

The Listening

Lights

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 all of my emotions get in the way
I'm just trying to get us on the same page I always get it better right afterward
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 all of my emotions get in the way
I'm just trying to get us on the same page (Wish I could explain) I always get it better right afterward
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
Can I let my mouth do the listening, the listening I never really ever know what to say
When all of my emotions get in the way
I'm just trying to get us on the same page I always get it better right afterward
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 mean to say

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