

Footloose

"Learning to be silent"

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Swallowing my words,
Staring at the floor,
Counting little cracks in the tile,
Struggling to smile without choking,
Learning to be silent.

Watching how the dust,
Dances at the door,
Noticing my hand start to shake,
Contemplating taking up smoking,
Learning to be silent.
Always hearing,
(Spoken) Hush Ethel,
(Spoken) Please Vi,
Let's not have this conversation,
And so I stand by while my mind takes a small
vacation,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Making little sounds,
Other folks ignore,
Quieting the beat of my heart,
Never being part of the moment,
Learning to be silent.

Learning there are some topics that we don't even
mention,
And if they come up,
Then we try to be vague,
There are subjects from which we divert all attention,
And some we avoid like the plague.

I'm becoming a mime,
Biting my tongue (biding my time)

Trying not to scream (trying not to scream),
Managed it before (managed it before),
Knowing if I'm going to survive then
(Spoken) Damn it.

I've got to practice (practice)

Learning

Mmm mmmm mmmmmmmmmmm

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