

Suzanne Vega

Language

If language were liquid  
It would be rushing in  
Instead here we are  
In a silence more eloquent  
Than any word could ever be  
These words are too solid  
They don't move fast enough  
To catch the blur in the brain  
That flies by and is gone  
Gone  
Gone  
Gone  
I'd like to meet you  
In a timeless, placeless place  
Somewhere out of context  
And beyond all consequences  
Let's go back to the building  
(Words are too solid)  
On Little West Twelfth  
It is not far away  
(They don't move fast enough)  
And the river is there  
And the sun and the spaces  
Are all laying low  
(To catch the blur in the brain)  
And we'll sit in the silence  
(That flies by and is)  
That comes rushing in and is  
Gone (Gone)  
I won't use words again  
They don't mean what I meant  
They don't say what I said  
They're just the crust of the meaning  
With realms underneath  
Never touched  
Never stirred  
Never even moved through  
If language were liquid  
It would be rushing in  
Instead here we are  
In a silence more eloquent  
Than any word could ever be  
And is gone  
Gone  
Gone  
And is gone