

Heavy

Bob Schneider

Day after day
Press onto each other
Week after week
I'm running for cover

While the ants and spiders
They tear at your skin
And the beast in the shadows is
Your only friend

And the promise of tomorrow
Is a pale gray ghost
Who'll pile on the tears
Pile on the tears

And see who can pile on the most
Till you can't stand
And you're down on your knees
And the whole world wants you
And it's begging you please

And you're almost home
But you'll never make it
It's heavy too heavy
To make it alone

And the worlds like bullets
Fly from your lips
And stack into ruins
And break me to bits

And tumble from the air
And ruin my clothes
And sink me down low
And the screams don't worry

And the crabs have enough to eat
At the bottom of the ocean
Where the darkness sleeps
And the weight of the world presses down down down down
Till it cracks your bones