

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