

## A Lot Of Silence Here

Thirteen Senses

It seems predictable but I don't have a clue  
Of what she wants right now  
And talk is measured in the sip of every time  
And I want is time

This is the last straw and I feel like letting go  
In a state of mind could be traded in with you

It seems predictable a lot of silence here  
And what I want is here  
The skies above are just reflections in your eyes  
Thier out of touch and time

This is the last straw and I feel like letting go  
In a state of mind could be traded in with you

Your telling it like it is  
Showing us how it is  
Telling us what is broke and showing us what is fixed  
It's complicated I don't want to bring you down

Telling it like it is  
Showing us how it is  
Telling us what is broke and showing us what is fixed