

Idlewild, The Weight of Years

Girls, be good to these spirits
Of music and poetry
And lift the lyre so clear and sweet
They knead with you

And as for me this body
Which is now so arthritic
I cannot play
Can hardly even hold the instrument

And oh, the soul grows heavy
With the body
And oh, the soul grows heavy
Without the body

Some gloomy poems
Came from these thoughts
And useless we are all born
To lose life like we lose our youth

And oh, the soul grows heavy
With the body
And oh, the soul grows heavy
Without the body

And so I stepped in quite clearly
From my hiding place
To then suspect that she would grow old and gray
And he despaired in his mortal way and said

Oh, the soul grows heavy
With the body
And oh, the soul grows heavy
Without the body

And oh, the soul grows heavy
With the body
And oh, the soul grows heavy
Without the body