

## Clare Bowditch And The Feeding Set "The Thing About Grief"

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The thing about grief is  
It knows what I did and  
It knows what I did not say.  
It sentenced me to a life of excavating  
Things my little head can not understand  
But I patched it all together with string andn rubber  
bands.

The thing about grief is  
Few people know that the I goes before the E  
And it's hard to give away because it's  
The last thing you gave to me.  
I've scrambled it together and  
Collaged it in a lighted frame  
Sometimes I'm scared to speak your name.

Ooh you were young a beautiful  
You should have grown to be old  
Like I'll grow old - no you will not.  
You left me here to join the dots  
I'm gonna speak them.

The thing about grief is  
It took what I loved and it buried her deep away.  
It makes no sense but it's interesting in it's own way.  
Some days I still assume I'm gonna see your face  
again  
But I always assume.

The thing about grief is  
It gets kind've boring for the  
People who don't yet know.  
Your friends - some they will wander off and  
Most will wish you'd just move on sister.  
But black is the colour 'cause it  
Doesn't seem to have an end  
I've heard it changes and  
You'll make new friends.

Oooh - you were young a beau-ti-ful.  
You should have grown to be old  
I will grow old, no you will not.

You left me here to join the dots.  
I'm gonna speak them.

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