

# The Listening

## Lights

Please excuse me, I'm not thinking clear  
It must just be stress  
But I likely shouldn't be here, I'm such a mess

I never really ever know what to say  
When all of my emotions get in the way  
I'm just trying to get us on the same page (Wish I could explain)

I always get it better right afterward  
When all the wrong impressions are said and heard  
How come I can never get the right words, I need to convey  
Wish I could explain The things that I have to work out

I don't feel right  
What has come over me, I'm about  
To lose my mind

I never really ever know what to say  
When all of my emotions get in the way  
I'm just trying to get us on the same page (Wish I could explain)

I always get it better right afterward  
When all the wrong impressions are said and heard  
How come I can never get the right words, I need to convey  
Wish I could explain

Can I let the trees do the talking  
Can I let the ground do the walking  
Can I let the sky fill what's missing  
Can I let my mouth do the listening, the listening

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When all of my emotions get in the way  
I'm just trying to get us on the same page

I always get it better right afterward  
When all the wrong impressions are said and heard  
How come I can never get the right words, I need to convey  
Wish I could explain  
What I mean to say