

# Dinosaur Jr., In A Jar

I'll be grazing by your window, please come pat me on the head.  
I just want to find out what you're nice to me for.  
When I look up, don't think I don't know about all the scabs you dread.  
It's hard to stomach the gore.

I know you don't have the patience to peel 'em off no more.  
In a jar where you fed me, all I could do was lick your hand.  
In a jar, the scars are plain to see.  
I hope somehow you'll know I understand.

I'll be grazing by your window, please come pat me on the head.  
I just want to find out what you're nice to me for.  
Then you smile and decide to take me in 'cause I look cute by your bed,  
But I can feel it just a little more.

I'll watch you fall apart, babe, you know it.  
You know I'm young and stuff, babe, don't blow it.  
Just unscrew the top, yeah.  
Pick me up now, just can't stop.

In a jar where you fed me, all I could do was lick your hand.  
In a jar where scars are plain to see, I hope somehow you'll know I understand.  
Scabs collect beneath your bureau from the knife wounds you got.