

The Cat Empire, How To Explain

When a room becomes an altar
And what beast that must exist
It flies with music from our lips
And steals a kiss and blows it
Out into the mist
Where castles stand on cliffs
And cobbled streets they wind and drift
And moods are made and set but shift
This place where skies are low
And birds are big

We went to sleep in day
And woke again the same day
We have learned to cheat the time
And find the hours
That the clocks cannot define
As I looked up from that stage
I felt the thing that had been made
And how it raged
And how it raged

How to explain?
Something makes me howl
And shiver to the core
Oh outside if it was raining
Then inside there'd be a storm
We've got a pair of hands for climbing
And a pair of knees to spring
And a pair of balls for strength
And a pair of lungs to sing
And these nimble chords
That say: music is the language of us all

To write these songs is to be written
Ah the chorus always knows
What is in store
And what is more the thing that sings us
Is the thing that makes us roar
I felt that beast 'kisso my neck
We clapped our hands
And heard them spread
There was a trumpet and a call
A pack of Spaniards screamed for more
Music is the language of us all
Music is the language of us all
Music is the language of us all
Music is the language of us all

I find it hard to speak emotional
Cos these things are the things that
Can't be said
And when it's struck it strikes
The memory from our heads
Once I wrote two plays
To be immortal for a night
And despite the unknown hours
Something happens
When the night turns out the lights
Then we fade and yawn
To music that's the language of us all