The Weight Of The World

Queensryche

Sunday morning, I'm still hiding in bed
Listening to the rhythm of the rain above my head
And all that I have said
I sure saved a lot for you
But what could I do?
If I'd been talking to the wall
It wouldn't make any difference to you
That's the art of being you
I think I carry the weight of the world
Sometimes you lose
The weight of the world
Sometimes you cry
I kiss your smile
I wish you'd stay the night
I put my arms around your golden head
And turn out the light
Oh, I love to watch your eyes
When I make love to you
Wait little world
Sometimes you lose
The weight of the world
Sometimes you cry
Sometimes you cry
The weight of the world
Sometimes you lose
The weight of the world
Sometimes you cry
Sometimes you cry

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