

I'm so needy  
I'm so greedy  
I'm so hungry  
Won't you feed me?

Cursed by company at least I get to speak  
And what is it we fear most?  
The things that make us weak?  
The things that make us strong?  
The voices that begin to whisper  
Only when we're alone?  
Only when we're alone?  
Well solitude is sparse  
Is it with us every day?  
Does it push the thoughts of worry?  
Or push the words we pray?  
And to whom do you hold your hands  
Which god?  
Which star?  
Which sky?  
Do they hear you when you laugh?  
Or only when you cry?

Or only when you cry?  
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But at least you get to speak  
For that's really all that counts  
If something sits inside of us  
We've got to get it out  
But what about the words  
That never kiss the tongue  
Would they purge all of the company?  
Ruin all the fun?  
So let them settle there  
Within your solitude  
Don't say the truth  
Don't speak your mind  
If it's considered rude  
If it's considered rude  
If it's considered rude  
If it's considered rude

I may not know many words  
None sharp enough to cut the cheeks  
I may be cursed by company  
But at least I get to speak  
And my tongue will never get tired  
And my tongue will never get tired  
And my tongue will never get tired  
And my tongue will never get tired