

Nields, The Talking

In a picture I sit by the lake November blue sky on the water.
How hard is it for you to see me as somebody's daughter?
I've never been able to fake it;
to pretend I don't care anymore.

So I'll leave it up to you to do the talking.

You told me I couldn't go home.
Did you really think I'd believe you?
I've never forgotten your curses
though I tried my best to deceive you
I've never been able to leave and can't get my feet to go walking
so I'll leave it up to you to do the talking.

You know, you left me alone in this room
where all I do is wander around.
Sit and rock in my chair; how did we get from there to here?
In my dreams there's a man so gentle
he cradles my head in his hands
and whispers my darling let me hear your voice.
You speak as if our love was over,
but I think it has yet to begin.
And I have to believe in that hope
like you have to keep up your chin.
But I don't know if I've ever believed;
if I've ever truly had faith so now I'll be quiet
and you can do the talking.