

# 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