

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

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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