

# Anne Marie

## American Aquarium

It's not your stature  
That tilts the scale  
It's not your know-how  
That whites me paleHaven't you noticed, I so often succumb  
Playing the novice, I just suck on my thumb  
I'm singing the harmony to the melody you hum  
I march like a soldier to the beat of your drumAnne Marie  
It is all in your delivery  
But can you help that you belittle me?  
It's not your fault  
I feel so small  
Anne MarieI call to question  
This pattern of disease  
A predilection  
Of yet another harsh decreeThere is a rhythm pulsing out of control  
Driving us swiftly away from our goal  
Here in my heart babe, it's carving a hole  
Pounding me weak, penetrating my soulAnne Marie  
It is all in your delivery  
But can you help that you belittle me?  
It's not your fault  
I feel so small  
Anne MarieAnne Marie  
It is all in your delivery  
I am trying now to help you see  
Are we working towards a better we?  
Or am I shouting out a hopeless plea?  
It is there in your delivery  
I am trying now to make you seeIt's not your fault  
I feel so small  
Anne Marie

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