

Sonya Kitchell "Words"

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Words

My words ran away from me
Now I'm lost and they're out at sea
Sailing away

They come and go, like the breeze
Whisper sweet, burn like disease
They change with the day

And I seem to say
All the wrong things on the right day
And I seem to do
All the wrong things on the right cue
At least most of the time

My words took me down the wrong track
And now I want to take it back
So I'll run away

If only I could be free
Of the plague that my words seem to be
I'd thank the day

For I seem to say
All the wrong things on the right day
And I seem to do
All the wrong things on the right cue
At least most of the time

And life can be
Such a give or take
Some laugh while they're dying
Some cry when they wake
But there are some words
That I could never do without
That paint pictures on polished walls
And dance away with doubt

My words came back to me
They stayed awhile, we had some tea
While time whiled away

I said, "please be kind and please don't go"
They said, "we'll try, but you never know"
Depends on the day

And I seem to say
All the wrong things on the right day
And I seem to do
All the wrong things on the right cue
At least most of the time

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