair for the dramatic exit
A fashoinable entrance late to my own arraignment
(Oh) The self-destructive things that I do for entertainment
My folks gave me this art
You're broken heart is my pallet
While I was out honin' my craft
You were disownin' your talent
Cause while you still live at home
And I bought this house off my parents (uhh)
I'm gettin' ahead of myself (I'm gettin' ahead of myself)
I see the hair on my back (I see the hair on my back)
I'm On the Road reading Kerouac
His poems versus better raps
I think to myself (I think to myself)
What's worth remembering
Versus defending
The size of my manhood
Or confessional canned goods
In an effort to make them more secret I find in my life I decided to give them a
look
Now I'm givin' them a glimpse and I guess I'm sittin' in the middle of an unread book
Letters are falling apart but the sentencess end and run of the wording is permanent
Never been missed
Suckers been missed
What did you miss
Interpreted is
But none of this is gettin' told in confidence I reckon
I spin confidential records just to hold the listeners attention
I'm a veteran of spacial relationships
I clip your wings to fit you in
Headshrinking magician
Shapeshifting reptilian
Turned body contortionist
Orphanages started offering tortures to abortion clinics (abortion clinics)
I lost aquantances
And a morgue of lady friends
I gender bent the heaven sent angelic devil boy
Good Gods adrogenous
I'm lookin' marvelous
But looks can kill

And they're unsure about my sexual orientation 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
And they're all looking for phone call blame
I called my agent
The moment that I caught the train
I let him know that I'm goin' nowhere
He's invited
If he leaves tonight then he might just help me find it
But this is my burden to bear
Not his
And I'm a psychic without a sidekick
Holding the future hostage
A loose cannon standing on the rooftop 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 muchEscape Artist (x4)
(Escape, escape)Escape Artist
I'm in two places at once
Escape Artist
But I ain't slept in months
Escape Artist
Just tryin' to get away
But there ain't no magic in the breakdown babyAin't no magic in the breakdown baby
No magic in the break
Ain't no magic in the breakdown baby
(x3 and continues as Sage speaks)Pussies
You're scared to shoot me in the heart
You know it's too big!
Uhh!
Yeah, Fuck you
I gotta bulletproof heart
Hit it baby
I'll never fall in love with you
Ever!
If you got glass so long too
Biyatch shut upMake some noise for Sage Francis y'all

Songwriters

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