

## Another Language

Lamb

Where are the words  
To speak this thing in me  
To tell the words  
You' ll wanna hear

For there are songs  
That can set us free  
While hearts lie lost  
For years and years

I'm gonna find a way to say it

Writer of songs  
I am and so it seems  
Words are the brush  
With which I paint

But there's a place in us  
That lifts a dream  
The colours too deep to  
Believe to change

I'm gonna find a way to say it  
Sing it from the tallest tree

I'm waiting for  
Another language  
To speak the story of my soul

For 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 tree

I'm gonna find a way to say it  
Sing it from the tallest tree