

# Finger Eleven, Quicksand

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, you I need to get up  
Nevermind, 'cause I, 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 minds  
Eyes are deep and they're cynical

One taken, four more  
Kills the pain, healing that sores  
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

Stop you're talking down  
I lack the strength to sit or stand  
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  
Not 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