

Joe Henry "Channel"

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How can I change the lights
The color of this room?
Why can't this channel find
A kinder afternoon?

I feel the fray of every letter
To cross your lips that know no better
Disarray, disarray

I want my story straight
But all the others bend
From wondrous to strange
To beauty at the end

I move along a swaying wire
You're talking drums, a perfect choir
To my disarray, disarray, disarray

Each fuzzy word I said
Returns a finer blade
To touch the thought balloon
Of every plan I've laid

I know the switch but keep the station
I love you with all due desperation
And disarray, disarray, disarray

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