

# 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 rats  
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 place

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 lines  
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

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

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...