

NoMeansNo, I Can't Stop Talking

I keep myself awake at night
I try to stop, but I can't fight
That voice that whispers ceaselessly
The one that only talks to me
It tells me what I have to fear
It spits its venom in my ear
It calculates and carefully
Enumerates its strategies
Round and round its loves and hates
It endlessly reiterates
It never stops, I've never heard
The silence of that final word

But I've got to stop talking, I can't stop talking
There is no stopping a brain that keeps talking
I know it's not healthy, I know it's not true
I don't even know who I'm talking to
But I can't stop talking, I've got to stop talking
All night and all day I have something to say
I drone on and on, though I know it's not true
I've got to stop talking, I'm not talking to you

The truth around my tongue is curled
A chain of words that binds the world
In a fever, all I
Is captured in my commentary
The why, the who, the where, the when
Let me repeat them all again
And then again my voice will sing
The praises of its babbling
The arguments that I dissect
Are lucid, cogent and correct
And if you foolishly object
I'll Gram each word back down your neck

(chorus)

If I'm the talker, here's the thing -
Just who the hell is listening?
And if I am not tongue but ears
Then whose voice is it that I hear?
I swallow, choke, and clear my throat
Here comes another anecdote
A narrative of restlessness
Of what's been done and what is next
Does it love me, does it not?
Will this seduction never stop?
Hear the clacking parrot's beak
That speaks and speaks and speaks and speaks