

## Channel

Joe Henry

How can I change the lights  
The color of this room  
Why can't this channel find  
A kinder afternoon

I feel the fray of every letter  
To cross your lips that know no better  
Disarray, disarray

I want my story straight  
But all the others bend  
From wonderous to strange  
To beauty at the end

I move along a swaying wire  
Your talking drums a perfect choir  
To my disarray, disarray, disarray

Each fuzzy word I said  
Returns a finer blade  
To touch the thought balloon  
Of every plan I've laid

I know the switch but keep the station  
I love you with all due desperation  
And disarray, disarray, disarray