

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 baby
Doing just fine, you're making up your mind...16
I'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 think
I'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