

Language Or the Kiss

Indigo Girls

I don't know if it was real or in a dream
Lately waking up I'm not sure where I've been
There was a table set for six and five were there
I stood outside and kept my eyes upon that empty chair
And there was steam on the windows from the kitchen
Laughter like a language I once spoke with ease
But I'm made mute by the virtue of decision
And I choose most of your life goes on without me
Oh the fear I've known
That I might reap the praise of strangers
And end up on my own
All I've sown was a song but maybe I was wrong
I said to you the one gift which I'd adore
The package of the next 10 years unfolding
But you told me if I had my way I'd be bored
Right then I knew I loved you best
Born of your scolding
When we last talked we were lying on our backs
Looking up at the sky through the ceiling
I used to lie like that alone out on the driveway
Trying to read the Greek upon the stars
The alphabet of feeling
Oh, I knew back then
It was a calling that said "If joy then pain"
The sound of the voice these years later
Is still the same
I am alone in a hotel room tonight
I squeeze the sky out but there's not a star appears
Begin my studies with this paper and this pencil
And I'm working through the grammar of my fears
Oh, mercy what I won't give
To have the things that mean the most
Not to mean the things I miss
Unforgiving the choice still is the language or the kiss

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