

# The Finn Brothers, Only Talking Sense

There's a wild thing in the woolshed  
And it's keeping me awake at night  
A devil in the closet  
And a feeling I'd prefer to hide  
He is religion  
He won't hear me when I cry for help  
He has a vision of me  
But I am somebody else

We talk the pillow  
There are times when I'm tied up to the fence  
Only talking sense

There's a mirror lake before me  
But I'm frozen when it's time to jump  
It's like maybe I'm afraid of what I'll find  
When independence comes  
You steal my shadow  
You make my blood run dry

We are true only when we talk the pillow  
There are times when I'm tied up to the fence  
Only talking sense

Did you suffer as a child  
That's why you want to make me cry  
You are afraid of me  
That's why you're so unkind

You won't deny it  
When your child is tied up to the fence  
And I'm only talking sense  
Lonely when we talk the pillow  
And your child is messed up in the head  
I'm only talking sense