

## Words

Lucinda Williams

I would rather suffer in sweet silent solitude  
Deathly defying from drowning out  
Filthy sound stumbling, ugly and cruel  
Between the lips of your beautiful mouth

Deep down within me words live in phases  
Frozen and still till they decide  
To melt and drag over the pages  
And to that moment they live inside

My words enjoy the feel of the paper  
Better than mingling with your conscience  
Once they get going pain ever waiver  
And they slip in between your, your fans and voice

When my words are hiding between lines  
Then I'm afraid they won't hear me call  
What if they fail me without a sign  
What if they hardly surface at all

Screaming and throwing your weight around  
My word's just knowledge over politics  
You can't kill my words, they know no bounds  
My words are strong and they don't make me sad

They still remain my only companion  
Loyal and true to the variant  
They'll never ever completely abandon  
Ever give up the paper and the pen