

## Phish "Heavy Things"

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Things are falling down on me  
Heavy things I could not see  
When I finally came around  
Something small would pin me down  
When I try to step aside  
I move to where they'd hoped I'd be

Vanessa calls me on the phone  
Reminding me I'm not alone  
I fuss and quake and cavitate  
I try to speak and turn to stone

Tilly reaches through my vest  
To do the thing that she does best  
She probes and tears my ventricles  
Steals my one remaining breath

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Stumbling as I fall from grace  
She needs my vision to replace  
Her ailing sight throughout the night  
Leaving two holes in my face

Mary was a friend I'd say  
'Til one summer day  
She borrowed everything I owned  
And then simply ran away

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Things are falling down on me

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