

# We Squirm

The Microphones

Do you seriously believe, that you will not be a prisoner?  
Do you insistently try  
Over and over to seem free in your life  
And the ways that you treat your loves and delights  
Your troubles and fights  
And me?

Well let me say  
Yeah, go ahead and try!  
But I say you will be captive  
Alone with me  
We're stuck in the mark of our hearts  
And the fear that we'll find  
These feelings of ours start to seem like bars  
So we squirm  
And sink deeper  
Yes, we rile into jail cells

But I say: Let feelings hold you  
I say: Embrace your captors  
I say: Get to know them deep  
Have no news you won't hear  
Have no truths you won't tear  
Have no hopes that you'll ever find freedom  
From your tyrant heart