

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