

Tracy Chapman, Speak The Word

Unsettled hearts
Promise what they can't deliver
Bring me the wine
And the cold night air to clear my head
Gray matter memory house
Master of this trembling flesh
Steady still my doubts
Let me speak the word that precedes bliss
Let me speak the word
Let me speak the word

Love love love love love love love love

Let me speak the word
Let me speak the word

Love love love love love love love love

Let me speak the word
Let me speak the word

Let me speak the word
Let me speak the word

These weakened knees
Have not touched ground or pew in ages
I haven't bowed my head
I offer thanks to any god or to ask for favors
But watch me now
I'm falling down
Praying
To speak the word that precedes bliss
To speak the word
To speak the word

Love love love love love love love love

Let me speak the word
Let me speak the word

Love love love love love love love love

Let me speak the word
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