

# Untitled

Tom McRae

Get me out, get me out, get me out of this room  
Let me see  
Cut it out, cut it out, rip it out from this wound, let me bleed  
Ooh wait now, wait now for me, won't you?

Shut it out, shut it out, black it out with the night  
To put me at ease won't you?  
Talk it out, talk it out, yell out to the ghosts that stalk the street  
Ooh wait now, wait now for me

And we'll sail on the high tide  
Drift on the open sea  
I've been waiting for so long

Take my hand, take my hand, kiss me softly  
Then take your leave won't you?  
Sit down, sit down, take the weight of me, let me grieve  
Ooh wait now, wait now for me

And we'll sail on the high tide  
Drift on the open sea  
I've been waiting for so long

Ooh wait now, wait now for me

And we'll sail on the high tide  
Drift on the open sea  
I've been waiting for so long