

Natalie Merchant, I May Know The Word

I may know the word but not say it
I may know the truth but not face it
I may hear a sound a whisper sacred and profound
But turn my head indifferent

I may know the word but not say it
I may love the fruit but not taste it
I may know the way to comfort and to soothe a worried face
But fold my hands indifferent

If I'm on my knees I'm begging now
If I'm on my knees groping in the dark
I'd be praying for deliverance from the night into the day
But it's all grey here it's all grey to me

I may know the word but not say it
This may be the time but I might waste it
Though this may be the hour something move me
Someone prove me wrong before night comes with indifference

I recognize the walls inside I recognize them all
I've paced between them chasing demons down until they fall
In fitful sleep enough to keep their strength enough to crawl
Into my head with tangled threads they riddle me to solve again and again