

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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