

Randy Stonehill, Weight Of The Sky

Michael was funny,
he was charming and wild.
In my high school days, he was the king of the street.
Rode his Harley down Blossom Hill Road,
and his life was over in a heartbeat.

Not me,
I think I'm gonna stick around.
I've just got to find out how this movie ends.
And as I stumble through the mystery of this life,
I'm gonna keep on trying to find a friend.

Danny was an actor,
he was quick and he was good,
but his eyes betrayed a sadness that troubled me.
One night, they found his empty car down on the beach,
he'd just taken off his clothes, and walked into the sea.

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Lost and drifting on the river of longing,
bowed and bloody from the weight of the sky,
longing to call out for someone's forgiveness,
but we're not sure who or why.
Maybe we're frightened like children in the darkness,
chasing shadows in the strangest dreams.
Sometimes living feels harder than dying.
Sometimes it feels like we're trapped in between.
In between.

Mickey was so beautiful,
and gentle and kind.
The last time I saw her, I almost cried.
She'd married a sailor, who liked to use his fists.
She could bandage all the cuts, but she was dead inside.

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