

Your steady stream of throwaway words has flooded
this already crowded room
I've lost my taste for the race and the running
there's nothing here to prove

all I want
want to know
is what you're waiting for

I'll flood the wreckage
build a bridge into the next age and
say goodbye and leave a
cloud of dust behind

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spare us both the waste of a conversation
we've had too many times
hope deferred makes the heart sick with desperation
and we've had enough for a lifetime

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the rush, the panic
the manic flood of static
not quite sure why it never occurred
it wasn't worth what I was missing
the longer we stay
in this tragic comedy
is just that much longer that it's gonna take
to learn life is meant for living

(good things come to those who wait
they pass by those who hesitate)

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I spend my days at the sundown motel
know my way around night town very well