

Pains of Being Pure at Heart, The "The Tenure Itch"

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His indiscretions, you don't mind
He says your thoughts need form
But your form's not hard to find
These late night sessions, he's master still
Another lesson leaves you twisting to his will

Every night he comes and goes again
If it isn't right it isn't him

He makes corrections, you shut the blinds
You're talking less and less,
But the words aren't hard to find
His last suggestion, it makes you ill
Still one more lesson leaves you twisting to his will

Every night he comes and goes again
If it isn't right it isn't him

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