

# I'm Waiting

Bargain Music

This is my song  
I suppose that I made it up  
I say suppose even though I know it was I who made it up  
All I am saying is that this song ain't just about me  
Ain't gonna sing it in my room solitarily

Wake up every morning feeling like I haven't slept a bit  
Walk around every day just praying that I'll keep my wits about  
me  
Ain't saying that I'm crazy  
I just got my own little style  
Though you'd rather call me lazy  
I'm just waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting  
Waiting for it all to drop  
Ya I'm waiting  
Ya waiting, waiting, waiting  
For the day I will never be sweated by the copper man

I ain't complaining my life hasn't been all too hard  
I've lived in slums and palaces  
And I never had to storm the gaurd  
Just never really thought that I could make it this far  
As a six foot four troubadour who can barely play guitar  
So I'm just waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting  
Hoping that it all ain't just a front  
Ya I'm waiting  
Ya waiting, waiting, waiting  
For the day I can sit on my front porch and smoke my blunt

You could call me a pawn in this music business game  
I wouldn't disagree there'd be nobody else to blame  
For if a pawn can make to the other side of the board stealthil  
y  
It can turn itself into whatever the f\*\*k it wants to be  
So I'm just waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting  
Waiting for my stoli to arrive  
Ya waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting  
To see just how long this big boy will survive  
A rock to the rock  
Sock to the sock  
Right now  
Move and groove  
It's your move  
Loopty loopy loo