The Mute

Radical Face

Well, as a child I mostly spoke inside my head
I had conversations with the clouds, the dogs, the dead
And they thought my broken, that my tongue was coated leadBut I just couldn't make my words make sense to them
If you only listen with your ears... I can't get inAnd I spent my evenings pullin' stars out of the sky
And I'd arrange them on the lawn where I would lie
And in the wind I'd taste the dreams of distant lives
And I would dress myself up in them through the night
While my folks would sleep in separate beds... and wonder whyAnd through them days I was a ghost atop my chair
My dad considered me a cross he had to bear
And in my head I'd sing apologies and stare
As my mom would hang the clothes across the line
And she would try to keep the empty... from her eyes

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