**Second Language**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 4 and play A – 140 BPM**

**A-D-A (2x)**

**E7-D-A**

**A-D-E7-A**

**Sometimes I sit and imagine that I don’t speak the language and that I’m an alien lost on the earth**

**The perpetual motion of society scampers in constant confusion, never considering what it’s all worth**

**And I fade into kaleidoscope colors and noisy amusement where nobody listens when somebody screams**

**The atmosphere stutters and stammers like a comedian standing there shoving a sword through his dreams**

**I’ve been wined up and dined up and flattered with praises, obscenely expressed and all dressed up in comic book lies**

**You’ve been splattered with shattered conclusions while you’ve been wearing your heart and illusions right there on your thighs**

**It’s a cyberspace song of tomorrow, drowning in sorrow on a valentine’s day in the dark**

**There’s no fire in the soul of this city; ain’t it a pity, no flint; and no match and no spark**

**Put a fresh coat of wax on my raincoat, so the tears will slide off of the lifeboat whenever they’re cried**

**Take my Halloween mask from the closet; safety deposit box and paint it fresh on my face full of pride**

**I have no more axes to grind here; each one you will find here, razor-sharp and poised for to swing**

**Yet I imagine that I don’t speak the language; and that all these words, they don’t mean anything**