

Jenny Owen Youngs, Porchrail

I've got a case of the stares like you wouldn't believe
Everyone moves around with me
And I try to focus but I can't keep still
But you said that you'd come and I think you will

Just hold right there, don't move or blink
I just need a minute to sit and think

I've got a span of attention as long as my teeth
Every urge I let sway me turns tragically brief
There's nothing more attractive than that one thing you just can't have
I got every intention to loosen my tie
I got full motivation to make this one mine

Just hold right there, don't move or blink
I just need a minute to sit and think

I think I'm going to be sick
I think I'm going to be sick
I'm gonna be