

Talk

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The sun comes up, the day is calling,
but in your world the sky is falling down,
and you say nothing.

Forced a smile so they won't stare
and braised yourself 'cause they don't care at all,
still you say nothing.

You say nothing at all.

Talk to me now, let it out,
you can whisper or you can shout,
pour it out, like a flow,
brushing down from a thundercloud