

My Yoke Is Heavy

Daniel Johnston

Blue clouds twisted into a tunnel
Somewhere far off the thunder roaring
And the fortune teller has fixed her sleepy eyes on my
Child

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

Somewhat disturbing is the sound of birds singing
When you know you don't deserve it
You are not here today
And I feel just like an empty eggshell, and
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

Somewhat disturbing is the sound of birds singing
When you know you don't deserve it
You are not here today
And I feel just like an empty eggshell, and
My yoke is heavy
My yoke is heavy

Sacred is the smile
That opened up my mind
That may at last please save me
And rid my cold, cold heart
Of the dark deep gloom
That took up so much room
In my many spacious memories

And many are the times
I thought and rethought
The thoughts you got me thinking

Though the sun shines bright upon me now
And I am young and kicking
My yoke is heavy
My yoke is heavy