

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 in sight
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
Before it seeps into my ears
And 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? Cause 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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