

**DISTRESS**





**Mysterious Pain**

WITH HER HEAD HUNG LOW  
AND NOWHERE TO GO

SHE CAN'T EXPLAIN  
THIS MYSTERIOUS PAIN

IT COMES ON SO FAST  
HOW LONG WILL IT LAST

HER HEART IS JUST POUNDING, HER HEAD STARTS TO SPIN  
PLEASE GO AWAY, SHE DOES NOT WANT YOU IN

SHE'S UNCONTROLLABLY CRYING  
IT FEELS LIKE SHE'S DYING

HER BODY IS TREMBLING, HER HANDS START TO SHAKE  
SHE FEELS SO HELPLESS WITH THIS HORRIBLE ACHE

SOMEONE, PLEASE HELP HER, MAKE THIS GO AWAY  
SHE CAN'T STAND TO FEEL THIS WAY ONE MORE DAY

SOMEONE, PLEASE HELP HER, SHE'S DOWN ON HER KNEES  
SHE'S SCARED AND HELPLESS AND HOPES NO ONE SEES

WITH HER HEAD HUNG LOW  
NOT KNOWING WHERE TO GO

SHE TRIES TO EXPLAIN  
THIS MYSTERIOUS PAIN

by Peggy Stewart

# Her Anxiety

by W.B. Yeats

Earth in beauty dressed  
Awaits returning spring.

All true love must die,  
Alter at the best  
Into some lesser thing.

Prove that I lie.

Such body lovers have,  
Such exacting breath,  
That they touch or sigh.

Every touch they give,  
Love is nearer death.

Prove that I lie.

Prove that I lie.

