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## Sebadoh "Sixteen"

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Sweep the dirt under your rug, you're on your drug And then it hits me It's paregoric in my head, I'm all doped-up And just a baby

Doing just fine You're making up your mind at sixteen

I'm all grown up and what I know It isn't from your mouth And now I'm confused 'cuz you don't talk Or wonder what I think

I'm standing here and still I cannot hear you My passion's locked inside me, divulging your imperative For during, though it's easy, a hundred years of therapy Thanks, thanks anyway, I'll soon be leaving

[Incomprehensible]

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