

Look At Me

The Waiting

Vs. 1

Golden bars of sunlight come sneaking through the
shutters

Laying stripes on my back like a zebra.

Sweaty fingers turning pages, and clinging to the bed

Like it's a bride and I never want to leave her.

Paul calls me a saint and the mattress shakes with
laughter

And the sheets let out a chuckle while the pillow holds
one in.

I don't believe a word I read, but the man is so
convincing

Says You're calling me a winner of a game I never win.

But with every word I read I feel Your eyes upon me
And I don't mind at all.

Chorus

I love the way You look at me, the way You steer Your
eyes

To see the bride beneath the harlot's skin, the virtue
underneath the sin.

I love the way You look at me, when You lift the veil
and You repeat Your vow.

Vs. 2

Get up for the shower, wash, and scrub, and scour every
part

As if a cleaner man could better bear the shame.

Now, move out into the sunlight, a frightened fool
There's reason for my fright, for I'm a messenger who's
forgetting why he came.

But with every step I take I feel Your eyes are on me,
And I don't mind at all.

Chorus

Bridge

For when you look at me, You see every drop of blood
You spent.
Like the color that comes creeping to my face.
It is such sweet embarrassment to see the dowry that
You paid for my cold embrace.
But I'll never, never, never let you go because...

Chorus