

Sebadoh, Sacred Attention

With my head so low, the way I think could scrape the ground
I will give them all control, I will crumble all around
There's no need to say a word as logic burns right trough my head
I could almost laugh out loud, the way this silence leaves me dead
Feel afraid to speak, and I feel afraid to smile
As I crave sacred attention, you could hit me all the while
And you might be the weaker one, and I may stand and stare
But I'll always know my place to keep this order safe, not sane