

Most People

Dawes

As she listens very carefully to a room of conversation
She can feel the planet orbiting through space
She hears pieces of arguments, beginnings of jokes
And the odd lines of a song she cannot place

And it all makes up an image that resists interpretation
Which is lately how she likes to see herself
How she does not believe in accidents, doesn't disagree out loud
And falls in love with every man she cannot help

And she thinks "most people don't talk enough about how lucky they are
Most people don't know what it takes for me to get through the day
Most people don't talk enough about the love in their hearts"
But she doesn't know most people feel that same way

If she focuses her energies on just walking through the neighborhood
With depths and shallows nobody could sound
Like January Christmas lights under billion year old stars
She comes up with more of what is lost than what is found

So by the time that she explains to me just a glimpse of what she's understood
She betrays the meaning putting it in words
So she smiles at me lovingly and says, "just let me hold your hand
So far it's the only way I can let myself be heard"

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