

Weight Of The World

Amy Speace

I still see my brother, Michael
Pressed and polished, shaking hands down at the store
Everyone had come to see
The all star hop the greyhound bus and go to war
He punched me in the arm to say goodbye
It was the first time that I saw our father cry I kept all my brother's letters
Tied in ribbon in a box beneath my bed
Every night I read by flashlight
With the covers in a tent above my head His words said, not to worry, doing fine
It was his way of trying to ease my mind
While I was trying not to read between the lines The weight of the world, too heavy to lift
So much to lose, so much to miss
It doesn't seem fair that an innocent boy
Should have to carry the weight of the world Then it was football games and homecoming and
Picking out our dresses for the prom
With my brother in some desert
Dodging bullets when he wasn't dodging bombs While we went from the land of brave and free
To just being afraid to disagree
While I was being brought down to my knees by The weight of the world, too heavy to lift
So much to lose, so much to miss
It doesn't seem fair that an innocent boy
Should have to carry the weight of the world It was the middle of December
When the army sent my brother home at last
While the flagpole by the football field
Flew the colors half way down the mast The wind blew cold and snow was coming down
Still everybody turned out from our town
As we laid my brother in that frozen ground The weight of the world, too heavy to lift
So much was lost, so much was missed
It doesn't seem fair that any boy or any girl
Should have to carry the weight of the world

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