

Waiting

Anvil

Seems no matter what I do
I end up standing in line
I find myself in another queue
Give me some cheese for my wine
It doesn't matter where you go
It's always the same old thing
Feels like roots will begin to grow
When it's winter it will soon be spring

Caught in another traffic jam
The bank teller's broken a nail
You know I really don't give a damn
The cheque is in the mail
They said they'd pay me yesterday
I know it's always late
Just another wasted day
You've got to hurry up and wait

Waiting, waiting, always someone in front of you
Waiting, waiting
Waiting, waiting, it's something I hate to do
Waiting, waiting
Waiting, waiting, waiting

Take a number, stand in line
That's what you must do
I've had enough, I have no time
Won't you tell me something new?
The waiting game has its rules
That you can't defy
I always seem to lose my cool
I'll be waiting until I die

Waiting, waiting, always someone in front of you
Waiting, waiting
Waiting, waiting, it's something I hate to do
Waiting, waiting
Waiting, waiting, waiting