

Sparklehorse, My Yoke Is Heavy

(Daniel Dale Johnston)

in clusters we move through a farm
somewhere far off the thunder roaring
and the fortune teller has fixed her sweetly eyes on my child

sometimes I climb high up in a tree
and let the wind blow in my face
sometimes I leave my cares lying in piles

somewhat disturbing
is the sound of her singing
when you know you don't deserve it

you're not here today
I feel just like an empty eggshell
my yoke is heavy
my yoke is heavy

my voice is a little horse
galloping lost through the woods
calling your name

it's new to me
but just the same
the earth is an old canvas painted over many times

the poet rambles
the world it scrambles
but who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men

your shadow knows
it's right behind you all the way
your shadow knows where you've been

my yoke is heavy
my yoke is heavy
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sacred is the smile
that opened up my mind
and asked me come save me
and rid my cold cold heart
of the dark deep gloom
that took up so much room
and my many spacious memories

my yoke is heavy
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