

# Paul Westerberg, Self-Defense

Cheekbones and hormones  
Your only self-defense  
Lying through dinner  
And your rock and roll teeth again  
You've harbored a coward  
Fed him full of broth  
This nocturnal sadness  
Leave you pale as this tablecloth  
Careful don't you spill your dinner  
That would be a good defense  
Then you wouldn't have to sit here  
On the fence  
Cheekbones and hormones  
He's the accidental man  
Tell you in a stage whisper  
about the boy who cried benefit  
As the poet drags the darkness  
Within him to the light  
It's only in self-defense  
That they drag you out into the night  
Careful don't you spill your dinner  
That would be your best defense  
Careful what you wish for  
An idiot and a genius  
Standing up to dine  
Breaking manmade laws  
Cause I only follow those that are divine  
And only when you're chased  
Do you ever run fast  
And it's wrong to commit a suicide  
It's only in self-defense