

# 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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And you're mama's little butterfly, fly high

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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And you're mama's little butterfly, fly high

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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And you're mama's little butterfly, fly high

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