Mute

By John T. Wurzer

C- F – C – F – Dm – G – Am – G

84 bpm

I can’t speak

I’m all inside my head

Thoughts leak

But mostly they just lay in bed

With lines

Dividing one more wordless phrase

Hard times

Desperate people and their desperate ways. I can’t speak.

I can’t speak

All is obvious and clear

Don’t peek

You’d find that I’m not really here

Eyes closed

Dividing tears and revelation

No one knows

What is thought? What is creation? I can’t speak.

I can’t speak

But I don’t have to anymore

It’s been a week

Since my mouth walked out the door

Wrong way

White letters on a sign of red

What they don’t say

Is it’s too late he’s already dead. I can’t speak.

I can’t speak

I’m afloat in outer space

My knees are weak

There are lines of terror on my face

I can’t breathe

Ebony, icy fields are black

I can’t speak

So many words I can’t take back, I can’t speak.