

Bill Staines**"Sometimes There Are No Words"**

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Sometimes there are no words
To talk about what really hurts
When everybody talks too loud,
No one listens anyhow
Sometimes there are no words
To talk about what really hurts
How the space that came between us,
Now grows greater day to day

I put on my armoured vest
You dress in your party best
The daggered past a desert
We passed through on the way here

Sometimes there are no words
To talk about what really hurts
When you find the one you've hurt the worst
Is the one you need to heal you
Sure I know forgiveness
May be mortal not divine
But all them human frailties
Man they'll stall me every time

All your two faced yes men
Will look the other way when
Half-full or two thirds empty
You turn three sheets to the wind
Tinkers Tailors
Off shore frigging millionaires
So eager to begin
A war of cold attrition
For the ego wants to win

Sometimes there are no words
To talk about what really hurts
We both know something's wrong here
Like we know a sinner sins
But I'm so tired now
I got to get some sleep
Feels like the whole damn world is sliding
And I can't keep my grip

Feels like the whole damn world is crying
And I can't keep the beat

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