

Channel

Joe Henry

How can I change the lights
The color of this room?
Why can't this channel find
A kinder afternoon? I feel the fray of every letter
To cross your lips that know no better
Disarray, disarray I want my story straight
But all the others bend
From wondrous to strange
To beauty at the end
I move along a swaying wire
You're talking drums, a perfect choir
To my disarray, disarray, disarray
Each fuzzy word I said
Returns a finer blade
To touch the thought balloon
Of every plan I've laid I know the switch but keep the station
I love you with all due desperation
And disarray, disarray, disarray

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>