

Thrice, Come All You Weary

Come all you weary with your heavy loads
Lay down your burdens, find rest for your souls
My yoke is easy and my burden is kind
I'll take your upon me and you can take mine

Come all you weary who move through the Earth
You've been spurned at fine restaurants and kicked out of church
I've got a couple of loaves, so sit down at me feet
Lend me your ears and we'll break bread and eat

Come all you weary
Come gather 'round near me
Find rest for your souls

Come all you weary, crippled you lay
I'll help you along, you can lay down your canes
We've got a long way to go, but we'll travel as friends
The light's growing brighter; further up, further in