

I don't say much but I, but I like to sing
Won't tell you what I'm thinking
Just have to wait and sing
I have no skin left on my, on my fingertips
But still my heart pours out, out from my lips
Well I'm mute, but I'm not quite mute
And I say the things you want to hear
I'm mute, but I'm not quite mute
And I keep to myself to defend
Yeah I'm alright
Oh now don't want to fight
I'm an angel burning out
Oh now

Well I'm mute, but I'm not quite mute
And I say the things you want to hear
I'm mute, but I'm not quite mute
And I keep to myself to defend
Yeah, I'm all right
Oh now don't want to fight
I'm an angel burning out
Oh now
I'm mute, I'm mute
I'm mute, I'm mute
Yeah, I'm mute, I'm mute
Yeah, I'm shameful as I'm shameless
I'm shamefull as an angel that's burned
I'm mute, but I'm not quite mute And I say the same things that
you say
I'm mute, but I'm not quite mute And I guess I'm born that way