

## The Amendment

The Sheila Divine

Sometimes I cry murder  
At the top of my lungs  
Often when I smile  
Mischievous runs wild

And you're right  
It's my fear  
Well it's my fear  
Of making sense

Frequently I question  
The virtue of man  
Always at high tide  
The burden, the sinking of plans

And you're right  
It's my fear  
Well it's my fear  
Of making sense

And I'm done  
I'm just pink  
In the middle  
At the stake