

The Amendment

The Sheila Divine

Sometimes I cry murder
At the top of my lungs
Often when I smile
Mischief 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