Tied up in the wrong stuff
When you're attracted to violence
I know it's a problem
Your face is glued to the back of my eyelids
And in the church basement
With my anarchist leanings
I'm only there to see you
Thursday nights at the AA meetings

And if you don't want me around
Why am I still waiting?
I'm still waiting right here for you
I'm still waiting
I should be taking a sabbatical from you

Sunday mornings, coffee with your friends before your French le ssons

And me, Je ne c'est pas, I'm still working on that passive aggression

Two hundred bucks a week to talk about my lack of direction? I got a bit of a complex, in case that wasn't clear from the last three sessions

"If you're still feeling down, be honest with yourself, I think you still want me around"

That's why I'm still waiting
Yeah, I'm still waiting right here for you
I'm still waiting
I'm not taking a sabbatical from you

Waiting
Yeah, I'm still waiting right here for you
I'm still waiting
I'm not taking a sabbatical from you