

## Weary

Lisa Marie Presley

So uneasy lay your head  
on those weary shoulders

I wanted to unburden them  
but you wouldn't let go

Too dirty to clean your hands  
Too weary for sober

I was your prescription then  
but the bottle ran out

Can you hear me now?  
While you sort it out?  
Don't get hung up here  
Let's forgive each other  
You can move on dear  
You can move on dear

Too toxic for a cleanse  
Too many sins for confession

I would have been your Priestess  
but I tripped on my robe

Now all the honey's in a hornet's nest  
And all the spiders, they spin their webs

Of all the colors that you knew they had  
But you wanted to ignore

Can you hear me now?  
While you sort it out?  
Don't get hung up here  
I will always love you  
You can move on dear  
You can move on dear  
You can move on dear  
You can move on dear