

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