

Waiting

Black Lips

Sitting in the classroom, waiting for the teacher's hand,
to lead us in the Pledge (of) Allegiance, make us understand
Would we rather kick the legs out of the chair and watch her fall?

cos there's no more time for her to make the call

So we're gonna break down all the desks, tear down the maps, and
storm down the halls

cos it doesn't mean a thing to us at all

I don't want to wait, waiting for it, waiting for the change

I don't want to wait, waiting for it, waiting all the same

I'm riding down the interstate, moving faster, if I can

I'm trying not to instigate any problems with The Man

but they'll probably find a way to say to me, "You cannot move"

So what's this guy gonna try to prove?

Better not make a sudden movement

Just be cool and don't act dumb

While he's looking down the sides of his gun

I don't want to wait, waiting for it, waiting for the change

I don't want to wait, waiting for it, waiting all the same

You're gonna find them in your neighborhood, you're gonna find
them in your shed

They're gonna find you, shaken up with fear, hiding underneath
your bed

But you'd rather they be gone for long forever, lights and sound

If they never had existed, that'd be fine

But you gotta live with the regret

Forget, for now, at least, is fine, cos they'll find a place for
you on down the line

I don't want to wait, waiting for it, waiting for the change

I don't want to wait, waiting for it, waiting all the same