

Carrying Weight

Defeater

That soap box song
Stuck in his head.
Burdens lie in graves past by.
He carries his weight.
That anthem for the disenchanted
Rings loud in waves of grain.
Heavy hearted hymns
Heard in slums fade out on those country roads.
Hope burning in his lungs.
Days pass, weeks pass.
Sleeping under sky.
Days pass, weeks pass.
Days turn into nights.
Sleep sound, the sun's out.
Sleep long, sleep well.
Days pass, weeks pass.
Memories come flooding back,
He prays his mother's god
Has saved her soul.
That soap box song still in his head.
Miles lost to heat and rain.
He carries his weight.
That message for the misdirected
Rings true to this day.
Heavy hearted hymns sung in fields.
He stops along that country road
To listen as they sing.
"Swing low, swing low chariot for me.
Swing low, swing low. pray my soul to keep."
"Rest now, the sun's down. rest long, rest well."
"Swing low, swing low."
Redemption lies in an old farm house,
"Room and board for the strong hands we need.
All i can offer, roof over head.
Another day, another dollar.
All i can offer, roof over head.
Another day, another dollar.
Another day, another dollar."