

Cumbersome

Seven Mary Three

She calls me Goliath and I wear the David mask
I guess the stones are coming too fast for her now
You know I'd like to believe this nervousness will pass
All the stones that are thrown are building up a wall I have become cumbersome to this world
I have become cumbersome to my girl I'd like to believe we could reconcile the past
Resurrect those bridges with an ancient glance
But my old stone face can't seem to break her down
She remembers bridges, burns them to the ground I have become cumbersome to this world
I have become cumbersome to my girl Too heavy too light, too black or too white, too wrong or too right
Today or tonight, cumbersome
Too rich too poor, she's wanting me less and I'm wanting her more
The bitter taste is cumbersome No yeah
No no no yeah
No no no yeah There is a balance between two worlds
One with an arrow and a cross
Regardless of the balance life has become
Cumbersome Too heavy too light, too black or too white, too wrong or too right
Today or tonight, cumbersome
Too rich too poor, she's wanting me less and I'm wanting her more
The bitter taste is cumbersome No yeah
No no no yeah
No no no yeah
Yeah yeah no no no yeah
No life has been cumbersome

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