

# 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.