

# The Mute

Radical Face

Well, as a child I mostly spoke inside my head  
I had conversations with the clouds, the dogs, the dead  
And they thought my broken, that my tongue was coated lead  
But I just couldn't make my words make sense to them  
If you only listen with your ears... I can't get in

And I spent my evenings pullin' stars out of the sky  
And I'd arrange them on the lawn where I would lie  
And in the wind I'd taste the dreams of distant lives  
And I would dress myself up in them through the night  
While my folks would sleep in separate beds... and wonder why

And through them days I was a ghost atop my chair  
My dad considered me a cross he had to bear  
And in my head I'd sing apologies and stare  
As my mom would hang the clothes across the line  
And she would try to keep the empty... from her eyes

So, then one afternoon I dressed myself alone  
I packed my pillowcase with everything I owned  
And in my head I said "goodbye," then I was gone  
And I set out on the heels of the unknown  
So my folks could have a new life of their own  
So that maybe I could find someone  
Who could hear the only words that I'd known