

Sing About Your Feelings

Slow Runner

Long face, hard pressed
To coax a little songbird
From the ribcage in your chest
I know the ocean's in your eyes,
I know the world is full of lies.

And your diaries burn and

Secrets churn, and up into the sky

Sing about your feelings, you'll be fine

Tear all your jeans up at the knees,

Go find a corner of the street

And play songs you know about trains and smoke,
and pretty things that bleed.

Maybe the man has done you wrong,

Maybe your folks don't get along

Or a boy who was supposed to call you,

but he left you by the phone.

Sing about your feelings, you'll be fine.

Sing about your feelings, you'll be fine. You never thought it'd come to this,

Trading a heart in for a fist

And a notebook's worth of furious scribbling

Aching in your wrist

Sing about your feelings, you'll be fine.

Sing about your feelings,

Sing about your feelings, you'll be fine...

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