

Sonya Kitchell, Words

My words ran away from me,
now I'm lost and they're out at sea,
sailing away.

They come and go, like the breeze.
Whisper sweet, burn like disease.
They change with the day.

And I seem to say,
all the wrong things on the right day.
And I seem to do
all the wrong things on the right cue,
at least most of the time.

My words took me down the wrong track,
and now I want to take it back,
so I'll run away.

If only I could be free
of the plague that my words seem to be,
I'd thank the day.

For I seem to say,
all the wrong things on the right day.
And I seem to do
all the wrong things on the right cue,
at least most of the time.

And Life can be
such a give or take.
Some laugh while they're dying,
some cry when they wake.
But there are some words
that I could never do without
that paint pictures on polished walls
and dance away with doubt.

My words came back to me,
they stayed awhile, we had some tea,
while time whiled away.

I said, Please be kind and please don't go.
They said, We'll try, but you never know
Depends on the day.

And I seem to say,
all the wrong things on the right day.
And I seem to do
all the wrong things on the right cue,
at least most of the time