

Anna Carina

"Underdog"

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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.

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underdog?
The underdog was my love

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