

# 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://damnlyrics.com/>