

Indigo Girls, Compromise

You wear the cloth of finest lands,
The touch of women the toil of hands.
Undress me now before I bend,
From the weight of everyman.

When I'm walking through this world,
I need to hold your hand.
Let me take you on this ride,
I hope you understand,
I'm not asking for a compromise.

You defend, exhume, begin again
It's the riddle of a skeleton.
We're all diseased so count the coupe,
I can't imagine stopping you.

When I'm walking through this world,
I need to hold your hand.
Let me take you on this ride,
I hope you understand,
I'm not asking for a compromise.

So the earth we scorch, we breathe,
Find some comfort on our knees.
You find your worth in words that wind,
Pleasures I don't comprehend.

When I'm walking through this world,
I need to hold your hand.
Let me take you on this ride,
I hope you understand,

I'm not asking for a compromise.