

Common Man

Caamp

Common man, six foot tall he stands
Waiting on his date to some company party in France
And she's late, the boss man said "a quarter till eight"
And as nine rolled around at his watch he's looking down, the tickling fate
Oh the funny thing about love is it makes you wait

He wore his good shoes, now he's walking them home with the homesick blues
Feeling like he fucked up, it's all right he'll get back up because he chooses to
His over-coat, speckled with snow he walks alone
Just then he turns his head and sees a girl of which they said the poets wrote

Don't hesitate my dear, don't wait put it all on the line
I'm a leap of faith my dear, and I'm slipping down your spine
I will wait my dear till I'm dead or the end of my time
Or you let me know you're mine

He went insane; oh the thoughts of her tortured his brain
So he re-
traced his steps so he would not forget where she'd been
But she was gone, just the scent of her lingered on
So he lived all of his days with his head stuck in a maze half stoned

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