

Speaking Of Tongues

Spearhead

You don't have to be so scared to share what's inside
'Cause you're daddy's little superstar
And you're mama's little butterfly, fly high

A strange strange litany of verses and reverses
Adlibs and rehearses, clouds burst and words cursed
An argument breaks out

It's one we've all heard before, it's boring
Had us all snoring from the first line
One after another chimed in perfect time
Tired rehashes of petty cashes and mismatches

You shoulda coulda's and why didn't you do this
Crippling snippets aimed at the heart to inflame and impart blame
Framed like Mumia, verbal diarrhea
Spasms creating chasms between the souls of two or two billion

Nations torn apart, station to station damnation
With much deliberation and very little consideration
To the return on the damage from the altercation
Collateral condemnation

Then denyin' like colorization of an old black and white
Create a revision of the recent last night
The fight that started with two words, I'm right

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But of course the fight ends with no resolution
Merely a vow for retribution, substitution
Execution, electrocution, ruthless, toothless and truthless
Mumbling through page after page of excuses

Abuses of the gift of the Gab, Gabriel the trumpeter
Bestowed upon us a voice with a choice
And a tongue kept moist by years of salivating
For oysters, pearls and aphrodisiacs

Locked in an ugly shell, always too chewy and gooey
So they get swallowed whole
But a tongue is so much more than a vehicle for greed
With a disciple I feed

A tongue is for washing fur or for licking wounds
Or welcoming newcomers into a room
Or cleansing those fresh from the womb
Without a tongue there would be no croons

Swoons, June's under the moon
No bees pollinating no flowers in bloom
No recitation of words at the foot of a tomb
Or wills read aloud of the family heirlooms

You probably couldn't even blow up a balloon

And that would be a shame because exhales the name of the game
Exhale from the heart, not from the lungs
Speak from the heart, not from the tongue

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Listening is understanding and finding compassion
Love is the action of soul satisfaction
A tongue can make wishes and also fine kisses
Taste a sweet cake and also cast disses

But nothing compares to the voice from within
Without it we might just be mannequins
Up to no darn good shenanigans
Learn to be skillful movers of the stones

That block the heart and turn humans to clones
Learn to forgive, set free the bones
Touch with your flesh, take off the rubber gloves
Love like your life depends on it because it does

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You don't have to be so scared to share what's inside
'Cause you're daddy's little superstar
And you're mama's little butterfly, fly high, flying high, flying high