

What To Say

Born Ruffians

When I wake up I'm speaking slow.
When I get drunk I'm speaking more.
Get too drunk & I don't speak at all.
Get too close to you & I don't know what to say.
The only time I make sense is when I'm talking in my sleep.
But there's nobody around to write it down,
So it gets lost on my books & pillows.
The only time you made sense was when I was talking too.
But we had to take turns, one at a time.
& when it comes to mine I have no idea what to say.

When I'm talking to you.
What to say when I'm standing there talking to you.

Words that don't relate to one another flowing off our tongues.
Fragments, fleeting thoughts get strung together one by one by one.
Things we can't relay to one another.
Smoke goes in my lungs.
I get more from a look than from people when they've spoke or yelled or sung.

People talk
People talk
People talk, but they don't know what to say.

What do you say?

When it comes to you, you look good in your sleep (what do you say?)
When it comes to you, you look good in a heap of images stacked so... electronically.
(what do you say?)
When it comes to you you look to keep no matter what

People talk.
People walk.
People mock.
But they don't know what to say.

What to say when I'm talking to you.
What to say when I'm standing there talking to you.
What to say...
What to say...
What to say now that I'm standing here talking to you.