Out in the cold like a bundle of coal Little packets of darkness wanting to glow

Well there's nobody home and there's a wreck in the yard Well maybe they're coming back

If we wish really hard

If we wish real hard now

Won't somebody please come up with something 'cuz Jesus just don't seem to be impartially working And all of the rest are really down in the ratings So everyone is gonna keep on waiting

Waiting for peace at the end of the street Back behind our apartment and in passenger seats Just a moment of bliss amid all of the waste The despair and oblivion of our precarious race It's ours to face now

Won't somebody please come up with something 'cuz Jesus just don't seem to be impartially working And all of the rest are really down in the ratings So everyone is gonna keep on waiting

Now tell me won't somebody come up with something 'cuz Jesus just don't seem to be impartially working And all of the others can barely stay in the running But everyone is still right here waiting

Won't somebody please come up with something Won't somebody please come up with something Won't somebody please