

# Weight of the Load

Ashley Monroe

I could wait until you're sleeping, you'd never hear me leaving  
Go without saying a word  
I could write it in a letter; maybe it'd be better  
Who knows? It could make it worse  
Save it for a rainy day  
Baby, either way, I'm damning it straight to Hell  
Ten to three, you're half past nine  
It'll never be a good time to drop a bombshell  
If I did a little drinking, may numb me into thinking  
I could tell you face to face  
If I harden my heart, I'd tear us apart  
So I wouldn't have to carry this weight  
Here on my shoulder  
I'd tell you it's over 'stead of keeping it to myself  
Morning or midnight, it'll never be a good time  
To drop a bombshell  
I can't love you  
I can't love you anymore  
I can't love you  
I can't love you anymore  
Driving through the smoke, out of the ashes  
Looking for a place to land  
All that I know is I can't go back, so I'm driving fast as I can  
Picking up pieces, praying to Jesus  
Lord, I'm gonna need your help  
It ain't the easy way  
There's always a price to pay for dropping a bombshell  
Ten to three, you're half past nine  
It'll never be a good time

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