

Seven Mary Three, Cumbersome

She calls me Goliath, and I wear the David mask
I guess the stones are coming too fast for her now
You know I'd like to believe this nervousness will pass
All the stones that are thrown are building up a wall

I have become cumbersome to this world
I have become cumbersome to my girl

I'd like to believe we could reconcile the past
Resurrect those bridges with an ancient glance
But my old stone face can't seem to bring her down
She remembers the bridges, burns them to the ground

I have become cumbersome to this world
I have become cumbersome to my girl

Too heavy, too light, too black or too white
Too wrong or too right, today or tonight
Cumbersome

Too rich or too poor, she's wanting me less
And I'm wanting her more
The bitter taste is cumbersome
No, yeah, no, no, no
No, no, no, yeah

There is a balance between two worlds
One with an arrow and a cross
Regardless of the balance, life has become
Cumbersome

Too heavy, too light, too black or too white
Too wrong or too right, today or tonight
Cumbersome

Too rich or too poor, she's wanting me less
And I'm wanting her more
The bitter taste is cumbersome
No, yeah, no, no, no
No, no, no, yeah
No, no, no, no
Yeah
Your life has become cumbersome