Weary With Toil

Buckshot LeFonque

'Tis love which makes the elephant forget
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Weary with toil, my soul seeks sweet repose
Yet far from home, no comfort is there to find
My mind at journey's end resumes command
To cast unshadowed doubt (one might suppose)
Our zealous pilgrimage fo sorts unkown
Varied states of enduring discontent
Lead my mind and soul to mortal clatter
Lo thus, my heart ascends the royal throne
And like the thief woh borrows not, but takes
The lover who invokes a jealous rage
With vulgar thoughts spoke venomous in tone
Creates a trembling air, which ultimately quakes
Forgive me not for harboring roguish ways
Not for crude language from a brutal tongue
'tis love which makes the elephant forget
So guilty am I, myself, love shan't acquit

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