

The Language of My Land



You know where I come from, and I know you've been there too



We're walking over city streets, seeing only shades of blue



Don't have to tell you how I feel, you're bound to understand



Because you know where I come from, and you play the language of my land

Your guitar makes my senses light, the music's message clear
The melody so sweet and right, but only I can hear
Locked inside the words you sing something I can understand
And as your guitar sweetly rings, you play the language of my land

So how did we both come to this, two lovers all alone?
Two hearts keeping time apart and longing to be home
refrains of your melt into mine, a whispered loud command
They're telling me that now its time, and they speak the language of my land

So now we see in my eyes and yours, we know what we must do
The music we cannot resist and now its time to go
Making up for wasted time, together, hand in hand
For we both know where we come from, and speak the language of the land

We'll leave behind the city streets, the morbid shades of blue
We'll walk into the summer sun, and find the place we knew
And I will love you more because your music brought me back