Language

Suzanne Vega

If language were liquid it would be rushing in
Instead here we are
In a silence more eloquent than any word could ever beThese words are too solid
They don't move fast enough
To catch the blur in the brain that flies byAnd is gone and is gone
And is gone, gone
Gone, gone and is goneI'd like to meet you in a timeless, placeless place
Somewhere out of context
And beyond all consequencesLet's go back to the building
(Words are too solid)
On little West Twelfth
(They don't move fast enough)
It is not far away
And the river is thereAnd the sun and the spaces
Are all laying low
(To catch the blur in the brain)
And we'll sit in the silence
(That flies by and is gone)
That comes rushing in and is goneAnd is gone, gone
Gone, gone and is goneI won't use words again
They don't mean what I meant
They don't say what I saidThey're just the crust of the meaning with realms underneath
Never touched, never stirred
Never even moved throughIf language were liquid it would be rushing in
Instead here we are
In a silence more eloquent than any word could ever beAnd is gone, gone, gone, gone
And is gone and is gone and is gone
And is gone, gone, gone and is gone and is gone

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