

Hysterical Strength

St. Vincent

Hey it's your blood
That makes my veins run
It's true, so I tried to give it back to you

Young one, look at me
It's not your beast to leash
Oh don't hold more than you can stand to carry

Must have been the case
Hysterical strength
To stand up while the room moved off its axis

Old man look at me
Through the teeth of your grief
Oh don't grab more than you can stand to carry

'Cause you went off to see what no one else could see
And left more than we could stand to bury

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written by ANNE ERIN CLARK
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