

# 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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