

# While You're Waiting

Ron Sexsmith

Time goes slowly  
Time goes silently  
Drags its feet, no it never flies  
While you're waiting for the love to return to her eyes

And words they fail you  
Words come awkwardly  
Leave your lips as they turn to sighs  
While you're waiting for the love to return to her eyes

And what once shines so brightly  
Makes the present seem so pale  
Once held in arms so tightly  
Now you're just a ship without a sail, without a sail

And thoughts grow stormy  
Thoughts weigh heavily  
Feels as if the sun will never rise  
While you're waiting for the love to return to her eyes