

# Not Listening

Aaron Sprinkle

There's a mountain  
In my head  
I can't get over  
What I thought you said  
It's harder to walk by while you're sleeping  
With the sound of the floor below me creaking  
If the circle bends and shame begins again  
I'm not listening  
If the voices call from places I have been  
I'm not listening  
If the hope is lost and hate begins to win  
I'm not listening  
If the voices call from places I have been  
I'm not listening  
There's an ocean  
In this room  
And I'm the anchor  
Tied to you  
It's harder to walk by while you're sleeping  
With the sound of the floor below me creaking  
If the circle bends and shame begins again  
I'm not listening  
If the voices call from places I have been  
I'm not listening  
If the hope is lost and hate begins to win  
I'm not listening  
If the voices call from places I have been  
I'm not listening  
Who am I to blame  
Who am I to blame  
Who am I to say  
Who am I to blame  
If the circle bends and shame begins again  
I'm not listening  
If the voices call from places I have been  
I'm not listening  
If the hope is lost and hate begins to win  
I'm not listening  
If the voices call from places I have been  
I'm not listening  
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I'm not listening  
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