

Clare Bowditch**"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 long long life of excavating
Things my little head can not yet understand
But I patched it all together with string and rubber
bands.

The thing about grief is
Few people know if 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 of 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 beautiful.
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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