

Eric Martin

"The Professional"

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There is a sound
They don't want you to own
Arrest every word
That escapes from your throat
They hand you the world's smallest microphone
It's still too loud and you're asked to go home

She can stay as long as she swears
That when she breathes it will be
Her own air
She'll state her case and take up space
And that suffocates-
The professional

There is a sound that they want
You to hear
To drown out the voice
That plays in your ear
They hand you the world's biggest razor blade
An amateur bleeds
But she hardly gets paid

She can be mad but they'll let her know
The scorched earth
Allows nothing to grow
And she'll be blamed but feel no shame
'cause she'll have stopped-
The professional

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