

# Native Tongue

Switchfoot

Sing to me, baby, in your native tongue  
Sing the words of the wise and the young  
Show me the place where your words come from  
Love's the language, love's your native tongue

Feel your heartbeat bang the drum  
Open up your eyes and fill your lungs  
The same word from where the stars are flung  
Love's the language, love's your native tongue

My heart is a beating drum  
My head (my head) in oblivion  
My soul (my soul) such a long way from  
My lips, my lungs, my native tongue  
My friend, where did we go wrong?  
My Lord (my Lord), we forgot our sound  
My soul such a long way from  
My lips, my lungs, my native tongue  
Oh-whoa-oh-whoa-oh (my native tongue)  
Oh-whoa-oh-whoa-oh (my native tongue)

Sing it to me, whisper into my ear  
Accuser's voices start to disappear  
In the wind, in the tongues of the flame  
In my soul, in my one true name, oh

Back before we learned the words to start a fight  
Back before they told us that their haters were right  
He spoke the truth, "Let there be" and there was  
Love's the language, love's your native tongue

My heart (my heart) is a beating drum  
My head (my head) in oblivion  
My soul (my soul) such a long way from  
My lips, my lungs, my native tongue  
My friend, where did we go wrong  
My Lord, we forgot our sound  
My soul such a long way from  
My lips, my lungs, my native tongue

So sing it loud, get loud, get  
Louder than the voices in the crowd, yeah  
Even when they tried to drown you out, eh  
Your lips, your lungs, your native tongue  
So sing it out, get loud, get  
Louder than the darkness and the doubts, eh  
Louder than the curses and the shouts, yeah  
Your lips, your lungs, your native tongue  
Oh-whoa-oh-whoa-oh  
Oh-whoa-oh-whoa-oh

My heart (my heart) is a beating drum  
My head (my head) in oblivion  
My soul (my soul) such a long way from  
My lips, my lungs, my native tongue  
My friend, where did we go wrong  
My Lord, we forgot our sound

My soul (my soul) such a long way from  
My lips, my lungs, my native tongue  
Oh-whoa-oh-whoa-oh (my native tongue)  
Oh-whoa-oh-whoa-oh

I want the world to sing in her native tongue  
To sing it like when we were young  
Back before the pendulum had swung to the shadows  
I want the world to sing in her native tongue  
Maybe we could learn to sing along  
To find a way to use our lungs for love and not the shadows  
I want the world to sing in her native tongue  
To sing it like when we were young  
Back before the pendulum had swung to the shadows  
I want the world to sing in her native tongue  
Maybe we could learn to sing along  
To find a way to use our lungs for love and not the shadows