

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