

# Peter Murphy, The Weight Of Love

The story's still in the works  
The players fishing ideas  
Walking in the air  
The church of Irene

Stands like a warehouse  
With love's spirit out in the cold  
Out in the cold  
Tonight

The actions disappear  
And let the love's spirit in  
The fear inside my head  
Is just a resistance to

The weight of love  
The weight of love  
The weight of love  
The weight of love

The theater with no name  
Calls a welcome in  
And music fills the cracks  
No shadows whispering

(Weight of love) the weight of love  
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