

## Waiting Room

David Keenan

I'll offer you respite from womanhood  
And bring an end to your frustrations

If only for an afternoon  
We could get lost in willful recreations

The birds still sing without prompting  
I don't need no prompting either  
I've gathered up the names of all who hate us  
And said a prayer for each but they will never know a waiting room  
The clicking clock notice a hole in either sock  
The traffic lights turn to green  
The victory dance across the road for everyone to see  
Where is the voice the one I use when I'm at my very best he one I lose  
When crowded rooms all full of sheep  
Demand of me I crave my sleep  
I wrecked my brains for something new and in stepped you

I'll offer you the chance to have someone to rub suncream on  
And complain to about the neighbours  
There is relief in getting older  
Like you are twenty eight now  
And sound you were a nightmare at twenty two

A waiting room the clicking clock  
Notice a hole in either sock  
The traffic lights turn to green  
The victory dance across the road for all to see  
Where is the voice the one I use  
When I'm at my very best he one I lose  
When crowded rooms all full of sheep  
Demand of me I crave my sleep  
I wrecked my brains for something new  
And in stepped you