

# Tongues

Joywave

Pick me up, dust me off, give me breath and let me cough.  
Drag me back, collect my thoughts. I've come back to the land  
I'd lost.

The palms are down, I'm welcomed back to town.  
Sometimes, I feel, like they don't understand me.  
I hear, their mouths, making foreign sounds.  
Sometimes, I think, they're all just speaking tongues.

Tell me all the things I've missed, who's been killed and who's  
been kissed.  
Drag me back, collect my thoughts, I'll be gone when the drugs  
wear off.

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Sometimes, I feel, like they don't understand me.  
I hear, their mouths, making foreign sounds.  
Sometimes, you'd think, they spoke another language.

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They say I'm the only one, who can be brave.  
That I am the chosen one, but there is no way,  
That I am the only one, and there's no one to save,  
If there's nowhere for them to run.

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