

Quicksand

Finger Eleven

Slow, sinking feeling, kills the mood, you're conveying-
and it pulls me, far down below.
It might, be best if you go.
Can it not wait, and hope for the best?
Will it not stop, a while to rest?
I, need to get up-
yeah need to get up, never mind, cause I've-
I've done enough,

'Cause the world waits around,
but I keep slipping and losing ground.
Do I not try so hard so good?
I can't keep changing just because,
you think I should.

Said, all I need to,
and you don't, understand still.
Wish you saw- picture my mind's-
eyes are deep and they're cynical.
One, taken four more.
Kills the pain, healing that sore.
I, I've taken what's left- I took it all,
and now you won't,
let me forget, forget, forget,

Now that the world waits around,
but I keep slipping and losing ground.
Do I not try so hard so good?
I can't keep changing just because,
you think I should.

(Now.)

Stop you're talking down.

(Now.)

I lack the strength to sit or stand.

(Now.)

I lost my self confidence, in the quicksand.

In the quicksand.

In the quicksand.

In the quicksand.

Not now, or ever.

Sink slowly my treasure.

Not now, or ever.

Sink slowly my treasure.

Not now, or ever.

Sink slowly my treasure.

Not now.

Not now.

Now, not now!

'Cause the world waits around,
but I keep slipping and losing ground.
Do I not try so hard so good?
I can't keep changing just because,
you think I should.