

# Sixteen

## Sebadoh

Sweep the dirt under your rug, you're on your drug  
And then it hits me  
It's paregoric in my head, I'm all doped-up  
And just a babyDoing just fine  
You're making up your mind at sixteenI'm all grown up and what I know  
It isn't from your mouth  
And now I'm confused 'cuz you don't talk  
Or wonder what I thinkI'm standing here and still I cannot hear you  
My passion's locked inside me, divulging your imperative  
For during, though it's easy, a hundred years of therapy  
Thanks, thanks anyway, I'll soon be leaving

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