

No Language in Our Lungs

[XTC](#)

There is no language in our lungs
To tell the world just how we feel
No no, no no, no no, bridge of thought
No mental link
No letting out just what you think There is no language in our lungs
Lungs, lungs, lungs There is no muscle in our tongues
To tell the world what's in our hearts
No no, no no, no, we're leaving nothing behind
Just chiseled stones
No chance to speak before we're bones There is no muscle in our tongues
Tongues, tongues, tongues I thought I had the whole world in my mouth
I thought I could say what I wanted to say
For a second that thought became a sword in my hand
I could slay any problem that would stand in my way I felt just like a crusader
Lion-heart, a Holy Land invader But nobody can say what they really mean to say
The impotency of speech came up and hit me that day
I would have made this instrumental
But the words got in the way There is no language in our There is no language in our lungs
To tell the world what's in our hearts
No no, no no, no, we're leaving nothing behind
Just chiseled stones
No chance to speak before we're bones There is no language in our lungs
Lungs, lungs

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