

# Language or the Kiss

## Indigo Girls

I don't know if it was real or in a dream  
Lately waking up I'm not sure where I've been  
There was a table set for six and five were there  
I stood outside and kept my eyes upon that empty chair  
And there was steam on the windows from the kitchen  
Laughter like a language I once spoke with ease  
But I'm made mute by the virtue of decision  
And I choose most of your life goes on without me  
Oh the fear I've known  
That I might reap the praise of strangers  
And end up on my own  
All I've sown was a song but maybe I was wrong  
I said to you the one gift which I'd adore  
The package of the next 10 years unfolding  
But you told me if I had my way I'd be bored  
Right then I knew I loved you best  
Born of your scolding  
When we last talked we were lying on our backs  
Looking up at the sky through the ceiling  
I used to lie like that alone out on the driveway  
Trying to read the Greek upon the stars  
The alphabet of feeling  
Oh, I knew back then  
It was a calling that said "If joy then pain"  
The sound of the voice these years later  
Is still the same  
I am alone in a hotel room tonight  
I squeeze the sky out but there's not a star appears  
Begin my studies with this paper and this pencil  
And I'm working through the grammar of my fears  
Oh, mercy what I won't give  
To have the things that mean the most  
Not to mean the things I miss  
Unforgiving the choice still is the language or the kiss

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