

Marty Willson-Piper

"On The Tip Of My Tongue"

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As I'm filling up my suitcase
Like a hungry mouth to feed
And I'm wondering when I'll
See you
It seems my suitcase runs
On greed
I won't empty it for ages
But I'll write a hundred pages
Just to let you know some of
The thoughts of mine
Here they are
Shake them from me
Here they are
Take them from me
Here they are
On the tip of my tongue
Here they are
Some of the thoughts of mine
In a battle with no winners
My target won't keep still
And I won't be your prize
Today
I'm too upset to kill
But I'll show you what you're
Wasting
They're all wrong the things
You're chasing
Don't drag me from
A sleepy bed
If listening hurts
I'll only open up myself
To those who want my words
Some people are too different
Opinions insignificant

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