

Finger Eleven, Sad Exchange

Quietly thinking to myself
Sharing half our mind instead of none
The shaking's just begun
The pleasantries are gone,
This sad exchange pleased neither one of us

So we finally gave up
The meanings tend to give out
The Time was gone to act out
this living torture, living torture

No talking When I want you to Listen
No talking cuz' it's Living torture, Living torture

Don't know why, don't know why, we can't stand aside
There are all too many faces, we don't see right
If I had known back then
Whatever I know now
I'd think I'd have answers but I don't know why

So we finally gave up
The Meanings tend to give out
The Time was gone to act out
But Here I am and I'm still living

No talking when I want you to listen
No Talking cuz' it's Living Torture, Living Torture
No talking when I want you to listen
Don't tell me what I'm trying to say to you

Both of us know
What it sounds like in my mind
Now both of us know
What it sounds It Sounds like
Both of us know
What it sounds like in my mind
Now both of us know
Now both of us know

No talking when I want you to listen
No Talking cuz' it's Living Torture, Living Torture
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Don't tell me what I'm trying to say to you

Quietly thinking to myself
This sad exchange pleased neither one of us