Another Language

Lamb

Where are the words
To speak this thing in me
To tell the words
You'll wanna hearFor there are songs
That can set us free
While hearts lie lost
For years and yearsI'm gonna find a way to say it
Writer of songs
I am and so it seems
Words are the brush
With which I paintBut there's a place in us
That lifts a dream
The colours too deep to
Believe to changeI'm gonna find a way to say it
Sing it from the tallest treeI'm waiting for
Another language
To speak the story of my soulFor words can be
A disadvantage
And break the
Hugeness of it all
I'm gonna find a way to say it
Sing it from the tallest treeI'm gonna find a way to say it
Sing it from the tallest tree
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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