

# 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