

Strange Language

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

Up on the bluff, where I wish I was
Twisting up the pages of history
My cold feet dangling, my bony arms gesturing
To summon up a little chunk of that history
In the corridor the shadows are long
And it messes with my equilibrium
And there's strains of a strange language
Up on the bluff, where the hardwoods jut
Out toward the gusts of history
My crusty mind cracks, my restless heart tracks
The fractal lines of history
In the corridor the shadows are long
And it messes with my equilibrium
And there's strains of a strange language

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