

Lucinda Williams, Words

I would rather suffer sweet silent solitude
Deathly defiant from drowning out
Filthy sounds stumbling, ugly and cruel
Between the lips of your beautiful mouth

Deep down within me words move in phases
Frozen and still until they decide
To melt and drip over the pages
Until that moment they live inside.

My words enjoy the feel of the paper
Better than me, lay with your consonants
Once they get going they never waver
And they slip in between your if, ands, and buts.

When my words are hiding between the lines
Then I'm afraid they won't hear me call
What if they fail me without a sign?
What if they hardly surface at all?

Screaming and throwing your weight around
My words choose knowledge over politics
You can't kill my words... they know no bounds
My words are strong and they don't make me sick.

They still remain my only companion
Boiling truth to the very end
They'll never ever completely abandon
Ever give up the paper and the pen