

## 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 t  
icking 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 hom  
esick blues  
Feeling like he fucked up, it's all right he'll get back up bec  
ause 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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