

Widespread Panic, Weight Of The World

Woman, she's moving to the weight of the world
Mamma, she's carrying the weight of the world
All the time she breathing in the weight of the world
Bring it on home
Bring the soup-bone home

Well, poppa, too, he got the weight of the world
Man is moving in to the weight of the world
And all the time, along with the soup he's bringing home
The weight of the world

Bring it on home
Bring the soup on home

Children, too, fall to this weight of the world
All the time they they fall... right there into the weight
And all the time they're trying to shake
The weight of the world

Bring it on home
Bring the soup on home

Everybody's going to the wake of the world
We're all dressing up fine for the wake of the world
And everybody's hiding behind trees, breathing loud
The weight of the world

Bring it on home
Bring the soup on home