

## **Pains Of Being Pure At Heart**

### **"The Tenure Itch"**

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His indiscretions, you don't mind  
He says your thoughts need form  
But your form's not hard to find  
These late night sessions, he's master still  
Another lesson leaves you twisting to his will

Every night he comes and goes again  
If it isn't right it isn't him  
He makes corrections, you shut the blinds  
You're talking less and less,  
But the words aren't hard to find  
His last suggestion, it makes you I'll  
Still one more lesson leaves you twisting to his will

Every night he comes and goes again  
If it isn't right it isn't him

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