

Tom Fogerty

"Weight Of The World"

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Weight of the World
Lyrics by Ron Villanueva

So we wrote,
On precedents and angels,
We build a book,
We build a road out of nothing but a saying,
On governments and police we build a book,
Of how the things we know should be,

So when a man comes with a difference,
A woman comes with an idea,
We crush it down to nothing in the fear that we will lose
it,
Open up the books,
I'm guilty of it, too,
Just like all of us,
The information flies without us through,

And say the way,
This may have leave my head run over,
And pass through a night so black I can't see you, oh,

Hope from the speeches spoken in,
Hope from the speeches made day in, day out,
With money paid,
And advertising raging,
A woman and a child sleep well as the day ends
Raising me up,
Raising me like a man, oh, man(?)

Oh mother everything good I've gained I've gained
from you,
Oh and mother everything I know I've learned from
you, oh,

But, the reign in the house so no one sees me,
Oh, should we brothers and sisters upheave it?

I read a book of a man most worshipped,
A man who most worshipped,
For ideas and for the birth of freedom he showed,

Well, in, oh, in twenty years,
He begged the revolutions come,
So that no pig headed bastard would steal you and I
from...my fun(?)

Rain in the eyes,
Rain in the mourning eye,
Oh, rainreign in the love of my mother, my brothers,
And I hear the voices of the women calling loudly and
(here, Holding, holding, holding),
And nothing should address this like our love for each
other...

This land is your land,
This land is my land,
From California to New York Island,
From the redwood

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