

Lights

"The Listening Acoustic"

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Please excuse me, I'm not thinking clear
It must just be stress
But I likely shouldn't be here, I'm such a mess

I never really ever know what to say
When all of my emotions get in the way
I'm just trying to get us on the same page (Wish I could explain)

I always get it better right afterward
When all the wrong impressions are said and heard
How come I can never get the right words, I need to convey
Wish I could explain The things that I have to work out

I don't feel right
What has come over me, I'm about
To lose my mind

I never really ever know what to say
When all of my emotions get in the way
I'm just trying to get us on the same page (Wish I could explain)

I always get it better right afterward
When all the wrong impressions are said and heard
How come I can never get the right words, I need to convey
Wish I could explain

Can I let the trees do the talking
Can I let the ground do the walking
Can I let the sky fill what's missing
Can I let my mouth do the listening, the listening

I never really ever know what to say
When all of my emotions get in the way
I'm just trying to get us on the same page

I always get it better right afterward
When all the wrong impressions are said and heard

How come I can never get the right words, I need to
convey
Wish I could explain
What I mean to say

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