

# Waiting In The Lobby Of Your Heart

Hank Thompson

I didn't have to be thrown in a dungeon  
Or left in the chamber cold and dark  
For such loneliness I'm sure is the same that I endure  
While I'm waiting in the lobby of your heart

And now I'm waiting, waiting in the lobby of your heart  
I'm on the doorstep, yet we're so far apart  
Many times I tried, you wouldn't let me come inside  
Now I'm waiting, waiting in the lobby of your heart

You could have had me thrown into a prison  
Or bound and tied with shackles on my feet  
Instead of this sad taint to sit alone and wait  
In the lobby of a heart that's cold as sleet

And now I'm waiting, waiting in the lobby of your heart  
I'm on the doorstep, yet we're so far apart  
Many times I tried, you wouldn't let me come inside  
Now I'm waiting, waiting in the lobby of your heart