

# The Listening

## Lights

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 I let my emotions get in the way  
And I'm just trying to get us on the same page  
I always get it better right afterwards  
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 I let my emotions get in the way  
And I'm just trying to get us on the same page  
  
I always get it better right afterwards  
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 in?  
Can I let my mouth do the listening? Do listening  
I never really ever know what to say  
When I let my emotions get in the way  
And I'm just trying to get us on the same page  
I always get it better right afterwards  
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 need to say

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