

What Am I Waiting For

George Strait

It's six minutes until eleven
The phone rings but it's never you
I won't walk the floor
I'll just watch it
Stood up, impatient, and blue

What am I waiting for?
She might never show
What am I waiting for?
My legs won't let me go
What am I waiting for?
What am I waiting for?
She'll never get here

It's not that I'm worried about her
She'll think of some brand new excuse
So why am I all alone and crazy?
While she's having fun running loose

What am I waiting for?
She might never show
What am I waiting for?
My legs won't let me go
What am I waiting for?
What am I waiting for?
She'll never get here

It's six minutes after eleven
But I'm talking about the next day
Our date was just made to be broken
I guess some things just never change

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She might never show
What am I waiting for?
My legs won't let me go
What am I waiting for?
What am I waiting for?
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