Things

Loudon Wainwright III

Everything I say to you seems to come out all wrong
So I'll stop speaking sentences, instead I'll sing a song
And the sound of my voice might soothe that thing in you
That can't believe the words I speak or what I say is true

There's no way to convince someone who won't be brought around
By talking, it's noisy scene, while singing's more a sound
So when I say I love you it's just aching I've said
Off my tongue, out of my mouth, laid up in my head

But when I say I love you that's a different thing
Nothing smart, just some guts and heart since I mean what I say
When I sing I do something it's not a thing I try
So it sounds believable - I cannot sing a lie

This song's almost over, it's short, I'm almost through
I'm sorry for some sentences - I said what I told you
One says stuff to anyone, but you are another thing
If this feels familiar it's because of thee I sing

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