

Preacher

Dead Poet Society

Swim forever, in the river
Words are weights that drag me under
Lies that hold me to the bottom
And you don't care anyway
Like a judge caught sleeping

No, you don't care anyway
Might as well just hold my tongue
It's nothing you could understand

Say it
Mean it
You don't know what I'm feeling
No one
Will ever
Not even the preacher can say it right

Thinking on my back believing
All I've ever loved is written

But you don't care anyway
Might as well just hold my tongue
It's nothing you could understand

Say it
Mean it
You don't know what I'm feeling
No one
Will ever
Not even the preacher can say it right

All these words I've written
So much time I'm given
You missed it

I don't care, I'm living
You don't have to listen, I mean it
I don't care, I'm living

Say it
Mean it
You don't know what I'm feeling
No one
Will ever
Not even the preacher can say it right

Say it
Mean it
You don't know what I'm feeling
No one
Will ever
Not even the preacher can say it right