

# The Weight Is My Soul

## Air Supply

In the night when you're lonely  
And you can't find a word for how you feel  
There's a place that you know of where the lights  
Are so low they're hardly real  
In a chair on the front veranda is a weight  
With a thought to set you free  
The weight is my soul  
The weight is my soul, come to me  
I can see through the streetlights  
Where the evening air is turning round  
All I hear is the hangin' of the moon  
And the stars on the sky  
In a chair on the front veranda is a weight  
With a thought to set you free  
The weight is my soul  
The weight is my soul, come to me  
Have you thought of the times when your heart  
And your mind are free  
Have you thought of the times when your heart  
And your mind are free  
In the night when you're lonely  
And you can't find a word for how you feel  
There's a place that you know of where the lights  
Are so low they're hardly real,  
In a chair on the front veranda is a weight  
With a thought to set you free  
The weight is my soul  
The weight is my soul, come to me

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