

# Sink Low

## Powderfinger

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  
Love's 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  
Love's 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?

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