

Heavy Is As Heavy Does

Menomena

Heavy are the branches
Hanging from my fucked up family tree
And heavy was my father
A stoic man of pride and privacy

And I don't care much for wishful thinking
It's heavy as I breathe
Because I don't believe in second chances
It's heavy as I leave

As prideful as a man he was
Proud my father never was of me

I did it for survival
But I looked like the asshole anyway

You ate up all my breadcrumbs
Now I'm lost alone inside your cave

Among six billion people
I want the ones who never wanted me

I'm not one for religion
But I can't seem to ditch this imagery

And I don't care much for wishful thinking
It's heavy as I breathe
Because I don't believe in second chances
It's heavy as I leave
And I don't care much for wishful thinking
I can't breathe