

## Our Singer

Pavement

I've been waiting, anticipating  
sun comes up  
the skies wont sink my soul  
I've dreamt of this  
but it never comes  
but it never comes  
the horizon  
the natures dry  
faux  
I've been dreaming  
traced out but dreamin  
sun comes up  
the blisters burn my soul  
I'm dreamin  
of something now  
of something now  
on the horizon  
the natures dry  
and all the gritty ones