

Tongue Tied

Jesus Jones

I'm trapped in words
Held hostage by my friends
Tripped up by meaning
Taking a road just to get to it's end

Tongue tied
It's killing me
I want to see things for the first time
Show you things that are brighter, darker, sharper, softer

But I'm struck dumb and dead
Thoughts like paper over fire
There's a hole in my world
That makes me talk like a liar

Over there I see a fist fight
A woman in a care full of toys, smokes a cigarette
Conversations twist and turn
I get the feeling I am learning more than ever before
This is the first time

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