

# Sympathy

Sleater-Kinney

I know I come to you only when in need  
I'm not the best believer, not the most deserving  
But all I have, all I am, all I can for him  
I beg you on bended knees for him

Precious baby, is your life hangin' by a thread?  
A thread I'm standin' on, prayin' on today  
All I have, all I am, all I can for him  
I beg you on bended knees for him

I've got this curse in my hands  
I've got this curse in my hands  
All I touch fades to black  
Turns to dust, turns to sand

I've got this curse on my tongue  
I've got this curse on my tongue  
All I taste is the rust  
This decay in my blood

I don't like the doctor with the deep long face  
Only wants to give us the very worst case  
I'd rather shout out and shake him and do anything for him  
Well I, I beg you on bended knees for him

I've got this curse in my hands  
I've got this curse in my hands  
All I touch fades to black  
Turns to dust, turns to sand

I've got this curse on my tongue  
I've got this curse on my tongue  
All I taste is the rust  
This decay, let me go

When the moment strikes, it takes you by surprise and  
Leaves you naked in the face of death and life  
There is no righteousness in your darkest moment  
We're all equal in the face of what we're most afraid of  
And I'm so sorry for those who didn't make it  
And for the mommies who are left with their heart breaking

Search for meaning in sores  
The sentences they might form  
It's the grammar of skin  
Peel it back, let me in

Look for hope in the dark  
The shadow cast by your heart  
It's the grammar of faith  
No more rules, no restraint

How angry I would be  
If you'd taken him away?  
I wish I was wiser  
But instead I'll be grateful I'll say  
"Thanks for the love, for the joy, for the smile on his face"

'Cause I'd beg you on bended knees for him  
Oh, I'd beg you on bended knees for him