

Heavy Things

Phish

| C G | C G | C G | C G |
C G
Things are falling down on me
C G
Heavy things I could not see
| C G | C G |
C G
When I finally came around
C G
Something small would pin me down
| C G | C G |
F G (hold)
When I try to step aside
I move to where they d hoped I d be
| C G | C G |
F C
Vanessa calls me on the phone
F C
Reminding me I m not alone
F C
I fuss and quake and cavitate
G
I try to speak and turn to stone
F C
Tilly reaches through my vest
F C
To do the thing that she does best
F C
She probes and tears my ventricles
G
Steals my one remaining breath
| C G | C G |
F C
Stumbling as I fall from Grace
F C
She needs my vision to replace
F C
Her ailing sight throughout the night
G
Leaving two holes in my face
F C
Mary was a friend I d say

