

# Weary With Toil

## Buckshot LeFonque

'Tis love which makes the elephant forget  
'Tis love which makes the elephant forget  
Weary with toil, my soul seeks sweet repose  
Yet far from home, no comfort is there to find  
My mind at journey's end resumes command  
To cast unshadowed doubt (one might suppose)  
Our zealous pilgrimage fo sorts unkown  
Varied states of enduring discontent  
Lead my mind and soul to mortal clatter  
Lo thus, my heart ascends the royal throne  
And like the thief woh borrows not, but takes  
The lover who invokes a jealous rage  
With vulgar thoughts spoke venomous in tone  
Creates a trembling air, which ultimately quakes  
Forgive me not for harboring roguish ways  
Not for crude language from a brutal tongue  
'tis love which makes the elephant forget  
So guilty am I, myself, love shan't acquit

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>