

Talking With My Hands Again

Arm's Length

Talking with my hands again
To hide that I'm speaking in tongues
And we're spending time in separate beds
Like your parents did when you were young
And you can't forgive if you only forget
And I can't remember anything you said

Talking with my hands again
I'm keeping them to myself
'Cause I've grown far too disengaged
To admit that I'm down for the count
'Cause time won't tell when time is wearing thin
You keep me safe where I have never been

Slow but sure
You never were
One to admit or assure
Placing bets on what our words are worth
Yeah, I'm always coming up short
All the folks move from my rural state of mind
For heaven's sake I try to stay alive

He has a fear of being overwhelmed by this inner life
But feeling more a panic at the isolation he drops into
And this wave of panic sends him into an acute withdrawal
The objects around him lose their color, lose their separateness
They blend into this large indifference
He feels quite indifferent about the world that we live in
And he is located somewhere else
His emotions do not connect in the ordinary way, with ordinary things
But his emotions are now concerned with his myth world
And that's his entire concern at the time

Talking with my hands again
To hide that I'm speaking in tongues
And we're spending time in separate beds
Like your parents did when you were young
And you can't forgive if you only forget
And I can't remember a fucking thing you said