What Do You Hear In These Sounds

Dar Williams

I don't go to therapy to find out if I'm a freak I go and I find the one and only answer every week And it's just me and all the memories to follow Down any course that fits within a fifty minute hour And we fathom all the mysteries, explicit and inherent When I hit a rut, she says to try the other parent And she's so kind, I think she wants to tell me something, But she knows that its much better if I get it for myself And she says

What do you hear in these sounds? What do you hear in these sounds?

I say I hear a doubt, with the voice of true believing And the promises to stay, and the footsteps that are leaving And she says "Oh," I say, "What?" she says, "Exactly," I say, "What, you think I'm angry Does that mean you think I'm angry?" She says "Look, you come here every week With jigsaw pieces of your past Its all on little soundbites and voices out of photographs And that's all yours, that's the guide, that's the map So tell me, where does the arrow point to? Who invented roses?" And

What do you hear in these sounds? What do you hear in these sounds?

And when I talk about therapy, I know what people think That it only makes you selfish and in love with your shrink But oh how I loved everybody else When I finally got to talk so much about myself

And I wake up and I ask myself what state I'm in And I say well I'm lucky, 'cause I am like East Berlin I had this wall and what I knew of the free world Was that I could see their fireworks And I could hear their radio And I thought that if we met, I would only start confessing And they'd know that I was scared They'd would know that I was guessing But the wall came down and there they stood before me With their stumbling and their mumbling And their calling out just like me, and

The stories that nobody hears, and I collect these sounds in my ears, and That's what I hear in these sounds, and That's what I hear in these, That's what I hear in these sounds.