

Sick of Words

Kevin Devine

I'm sick of words
What do they say?
So much effort, making meaning
Forcing life into frames
I'm sick of words
In a fundamental way
No more rhetorical, unwinnable
Depressing debate
God or no god, Love or no love
Sex or no sex, Drugs or no drugs
Are you closer?
What's it all been worth?
I'm blessed with a curse
Or that's what I say
No one asked, but I've been offering
For years anyway
Navel-gazing like it matters
It's just a body; it's not an answer
Are you listening?
What it's all been worth?
I'm sick of words
If you're lonely, get a hobby
Find a buddy at work
Stop subjecting all these people
To what you think you deserve
It isn't noble, it isn't funny
And it could always be worse
Get a grip, man
What's it all been worth?
I'm sick of words
God or no god (Navel-gazing)
Love or no love (Like it matters)
Sex or no sex (It's just a body)
Drugs or no drugs (It's not an answer)
Are you closer? (Are you listening?)
What's it all been worth?
I'm sick of words