

# Surface Pressure

Amanda Palmer

I'm the strong one, I'm not nervous  
I'm as tough as the crust of the earth is  
I move mountains, I move churches  
And I glow, 'cause I know what my worth is  
I don't ask how hard the work is  
I've got a rough, indestructible surface  
Diamonds and platinum, I find 'em, I flatten 'em  
I take what I'm handed, I break what's demanded, but

Under the surface  
I feel berserk as a tightrope walker in a three-ring circus  
Under the surface  
Was Hercules ever like, "Yo, I don't wanna fight Cerberus"?  
Under the surface  
I'm pretty sure I'm worthless if I can't be of service  
A flaw or a crack, the straw in the stack  
That breaks the camel's back  
What breaks the camel's back? It's

Pressure like a drip, drip, drip, that'll never stop, whoa-oh  
Pressure that'll tip, tip, tip 'til you just go pop, whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Give it to your sister, your sister's older  
Give her all the heavy things that you can't shoulder  
Who am I if I can't run with the ball?  
If I fall to  
Pressure like a grip, grip, grip, and it won't let go, whoa-oh  
Pressure little tick, tick, tick 'til it's ready to blow, whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Give it to your sister, your sister's stronger  
See if she can hang on a little longer  
Who am I if I can't carry it all?  
If I falter

Under the surface  
I hide my nerves and it worsens, I worry somethin' is gonna hurt us  
Under the surface  
The ship doesn't swerve when it heard how big the iceberg is  
Under the surface  
I think about my purpose, can I somehow preserve this?  
Line up the dominoes, a light wind blows  
You try to stop it tumbling, but on and on it goes

But wait, if I could shake, the crushing weight  
Of expectations, would that free some room up for joy  
Or relaxation, or simple pleasure?  
Instead, we measure this growing pressure  
It keeps growing, keep going, 'cause all we know is

Pressure like a drip, drip, drip that'll never stop, whoa-oh  
Pressure that'll tip, tip, tip 'til you just go pop, whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Give it to your sister, it doesn't hurt and  
See if she can handle every family burden  
Watch as she buckles and bends but never breaks  
No mistakes, just  
Pressure like a grip, grip, grip, and it won't let go, whoa-oh  
Pressure like a tick, tick, tick 'til it's ready to blow, whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Give it to your sister and never wonder  
If the same pressure would've pulled you under

Who am I if I don't have what it takes?  
No cracks, no breaks  
No mistakes, no pressure