

This Grudge

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1. Fourteen years
Thirty minutes
Fifteen seconds I've
Held this grudge

Eleven songs
Four full journals
Thoughts of punishment
I've expended

2. Not in contact
Not a letter
Such communication
Telepathic
You've been vilified
Used as fodder
You deserve a piece
Of every record

But who's it hurting now?
Who's the one that's stuck?
Who's it torturing now
With an antique knot in her stomach?

R: I want to be big and let go
Of this grudge that's grown old
All this time I've not known
How to rest this bygone
I wanna be soft and resolved
Clean of slate and released
I wanna forgive for the both of

3. Like an abandoned house
Dusty covered
Still intact
If I visit it now
Do I simply re-live it
Somehow
gratuitous

But who's still aching now?
Who's tired of her own voice?
Who is it weighing down
With no gift from time of said healing

R: I want to be big...

*: Maybe as I cut the cord
Veils will lift from my eyes
Maybe as I lay this to rest
Dead weight off my shoulders will rise

4. Here I sit
Much determined
Ever ill-equipped
To draw this curtain

How this has entertained
Validated
And has served me well
Ever the victim

But who's done whining now?
Who's ready to put down
This load I've carried longer
than I had cared to remember

R: I want to be big... (2x)