Diamonds and Pearls

Sage Francis

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Surprising the world with diamonds and pearls
But a song about a girl ain't really about a girl
Got a two-way vanity mirror, I'm an amity villain
With a peeping Tom complexYou're just a soul collector
You keep putting 'em in a trash bag
You push 'em in a shopping cart
Go and act sadWhen there's none left to collect
So you go on and you make more
But wait, what you lose them to the state for?The next time you see me
It'll be through plexiglass
There ain't no bail outs in this jail house
Ain't no more petty cash
Easy come, easy go
A penny saved, a penny earned
And I've learned life is clich
One of these days you get what you deserveSurprising the world with diamonds and pearls
But a song about a girl ain't really about a girl
Got a 2-way vanity mirror
Firing a blind eye I turn from an 800-pound gorillaIn the midst of misdirected anger
False blood can run thinner than icy water
Watch the fang-banger
Flirt with the Death-star
I cried by your bedside
Decided right then and there to pretend you were alive
Maybe, baby lie to me, invade my privacy
Have the decency to say bye, after taking the pride
Domestic piracy
You ran out of family plunder
And launch pads to crash,
So when you're done playing dumb, empty the trashWe're looking for our lives back, we wish we could have saved yours
There's nothing we can buy back, cause everything was paid off

I found you in a pawn shop, you were stuck behind a glass case
I watched as the cost dropped, puppy dog sad face
Put a down payment on my meal plan, just to see your shit eating grin
Save the frown for when you need to shed your skin,
Selling bullshit shells to yourself, the layers are coming off
Economic failed, professional victim of sale cutting costsCharity case, don't ask me to donate
You axe murdered your soul mate
My back's hurting from an tax burden
Pull your own weight
A punching bag for hire, every minute there's a sucker bet,
So what's the over and under you'll rise up from the debt.
With the complexion of a ghost
The resurrection was a hoax, but 2000 years later it's like nobody knows
If you think you're slick enough to turn a trick and spin the story
just cause Jesus is your fair-weather pimp
And you caught me praying with my fingers crossed
So I shuffled up the deck, is this the card that you picked?
Well if not, how about this?
Missionary aint a job, its a position, so assume it's
a victimless crime, watch dog has an owner thats abusiveNow isnt that ironic? With one hand in my pocket
And the other choking out the street corner prophet
Uncrossed my fingers and said "Look at me when Im talking, dear
I aint mad at you, and thats the only miracle here"I aint mad at youIm surprising the world with diamonds and pearls
But a song about a girl ain't really about a girl

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