

Alela Diane, Foreign Tongue

That sidewalk is a river that I fished dry
Oh that sidewalk is a river that I fished dry
And now it's my heavy hand filling the brim
And it hauled me out of their brim

But my coat of arms burns stronger still
But my coat of arms burns stronger still

And foreign tongue ties me here
Foreign tongue ties me here

So hang my slips out with the words between the lines
Oh hang my slips out with the words between the lines
And bow my head to their ears
Bow my head to those ears

I'll never tip-toe across my home ever again
I'll never tip-toe across my home ever again

Ever again
Ever again

And foreign tongue ties me here
Foreign tongue ties me here