

## Talking Out Loud

Circa Waves

I'm not aware of myself  
I wear my heart on my cheek  
But how can I caress  
If I'm too careful to speak?

I rode the bus to the end  
To contemplate all I could  
I have no money to spend  
But that will do me some good

Can you come on, come on now?  
It's not like you're talking out loud  
Can you come on, come on now  
To my way of thinking?

I make it up as I go  
Convince myself it's all sense  
I hid my interesting goal  
I sit myself on the fence

I rode the bus to the end  
To contemplate all I could  
I have no money to spend  
But that will do me some good

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