

# No Language in Our Lungs

XTC

There is no language in our lungs  
To tell the world just how we feel  
No bridge of thought  
No mental link  
No letting out just what you think  
There is no language in our lungs, lungs, lungs, lungs  
There is  
no muscle in our tongues  
To tell the world what's in our hearts  
No no no no no we're leaving nothing behind  
Just chiselled stones  
No chance to speak before we're bones  
There is no muscle in our tongues, tongues, tongues, tongues  
I thought I had the whole world in  
my mouth  
I thought I could say what I wanted to say  
For a second that thought became a sword in my hand  
I could slay any problem that would stand in my way  
I felt just like a crusader  
Lionheart, a Holy Land invader  
But nobody can say what they really mean to say and  
The impotency of speech came up and hit me that day and  
I would have made this instrumental  
But the words got in the way  
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To tell the world what's in our hearts  
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Just chiselled stones  
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