

# Sebadoh, Sixteen

Sweep the dirt under your rug  
You're on your drug, and then it hits me  
It's paregoric in my head, I'm all doped-up  
And just a baby  
Doing just fine, you're making up your mind<sup>16</sup>  
I'm all grown up and what I know  
It isn't from your mouth  
And now I'm confused cuz you don't talk  
Or wonder what I think  
I'm standing here and still I cannot hear you  
My passion's locked inside me  
Divulging your imperative  
For during, though, it's easy (?)  
A hundred years of therapy  
Thanks, thanks anyway, I'll soon be leaving