

# Channel

## Joe Henry

How can I change the lights  
The color of this room?  
Why can't this channel find  
A kinder afternoon?I feel the fray of every letter  
To cross your lips that know no better  
Disarray, disarrayI want my story straight  
But all the others bend  
From wondrous to strange  
To beauty at the endI move along a swaying wire  
You're talking drums, a perfect choir  
To my disarray, disarray, disarrayEach fuzzy word I said  
Returns a finer blade  
To touch the thought balloon  
Of every plan I've laidI know the switch but keep the station  
I love you with all due desperation  
And disarray, disarray, disarray

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