

Waiting

Kendra Morris

Patent leather mama lick those lips, strawberry gloss so nice
Brick smile mister, razor blades shiny color your eyes
Have you got a sister, does she know what's going on while you
ride
Tell it to the sun chief, has he got a warrior for a wife
Drag your lover down now, to the wharf to make love with the ra
ts
Quit acting like a fool you, bruise up like an apple nine days
past
And it's like charm and it's like grace to be gone from this pl
ace

Cause we're waiting for the fire, the fire to stop bleeding
Yeah, we're waiting for the fire, the fire to stop breathing

Suitcase full of handbags, wallet mad of gator ready to bite
Pages of a novel, white and black with red laced between the li
nes
Detonating woman oozing from left dripping from the right
Laying like a soldier, after he has lost his final fight
Decorate the ceiling with streamers wrap the lovers up in your
life
Just another party, always know exactly who to invite
And all the harm to be true to love someone who is you

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Yeah, we're waiting for the fire, the fire to stop breathing

Don't you know, don't you really really wanna know
Who you gonna play when you go into the get go
Is it right, is it right right in front of you
Didn't you have a clue what you really wanna do

Who's got the sprain in their hand, who's got the twist of the
wrist
Who's got the crack in their back, I'm not the one with the lis
t
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We're waiting for the fire...
Yeah, we're waiting for the fire...
Yeah, we're waiting for the fire...
Yeah, we're waiting for the fire...