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