

Antlers, The "Sylvia"

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Please, curtains in. Start us off...You swing first.
Sorry. I don't know what I said, but you're crying now
again,
and that only makes it worse.
Let me do my job. Let me do my job.

Sylvia, get your head out of the oven.
Go back to screaming, and cursing,
remind me again how everyone betrayed you.
Sylvia, get your head out of the covers.
Let me take your temperature,
you can throw the thermometer right back at me,
if that's what you want to do, okay?

Please. Please calm down. Steady out, I'm terrified.
Sorry, I want us to ally, but you swing on little knives.
They're only sharp on one side.
Let me do my job. Let me do my job.

Sylvia, get your head out of the oven.
Go back to screaming, and cursing,
remind me again how everyone betrayed you.
Sylvia, get your head out of the covers.
Let me take your temperature,
you can throw the thermometer right back at me,
if that's what you want to do, okay?

Sylvia, can't you see what you are doing?
Can't you see I'm scared to speak,
and I hate my voice 'cause it only makes you angry.
Sylvia, I only talk when you are sleeping.
That's when I tell you everything.
And I imagine that somehow you're going to hear me...

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