

Silence Is

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

When you're staring a few inches from the wall
And you're watching simple spider begin its crawl
It's just a single thread he spins that has to break his fall
And silence is the slowest dance of all

From the greenkeeper's 'Good morning' to the birds (to the birds)
To the father at the funeral, stuck for words (stuck for words)
There's a part of us that's confident, then a padded-out two thirds
Where silence is the slowest song of all

Silence is the cancer that wakes us in the morn
Turns our every sentence into weak-kneed and withdrawn
We wish to speak with everyone
But wish we'd not been born

Silence is the deadly dance
The reason spiders take that chance
Spin that web for flies and ants
Silence is the greatest dance of all

From the noise of New York traffic to Nepal
From Hindu-Buddhist peace to barroom brawl
From the CEO of supermarket to the wide boy on the stall
Silence is the waltz that grabs us all

From the friendly wave of postie over hedge (over hedge)
To the two-fingered salute from brand new reg (brand new reg)
It could be suicide, or window cleaner standing on that ledge
But silence is the dance that grabs us all

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Silence is the mortal knife that cuts into our throat
Gets the punchline, slices up, turns us into the joke
Takes the uncorrupted, and wraps in vampire's cloak...

Pacific Heights to Rio slums
To silence everyone succumbs
Across the world, the word is mum's
Silence bangs the loudest drums

Silence bangs the loudest drums
Silence bangs the loudest drums
Silence bangs the loudest drums of all...

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