I Would Have Waited Here All Day

Lambchop

There are dishes in the sink this morning They remind me of a dream There are coffee cups and empty glasses I laid next to a wet sponge I casually accept the image As something that I've seen I'm cooking breakfast You're on my radio

You're dripping wet from a mid day shower Soon you'll be drying off your dick I want to be romantic about it But there's really not much more to it I slip into the clothes that you bought me And I pull on my new boots I wait for you to call On your way home from work

I'm saving up my moments For the next time that we meet You're cherry red I'm a kick in the head And for this I thought I would probably receive

The afternoon is a study in stagnation Seems I haven't moved an inch I guess it stems from a form of frustration And how we never get enough I check my watch and I scratch my head And I walk out on the deck I reach into my pocket book And I light my last cigarette

I'm saving up my moments For the next time that we meet You're cherry red I'm a kick in the head And for this I thought you would probably receive

My favorite hour of any day Is the one before you get home A fading sense of anticipation Is something I've come to know I do not doubt and we will wait it out I would have waited here all day You pull around the corner And you park in my driveway You pull around the corner

It's been a lousy day