

# Chris Whitley, Weightless

The ground gives as you go  
With all them secrets that you know  
As if to give nothing away  
Of the signals you obey  
You're weightless as a child  
Falling from above  
Are helpless to your size  
Lonelier than God  
Footsteps, empty room  
As if a temple or a tomb  
The bed gives where you lay  
As if a power you betray  
You're weightless as a child  
Falling from above  
Are helpless to your size  
Lonelier than God  
Lonelier than God  
Falling from above  
You're weightless as a child  
Are helpless to your love  
No one can hold you now  
No one [Incomprehensible]  
When you was a child  
Falling from above  
Are helpless to your size  
Lonelier than God  
Lonelier than God  
Falling from above  
Weightless as a child  
Are helpless to your love  
Are helpless to your lover  
Are helpless to your lover