

# Seven Mary Three, Cumbersome

She calls me Goliath, and I wear the David mask  
I guess the stones are coming too fast for her now  
You know I'd like to believe this nervousness will pass  
All the stones that are thrown are building up a wall

I have become cumbersome to this world  
I have become cumbersome to my girl

I'd like to believe we could reconcile the past  
Resurrect those bridges with an ancient glance  
But my old stone face can't seem to bring her down  
She remembers the bridges, burns them to the ground

I have become cumbersome to this world  
I have become cumbersome to my girl

Too heavy, too light, too black or too white  
Too wrong or too right, today or tonight  
Cumbersome

Too rich or too poor, she's wanting me less  
And I'm wanting her more  
The bitter taste is cumbersome  
No, yeah, no, no, no  
No, no, no, yeah

There is a balance between two worlds  
One with an arrow and a cross  
Regardless of the balance, life has become  
Cumbersome

Too heavy, too light, too black or too white  
Too wrong or too right, today or tonight  
Cumbersome

Too rich or too poor, she's wanting me less  
And I'm wanting her more  
The bitter taste is cumbersome  
No, yeah, no, no, no  
No, no, no, yeah  
No, no, no, no  
Yeah  
Your life has become cumbersome