

The Secret Life of Letters

Scissor Sisters

What is the full speed of language
When there is nothing to say
What's in the air
There must be something there
But it's not in service today
Sometimes the neighbors complain
The phone speaks another's full name

It's the secret life of letters
The secret life of words
Where do they hide unspoken
I haven't heard

How many days in a sentence
I feel like passing this phrase
These aren't my friends
Maybe they'll be again
Arranging themselves in their ways
I've got to pick up the paper
She says I'm glad it's not raining

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The secret life of words
Where do they hide unspoken
I haven't heard
I haven't heard
I haven't heard