

# Air Supply, The Weight Is My Soul

In the night when you're lonely  
and you can't find a word for how you feel  
There's a place that you know of  
where the lights are so low they're hardly real,  
In a chair on the front verandah is a weight  
with a thought to set you free.  
The weight is my soul  
The weight is my soul, come to me.

I can see through the streetlights  
where the evening air is turning round  
All I hear is the hangin' of the moon  
and the stars on the sky,  
In a chair on the front verandah is a weight  
with a thought to set you free.  
The weight is my soul,  
The weight is my soul, come to me.

Have you thought of the times  
when your heart and your mind are free  
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