

Finger Eleven, Complicated Questions

Easy to be taken with everything you're saying
Make us perfect and say it all again
But if every single second's killing
Tell me I'm dreaming
I'll sleep it all away

Tear out this love
Tear up the root
Tear out this love
Tear me from you

You know you can tell me anything you want to
Tell me something that I'd never hear
you could be cautious as the words roll over your tongue
I'm stung with sick discovery

Tear me from these complicated questions
Taking all the empty spaces inside me
I don't want to bear those simple answers
But complicated answers never did you any justice anyway
And I don't want to hear you lie to me
Complicated as we are we're going to have to burn it all away