

Under twenty thousand tons of brick and stone,  
She carries all the weight of her own world,  
But somewhere deep inside,  
Beneath the cartilage and bone,  
Beats the battered heart of one little girl alone.  
She is sweet, like sugar,  
But she is bitter like the broken sugar pot.  
Dad says that she could be anything she wants to be,  
She only sees what she is not.

Chorus

Disbeliever, underachiever,  
Disconcerted with the way things look from here,  
Disinclined and disinterested,  
Nothing in your world seems clear.  
Disbeliever, underachiever,  
Don't you shed another tear,  
Little Sister, broken heart resistor,  
It's not like that over here.  
With the Blanket of Security,  
And the mighty force of her own will,  
Treading water in her pink pajamas,  
She is treading water still.  
Hopelessly hopeless,  
and she is swimming,  
further into the sea.  
Thinking she's substandard,  
While all the while,  
She is beautiful to me.  
She is strong and silent,  
She is blunt and shrewd,  
She thinks that nobody loves her,  
If she only knew,  
How much we all have missed her,  
We are praying for you, my little sister.