

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 got a spat of attention
always on my tea,
Every urge on that swing turns tradgically free.
There's nothing more attractive like the thing you can't have.
I've got every intention of loosing 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