

Sebadoh "Sixteen"

Visit "[Sixteen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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]

Visit [Sebadoh](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.