

Cumbersome Heart
Robin Irene Moss

[Intro]

Am

[Verse]

Am **F** **E**
Cumbersome heart, far too enlarged for the cavity it s resting in now gravity is testing it.

Am **F** **E**
Strung like a harp, but always in minor keys weaving shut its openings with melodies on rusted strings

F **E** **Am**
Falling into the belly of the feast

F **E** **Am**
Crawling through the jigsaw to extract a piece

[Verse]

Am **F** **E**
Cumbersome heart, rigged like a motor to chug along with energy from what the earth was borrowing

Am **F** **E**
Never quite sharp, bending its way to eternities of whetting stones which wear it down past blood and bone

F **E** **Am**
Diving into the belly of the feast

F **E** **Am**
Driving in circles of South, West, North, East

[Chorus]

F **G** **Em** **Am**
Bursting with blood but the arteries carry no air

F **G** **Em**
Thereâ€™s a jam in the veins as they strain to replace what is there

E **Am**
Growing stagnant and stale

[Verse]

Am **F** **E**
Cumbersome heart, painted with brushstrokes like fingerprints and drippings down the can

Am **F** **E**
Undefined art, tripping at the borders constructed to assign to it, a label for defining it

F **E** **Am**
Melting into the belly of the feast

F **E** **Am**
Pelting effigies with hardening concrete

[Chorus]

F **G** **Em** **Am**
Bursting with blood but the arteries carry no air
F **G** **Em**
There's a jam in the veins as they strain to replace what is there
E **Am**
Growing stagnant and stale

[Verse Section]

F **E** **Am**
Falling into the belly of the feast
F **E** **Am**
Crawling through the jigsaw to extract a piece