

Anne Heaton, Underdog

What is the price that I will pay for my affair with the underdog?

The underdog was my love

So much more handsome and deserving

And so me too

You pulled me up by my suspenders

So I could fight alongside of you

Like immigrants we made it the hard way

Building bridges and the subway

So enamored with our striving

I forgot the price

To identify

To be fascinated by you

My love

That's why the story is told

So that you don't grow old

Stuck in this way of thinking

I stack the odds against myself

Just in case it works out

I can believe in magic

Magic says:

"Hey you know, I could show up

before the situation gets so tough.

Why do you wait until it's dire?"

And I say:

"You know the reason that I wait is because I so need to believe

The miracle's got to be bigger than what you and I, we can conceive."

So I stack the odds against myself just in case it works out

I can believe in you

Chorus

Take away my desire to fail

Take away my need to commiserate

I just wanted to be one of the guys

So I promised I'd stay here by your side

But no, I won't

I can't oh honey no you don't

That's why the story is told

So you don't wear clothes you've outgrown

So even though it seems

That people who have suffered can be nicer

Even though it seems and it may be true

That people who have suffered can be deeper and kinder

If you put on suffering like a coat

If you grab the myth of the underdog by the throat

And say: "I'm wearing you tonight.

I know we can hit it just right."

That's when you'll miss it.

What is the price that I will pay for my affair with the underdog?

The underdog was my love