

# Clarkesville, Heavy Soul

I've got nothing else to say to you  
I'm all out of reasons and rhymes  
I don't care about your problems  
Most likely you don't care about mine  
You say you're sorry, no offence intended  
But your contempt is plain to see  
You're so quick to play the victim  
But the only victim here is me

I'm so tired of being everybody's run around  
And being left along the wayside when they go  
And I'm tired of hearing everybody put me down  
I never said I'd be the bearer of your heavy soul

I've got nothing else to give you  
I know what you say behind my back  
I never had nothing against you  
How d'you get on this desperate track

I'm just tired of being everybody's run around  
And being left along the wayside when they go  
And I'm tired of hearing everybody put me down  
I never said I'd be the bearer of your heavy soul

You never gave me nothing back

I'm through with being everybody's run around  
And being left along the wayside when they go  
And I'm done with hearing everybody put me down  
I never said I'd be the bearer of your heavy soul  
I never said I'd be the bearer of your heavy soul  
I never said I'd be the bearer of your heavy soul