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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