

The Mute

Radical Face

Well, as a child I mostly spoke inside my head
I had conversations with the clouds, the dogs, the dead
And they thought my broken, that my tongue was coated lead
But I just couldn't make my words make sense to them
If you only listen with your ears... I can't get in

And I spent my evenings pullin' stars out of the sky
And I'd arrange them on the lawn where I would lie
And in the wind I'd taste the dreams of distant lives
And I would dress myself up in them through the night
While my folks would sleep in separate beds... and wonder why

And through them days I was a ghost atop my chair
My dad considered me a cross he had to bear
And in my head I'd sing apologies and stare
As my mom would hang the clothes across the line
And she would try to keep the empty... from her eyes

So, then one afternoon I dressed myself alone
I packed my pillowcase with everything I owned
And in my head I said "goodbye," then I was gone
And I set out on the heels of the unknown
So my folks could have a new life of their own
So that maybe I could find someone
Who could hear the only words that I'd known