Sticks & Stones

The Divine Comedy

You and I go together like the molar and the drill.
Flesh is weak but darling we know that the ego's weaker still.
I've been hung, drawn and quartered,
Slowly slaughtered like a goat,
By the tongue of a woman who just couldn't let it go.

Sticks and stones may break my body but words can tear me apart.
So be careful what you tell me, spare a thought for my heart.

Broken bones fuse together, bruises never last for long,
But once they're said words stay spoken
And hearts stay broken from that moment on.

Sticks and stones may break my body, but words can tear me apart.
So be careful what you tell me, spare a thought for my heart.

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