

# Porchrail

## Jenny Owen Youngs

I've got a case  
Of the stares  
Like you  
Wouldn't believe Everyone moves  
Around with me  
I try to focus  
But I can't keep still  
And since you're kind  
I think you will Just hold right there  
Don't move or blink  
Just need a minute  
To sit and think I've got span of attention  
As long as my teeth  
Every urge on that swing  
Turns tragically free There's nothing  
More attractive  
Like the thing  
You can't have I've got every intention  
Of losing my tie  
From the motivation  
To make this man mine Just hold right there  
Don't move or blink  
Just need a minute  
To sit and think I'm going to be sick  
I think I'm going to be sick

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