

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 mummies 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