

# 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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