

Jenny Owen Youngs "Porchrail"

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I've got a case
Of the stares
Like you
Wouldn't believe

Everyone moves
Around with me
I try to focus
But I can't keep still
And since you're kind
I think you will

Just hold right there
Don't move or blink
Just need a minute
To sit and think

I've got span of attention
As long as my teeth
Every urge on that swing
Turns tragically free

There's nothing
More attractive
Like the thing
You can't have

I've got every intention
Of loosing my tie
From the motivation
To make this man mine

Just hold right there
Don't move or blink
Just need a minute
To sit and think

I'm going to be sick
I think I'm going to be sick

