

Powderfinger, Sink Low

It sure is quiet around here
The phone never rings anymore
So I'll wallow in silence
And nail my soul to the floor
'Cause I'm angry and jealous
And sick and tired of untruth
And I'm lonely my pride is bruised

My wheels sink low
Loves candle burns slow

If I spread my wings
Will I ever leave the ground
All of these painful scenes
That drag me down

My wheels turn slow
Loves candle burns slow
And now my eyes are dressed in rags
To hide the scars from what I've seen
And my fall from grace
Could it be a lesson to you
And if I trade my place
Would it make it better for you