Sad Exchange

Finger Eleven

Quietly thinking to myself
Sharing half our mind instead of none
The shakings just begun
The pleasantries are gone,
This sad exchange pleased neither one of us

So we finally gave up
Meanings tend to give out
The time was gone to act out
This living torture, living torture

No talking when I want you to listen
No talking cos it's
Living torture, living torture

Donâ€™t know why, donâ€™t know why, we canâ€™t stand aside
(There are all too many faces we don't see right)
If I had known back then
Whatever I know now
I'd think Iâ€™d have answers but I donâ€™t know why

So we finally gave up
The meanings tend to give out
The time was gone to act out
But here I am and Iâ€™m still living

No talking when I want you to listen
No talking cos it's
Living Torture, living Torture
No talking when I want you to listen
Don't tell me what Iâ€™m trying to say to you

Both of us know
What it sounds like in my mind
Now both of us know
What it sounds It sound like
Both of us know
What it sounds like in my mind
Now both of us know

Now both of us know

No talking when I want you to listen
No Talking cos it's
Living Torture, living Torture
No talking when I want you to listen
Don't tell me what Iâ€™m trying to say to you

Quietly thinking to myself
This sad exchange pleased neither on of us

Lyrics submitted by Katie Harris.

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