

The Listening

Hus KingPin

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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