Two weeks have passed since she last asked me for an answer and I'm sorry now

But thinking back I thought that maybe I could please you but I can't so now

I made your bed while you were in the shower

I guess I think at a hundred miles an hour

And any minute she'll be back to ask me if I got the answer now

Still she waits for me Still she waits for me

Miss independent, you've got everything you need to make it on your own

You say you're happy but I know that you're still waiting on the telephone

We started out when everything was easy

But you're still thinking about the way we could have been Two weeks have passed since she last asked me for an answer and I'm sorry now

Still she waits for me Still she waits for me Still she waits for me Still she waits for me

I'm putting pressure on my wounds
To stop the bleeding but I'm passing out
Can't ask me back or make me better
You're the devil and you bring me down
Don't want to tell you about the way I really feel
But you're still pushing a heart thats only made of steel
And any minute you'll be back to ask me if I got the answer now

Still she waits for me Still she waits for me Still she waits for me Still she waits for me