

Sula
I can hear
The flood that is coming to dry your fiery tears

Sula
A flock of robins in flight
Oh mystery, how you touched me with your eyes

Oh started
I forget
You never want to hear
The echo of my voice

Sula, Sula
You made men [?]
A fickle game that you'd knew I'd play
And could understand

I wish you were gone
I wish you were gone
Oh

I used to think that you took it all
But instead you maybe took a fall

Ooh, aah
I'll be waiting for ya
I'll be waiting for ya
To be a modest savior
To be a modest savior
I'll be waiting for ya
I'll be waiting for ya
I'll be waiting for ya
I'll be waiting for ya

Ah bah bah bah bah bah bah
Ah bah bah bah bah bah
...

I'll be waiting for ya
I'll be waiting for ya
...

Ooh...