The Silence

Bastille

Tell me a piece of your history
that you're proud to call your own,
speak in words you picked up
as you walked through life alone.
We used to swim in your stories
and be pulled down by their tide,
choking on the words
and drowning with no air inside.

Now you've hit a wall and it's not your fault
my dear, my dear, my dear.
Now you've hit a wall and you've hit it hard,
my dear, my dear, oh dear.

It is not enough to be dumbstruck;
(Can you fill the silence?)
you must have the words in that head of yours
And oh, oh, can you feel the silence?
I can't take it anymore,
'cause it is not enough to be dumbstruck.
(Can you fill the silence?)

Tell me a piece of your history
that you've never said out loud,
pull the rug beneath my feet
and shake me to the ground.
Wrap me around your fingers,
break the silence open wide,
and before it seeps into my ears,
it fills me up from the inside.

Now you've hit a wall and you're lost for words,
my dear, my dear, my dear.
Now you've hit a wall and you've hit it hard
my dear, my dear, oh dear.

It is not enough to be dumbstruck;
(Can you fill this silence?)
you must have the words in that head of yours
And oh, oh, can you feel the silence?

I can't take it anymore,
'cause it is not enough to be dumbstruck.
(Can you fill the silence?)

If you give it a name, then it's already won.
What you good for, what you good for?
If you give it a name, then it's already won.
What you good for, what you good for?
If you give it a name, then it's already won.
What you good for, what you good for?
If you give it a name, then it's already won.
What you good for, what you good for?

It is not enough to be dumbstruck;
(Can you fill this silence?)
you must have the words in that head of yours
And oh, oh, can you feel the silence?
I can't take it anymore,
'cause it is not enough to be dumbstruck, oh.

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