

# Sleater Kinney, Professional

There is a sound  
they don't want you to own  
arrest every word  
that escapes from your throat  
They hand you the world's smallest microphone  
It's still too loud and you're asked to go home

She can stay as long as she swears  
that when she breathes it will be  
her own air  
she'll state her case and take up space  
and that suffocates-  
The professional

there is a sound that they want  
you to hear  
to drown out the voice  
that plays in your ear  
they hand you the world's biggest razor blade  
an amateur bleeds  
but she hardly gets paid

She can be mad but they'll let her know  
the scorched earth  
allows nothing to grow  
and she'll be blamed but feel no shame  
'cause she'll have stopped-  
the professional