

Another Language

Lamb

Where are the words
To speak this thing in me
To tell the words
You' ll wanna hear

For there are songs
That can set us free
While hearts lie lost
For years and years

I'm gonna find a way to say it

Writer of songs
I am and so it seems
Words are the brush
With which I paint

But there's a place in us
That lifts a dream
The colours too deep to
Believe to change

I'm gonna find a way to say it
Sing it from the tallest tree

I'm waiting for
Another language
To speak the story of my soul

For words can be
A disadvantage
And break the
Hugeness of it all

I'm gonna find a way to say it
Sing it from the tallest tree

I'm gonna find a way to say it
Sing it from the tallest tree