

Lifehouse, Cling And Clatter

too many voices it won't take long
which one's right and which one's wrong
and yours is most likely to be misunderstood
screaming in tongues
at the top of my lungs
'til I find you 'til you found me
somehow I always knew that you would

and I am contemplating matters
all this cling and clatter
in my head and what you said
is ringing, ringing faster

and it's all good if you would
stop the world from making sense
and if I could just realize
it doesn't really matter
doesn't really matter
doesn't really matter

if I could touch
the sound of silence now
you know I would if I knew how
to make these intentions
come around

and I'm hearing without listening
and believing every word that
you're not saying
speaking without a sound

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in my head and what you said
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trapped inside
of these four walls
walking brainless muppet dolls
mushroom face
beneath the tangles
bleeding silhouette inside
dancing like an angel would

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