

Her Space Holiday, The Weight Of The World

It could be your southern drawl
Or how you limp when you walk
That makes me wanna say
All those things I never could
Schoolboy crush carved into wood
That fades in the rain

You were born in a Baptist house
With a rusty spoon inside your mouth
The taste didn't go away
And when the sun comes peeking out
You work until it goes back down
The days are all the same
A baby boy strapped to your hip
And a tiny cut above your lip
That states: God doesn't save

Everyone who buys his book
Some of us get overlooked
In a way, it's a shame
But you still walk in His light
And say the same words every night:
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
What about the rest of me?

My faith can't take the weight

Summers came and left for Fall
Ten thankless years of working hard
The school bell rings, the kids come home
But you still feel like you're alone
'cause your husband holds his whiskey glass
Tighter than our hero's past
Rip those black beads off your throat
And swap them out for a knotted rope
The end is your only friend

Ears are full of rushing blood
You say the things you never could
Pray the Lord that you will see
That my eyes bulge out and my body swing
'Cause now I finally understand
Jesus is like every man
He tells you what you want to hear
Until you fall in love, then He disappears

My faith couldn't take the weight

When the weight of the world falls square on your shoulders
A pin prick or missed call can somehow destroy you
We are all victims of warped expectations
When people can't save us, we suddenly hate them
So, much in fact, that we lose our grasp on reality,
The responsibility that we have to ourselves and everybody else

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