

# Boiled Frogs

City and Colour

Old man sits at his desk  
One year from retirement  
And he's up for review  
He's not quite sure what to do

Each passing year  
The workload grows

I'm always wishing  
I'm always wishing too late  
For things to come my way  
It always ends up the same

And I must be missing  
I must be missing the point  
Your signal fades away  
And all I'm left with is noise

So wait up  
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight  
There's so much to dream about  
There must be more to my life

Poor little tin man  
Still swinging his axe  
Even though, even though  
His joints are clogged with rust

My youth is slipping  
My youth is slipping away  
Safe in monotony  
Day after day

My youth is slipping  
My youth is slipping away  
Cold wind blows off the lake  
And I know for sure that it's too late

So wait up  
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight  
There's so much to dream about  
There must be more to my life

Wait up  
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight  
Between the light and shallow waves  
Is where I'm going to die

So won't you wait up for me?  
Won't you wait up for me?  
Won't you wait up for me?  
Oh, wait up for me