

# Indigo Girls

## "The Girl With The Weight Of The World In Her Hands"

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She won't recover from her losses  
She's not chosen this path but she watches who it  
crosses  
Maybe move to the right, maybe move to the left  
So we can all see her pain, she wears like a banner on  
her chest  
And we all say, "It's sad" and we think it's a shame  
And she's called to our attention but we do not call her  
name  
The girl with the weight of the world in her hands

'Cause we're busy with our happiness and busy with our  
plans  
I wonder if alone she wants it taken from her hands  
But if things didn't keep getting harder  
She might miss her sacred chance to go a consecrated  
martyr  
The girl with the weight of the world in her hands

I wonder which saint that lives inside a bead  
Will grant her consolation when she counts upon her  
need  
It makes us all angry though we feign to care  
But who will be the scale to weigh the cross she has to  
bear  
The girl with the weight of the world in her hands

Is the glass half-full or empty, I ask her as I fill it  
She said it doesn't really matter, pretty soon you're  
bound to spill it  
With the half logic language of the sermon she delivers  
And the way she smiles so knowingly at me, gives me  
the shivers  
I pull the blanket higher when I'm finally safe at home  
And she'll take a hundred with her but she always  
sleeps alone  
The girl with the weight of the world in her hands

I wonder which saint that lives inside a bead  
Will grant her consolation when she counts upon her  
need

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But who will be the scale to weigh the cross she has to  
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