

Wait A Little Longer

Steve Forbert

One, two, three, four...

From the wine glass of love
You're drinkin' up September
Don't it seem like a dream?
Well, girl, that's what it is
And when push comes to shove
You'll wake up and remember
That the mean scheme of things
Has got you on its list

Wait a little longer

Wait a little longer

I went down past the tombs
And sat upon the pond side
And the green willow trees
Were swaying in the breeze
When the clouds made some room
The sun played on the swan glide
And the calm mask of ease
Was all that one could see

Hey
(Hey)
Wait a little longer

Wait a little longer

Wait a little longer till you find
There's something knockin' down your door, baby, (door, baby)
Wait a little longer till you find
There ain't nowhere to hide
Wait a little longer till there's
Something up an' walkin' 'cross your floor, baby, (floor, baby)
Wait a little longer till you find it's fin'lly got inside

Hey
Wait a little longer

Wait a little longer

This clean luxury
Of simple separation
It can't last for long
It doesn't toe the line
The line touches me
From soup to segregation
Your old mill stream songs
Are playing out of time

Yeah...
Wait a little longer

Wait a little longer

Hey, yeah...

Said, wait a little longer

Wait a little longer