

# Message Sent

## Sage Francis

I've got some letters inside of my drawer  
that should have been stamped and delivered  
One is addressed to my ex  
it says I'm the type of kid who can't be lived with  
One is addressed to my friends  
it says I'm a mess so y'all can't visit  
One is addressed to myself  
but I don't know what personality or hand to give it I'm a God damn misfit...mismatched, but never missed much  
Mr Right-time-wrong-place with a long face until our lips touch  
I don't miss the mistrust, its what got our messages mixed up  
Before I rip up your letters let us see if I can tear you away from his clutch This stuff's a whole other drawer  
from a different dresser I'm not ready to address  
I went to the west to get my mind off things and I'm already depressed  
I give up. Get let down. Down play. Play games. Put on my game face  
Face my pharmecudial needs and feed on my medicine, but I don't like the way it tastes I go place to place  
without enough money to put a bed under me  
So I share my sleeping space with rodents, insects, and dust bunnies  
I laugh at the mess I've created for myself until it gets unfunny  
But I'm content in the fact that they don't expect respect, sex, love, or trust from me When I'm hungry I can  
taste it  
I hide in the basement  
Check up on me every now and then  
Because my mood swings low...and I can feel myself going down again Falling off is easy. Getting put on takes  
a bit of ass kissing  
I'd rather listen to myself flop on the ground than hear the sound of a mattress spring  
I rap and sing and talk and write and often type with 2 fingers  
The "hunt and kill" method  
I edit one third of a word per second Your emails sit in my unsent box. If you're a girl that I miss  
You'll eventually get my virtual good bye kiss  
The rest are addressed to my friends and the subject line is "Just check this fine bitch"  
And the one for myself is untitled but...its the same virus My wrists get slit on your shoulder blades  
when I lose my grip while I hold your face  
Let it drip on your golden laced silver slip...  
spilling all over the place  
I'd lay my jacket over the blood puddle when we'd go on dates  
to prove that I'm a gentleman, peddling my bike at a slower pace "The sum of the parts doesn't equal the  
whole," she states  
Before my parents get home I'll take  
time to find the fragments of our relationship

and glue back together this broken vase. Falling in love is easy. Falling out of love takes a bit of practice  
I'm good at both without even owning a mattress  
I never asked for a kiss without deserving one.  
If you never saw me cry before  
wait for the next time I wake up on the wrong side of the floor I've got some letters inside of my drawer  
that should have been sent by now  
Sealed in an envelope  
One is addressed to my ex  
and it says that I feel our friendship's a joke  
One is addressed to my friend  
and it says his ex-girlfriend's on coke  
And one is addressed to myself on a personal note  
Unopened...filled with endless quotes Whenever I spoke, they'd close me in and bust my lip  
Now I wear parenthesis on my temples, step to the podium and just think  
Whenever lonely I shrink...hold myself...squeezing tight  
Before I sprawl out on the hardwood floor and kiss myself to sleep at night I have dreams of flight, but I'm not  
floating  
The ground is approaching awfully quick  
So I wake up screaming for you to catch me  
That's what I start every day off with I may talk shit, but there ain't much else to do in this prison cell  
And lucky for me no one listens well...especially when I dis myself  
I'll fly away on a pig when my living hell freezes over  
And since I'm used to the cold I'll be able to rest my head on Jesus' shoulder Explanations are in order for why  
these floor boards are always freezing  
I guess it'll all make sense once we get older and reach the Age of Reason  
Until then, I'll have no reason to sleep in. Not even on weekends  
Unless we're together, because my will power will probably weaken Deepen my appreciation for the current  
condition  
because I'm sick of always feeling like something is missing. I slumber in one position. Crouched up an fetal  
like.  
And the couch sucks 'cause my feet are like...given no space to breathe  
while I embrace my knees So its off to the floor because I can't sleep anywhere else  
That's where I write these letters to all of y'all but never send 'em  
It's better to just keep to myself Its better to just keep to myself Its better to just keep to myself

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