

# Kris Delmhorst, Bobby Lee

Late morning midnight, sunny tuesday gloom,  
Silence under shutters, stillness in the room.

Bobby lee, this cave's too dark for me. I gotta go out where the wind can find my face.  
I just hope that you'll see eventually that I was only trying to roll the stone away.

The years and the seasons, the tide and the breeze,  
They come and bring their changes, so you call them all your enemies.

Bobby lee, I don't think I can breathe, and the walls get closer every single day,  
And yeah it's true I'm gonna leave, I just hope you can believe how hard I really tried to roll the stone away.

Sorrow comes a knocking, but you won't let her inside.  
So she goes away with joy her little sister.  
But she's looking back in her tracks, a tear in her eye.

Bobby lee, I believe it's killing me, and I got no other words that I can say.  
But I pray every night that someday you might find a way to roll that stone away  
Bobby lee, you meant the world to me, and I miss you more than I could ever say.  
But I tried for so long, and no one is that strong. I think it's you who's gotta roll the stone away.