

## Language Barrier

Mike Doughty

Head down, in the rain  
Don't you think I want you to?  
Let's play telephone  
I'm the rubber, you're the glue

Drop this flattened blossom in an envelope  
And send it to you

To fight this  
The language  
Barrier

Hey self-murderous  
Too much love has clogged the world  
It's all dirt and flesh  
Digging through to find a pearl

Pluck it and seal it in a pouch now  
Dispatch it to you

Oh the lips they taste like freebase  
And the joints of freebase too  
Meanwhile I'm inland with Saint Russell  
Sniffing airplane glue  
I hope somebody loves me  
When all of this is through