

I Keep Calling

Sage Francis

AUTHOR: Sage Francis Chorus Intro: Pick up, Pick up... Pick up, Pick up... Verse One: Now I can't even think
back. Self-induced amnesia has made its impact /
Mental health produced at leisure was frayed once it was intact /
I voluntarily refuse to reminisce /
If I could choose any wish... I'd lose my genesis /
And prove to my nemesis that I don't need Memory Lane on my way home /
But I got lost and I needed a pay phone /
Because I was in an unsafe zone... inside of a place unknown /
Where unfamiliar faces roam (...and it's so strange)... /
I've got no change... I could've sworn that I did when I left /
My breath gets heavy with every lie and theft /
I looked right and left... then I called people at my home collect /
To tell them, "Things changed." But they just won't accept /
I'm out of range... with no respect. Every time I asked for directions /
All I got was dead air, cut lines, and bad connections /
People who would have changed their number to unlisted /
411 info left me unassisted. Wickedly twisted... /
incidents. Is it coincidence? I choose to think so /
Deep in thought, my eyes blink slow. Pictures appear like slide shows /
My mind knows each and every single detail /
Total recall is leaving me pale /
Sick to my stomach... nauseous... forces of nature bring my homing instinct /
Its stink... is so distinct... now let me think... a minute /
epiphany: This is the much traveled trail from my past /
Now an unbeaten path... unfunny memories are now making me laugh. Chorus Verse Two: Haaaaaa! The
flashbacks of my past acts are numerous /
Since out the uterus... Earth encounters ain't been that numerous /
heheheheh... my laugh lines have been faked for the last time /
I'm past my prime. Climaxing again is a task of mine /
I'm homeward bound. Break out the map and atlas /
I ask gas station attendants... and they just act pissed /
I'm black listed... for not staying true to white lies /
I fight lies... in darkness... heartless... until the night dies /
Then I shed some light on what's the matter /
Reflections in the looking glass self scatter when the hard stares make it shatter /
7 years bad luck? Time's irrelevant /
I'm searching for signs of intelligent minds, but find the element /
Which blinds what the hell I think. Now I'm thinking... /
"What time is it?" I see the 12:00 blinking /

Check the position...of the sun...to see there is none /
I figure there's an eclipse...so I look away to save my wisdom /
The solar system left me stranded in a universe /
Where I do reverse psychology. Apologies are made through my verse /
Ain't nothing to do but curse when I'm frustrated /
Making people disgusted. Plus, I'm mistrusted and hated /
That's an understatement, but who really cares about my failure years? /
I'm on an expedition...following my trail of tears /
From when I cried, but...it dried up...and vaporized /
I played your game, so where's my consolation prize? I'm taking lies /
from faking guys...and gals...who want to be my pals...and peers /
At this here pace, it'll take me a thousand years /
To find my way back...encompassing what they lack /
It cost me most of my life, but still I'm thinking about a pay back /
Decapitated...I lost my head, and fear is activated /
I'm in a fog. My blood, sweat and tears evaporated /
I back track to find my lost sense of direction /
Stop, look, and listen...before I cross the intersection /
There's much construction. I'm signaled with morse code /
to take a detour. Somehow I end up on an off road /
I squint my eyes...trying to find some street signs /
I can only read strong thoughts. These people have weak minds /
Trapped in a desert that to me looks like a sandbox /
With damn NARCS...hold up, son...I'm noticing some landmarks /
I rack my brain...knowing that I can't attack in vain /
Upon return I promised myself not to act the same /
But every so often my selective screen memory...will be my enemy /
Metamorphasize and say, "Remember me?" /
Getting me petro...wish I could kill the retro /
But heck no...to much of my past I just can't let go /
I'm just a stone's throw away from my home turf...which really is this whole earth /
But claims like that have no worth /
epiphany: And then it hits me...the reason why I'm dizzy /
Is because I've been traveling in circles keeping myself busy.
(Where is he?)ChorusOutro:Deejay Perseus drumming.

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