

Nidji

"The Talking"

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In a picture I sit by the lake November blue sky on the water.

How hard is it for you to see me as somebody's daughter?

I've never been able to fake it;
to pretend I don't care anymore.

So I'll leave it up to you to do the talking.

You told me I couldn't go home.

Did you really think I'd believe you?

I've never forgotten your curses

though I tried my best to deceive you

I've never been able to leave and can't get my feet to go walking

so I'll leave it up to you to do the talking.

You know, you left me alone in this room

where all I do is wander around.

Sit and rock in my chair; how did we get from there to here?

In my dreams there's a man so gentle

he cradles my head in his hands

and whispers my darling let me hear your voice.

You speak as if our love was over,

but I think it has yet to begin.

And I have to believe in that hope

like you have to keep up your chin.

But I don't know if I've ever believed;

if I've ever truly had faith so now I'll be quiet

and you can do the talking.

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