

Sleater Kinney "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 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

You better watch what you
You better watch what you say, no way
They're coming after you, they'll get in your head
Your head, your head, head

And when I'm climbing up, I'm climbing down
Well, well, well
[Incomprehensible]

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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