

Sleater Kinney, The Size Of Our Love

Our love is the size of these tumors inside us
Our love is the size of this hospital room, you're my hospital
Groom

Put the ring on my finger, so tight it turns blue
A constant reminder, I'll die in this room if you die in this room

Sit like a watchdog and patiently wait
Listen for footsteps down the hallways, visit beds like they're
Graves

Days go by so slowly
Nights go by so slowly

In a hospital room
In a box built for two

I fight for air, fight for my own air
Forget all the things I can do alone
I fight for a heart, I fight for a strong heart
I fight to never know this sickness you know
But I know it's my own, I gave it a home

Our love is the size of these tumors inside us
Our love is the size of this hole in the ground, where my heart's
Buried now.