Socratic, The Spanish Singer

You...
You have a favorite singer
You bought his albums for the passion you felt in his voice
He spoke in a foreign language I don't understand
I went deaf and cannot hear
Had yelling for a year from fathers, sisters, cars, and kitchens

It's not my fault if you don't hear the noise They put chills in everyone's shoulders What's it about us, that can't hear this noise

I hear the sound of feeling at home I'm forced to forget that where I'm going cause I'm going alone You will not pay since it is free You might see my friends but you won't see me getting dumb yet getting smarter

Needing normal, needing stars Feeling closer sometimes feeling far Even a terrible golfer can sometimes reach par

It's not my fault if you don't hear the noise They put chills in everyone's shoulders What's it about us, that can't hear this noise

I hear the sound of feeling at home I'm forced to forget that where I'm going cause I'm going alone I hear the sound of feeling at home I'm forced to forget that where I'm going cause I'm going alone

I hear the sound of feeling at home I'm forced to forget that where I'm going cause I'm going alone I hear the sound of feeling at home I'm forced to forget that where I'm going cause I'm going alone

I'm going alone We're going alone