

They Wait

Jason Isbell

She waits for her time to come
For the world to hum on a different note
He waits for every Friday night
To whet his appetite and take the antidote

Ain't it something how the night can shine
While you stand in line behind a velvet rope
Ain't it something when the morning comes
And desire becomes a little speck of hope

Somebody told her she was beautiful
Every time she turned around
But when she opened up her mouth to speak
It clearly didn't make a sound
Somebody told her she was dangerous
And she should watch the way she dressed
Well, that always seemed a little strange to us
And at her worst she did her best

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Somebody told him you're a man now
Hide your tears behind your fist
There's nothing left to understand now
You'll keep your tension in your wrist

So he stepped out in the real world
And didn't know to ask for help
Until he stumbled on a real girl
And she'd been down the road herself

And he waits for the end to start
For her to break his heart
To hear the truth at last
She waits for the sun to rise
Behind his midnight eyes
And know which storm had passed

And ain't it something how the night can shine
Through a bottle of wine against a bedroom wall
Ain't it something when her eyes light up
And it's exactly enough, and you can let yourself fall

They moved together through a thousand little storms
And somehow the big one never came
Used all their anger up to keep each other warm enough
Not every dark cloud looks the same