

# Quietly Complaining

Wakefield

Dying here, on the phone, no one's talking  
In my head, I can hear, angels laughing  
But she won't, ever say, what she's thinking  
Sunday past, unimpressed, my good suit wasted  
He knows, she knows, everyone but me knows  
O please, help me, won't somebody tell me  
How long will I be waiting  
Soaking wet in the rain  
I'll just, stand here, quietly complaining  
Hard to breathe, memories, casting shadows  
Missing words, little clues, over-thinking  
What do I, why do I, no one tells me  
In my head, I still hear, angels laughing  
He knows, she knows, everyone but me knows  
O please, help me, won't somebody tell me  
How long will I be waiting  
Soaking wet in the rain  
I'll just, stand here, quietly complaining  
She's inside, warm and dry, and I'm all wet  
Down and low, gettin' old, not dead yet  
But I just can't give up yet  
I just want to show this world  
How long...should I keep waiting  
Pulling myself down the drain  
How long will I be waiting  
Soaking wet in the rain  
I'll just stand here quietly complaining (3x)