

# Language Barrier

## Barnacled

Head down, in the rain don't you think I want you to?  
Let's play telephone, I'm the rubber, you're the glue  
Drop this flattened blossom in an envelope and send it to you  
To fight this, the language barrier  
To fight this, the language barrier  
Hey self-murderous, too much love has clogged the world  
It's all dirt and flesh digging through to find a pearl  
Pluck it and seal it in a pouch, now dispatch it to you  
To fight this, the language barrier  
To fight this, the language barrier  
Oh the lips they taste like freebase and the joints of freebase too  
Mean while I'm inland with Saint Russell, sniffing airplane glue  
I hope somebody loves me when all of this is through  
When all of this is through, when all of this is  
Head down in the rain, don't you think I want you to  
Head down in the rain, don't you think I want you to  
Head down in the rain, don't you think I want you to  
Head down in the rain, don't you think I want you to

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