

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

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