

# The Listening (Album Version)

## 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 messI 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 pageI 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 outI don't feel right  
What has come over me, I'm about  
To lose my mindI 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 explainCan 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 listeningI 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 pageI 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

Songwriters

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patents pending.

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