

Words

Lucinda Williams

I would rather suffer in sweet silent solitude
Deathly defying from drowning out
Filthy sound stumbling, ugly and cruel
Between the lips of your beautiful mouth
Deep down within me words live in phases
Frozen and still till they decide
To melt and drag over the pages
And to that moment they live inside
My words enjoy the feel of the paper
Better than mingling with your conscience
Once they get going pain ever waiver
And they slip in between your, your fans and voice
When my words are hiding between lines
Then I'm afraid they won't hear me call
What if they fail me without a sign
What if they hardly surface at all
Screaming and throwing your weight around
My word's just knowledge over politics
You can't kill my words, they know no bounds
My words are strong and they don't make me sad
They still remain my only companion
Loyal and true to the variant
They'll never ever completely abandon
Ever give up the paper and the pen

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