

It's been three days of drums and snares,
out on the streets and in my head,
the piccolos are in this band,
with you and me just lying and,
saying "I'll wait",
saying "always"

To have the chance to be so kind,
to someone else who doesn't mind,
is getting rare and often times,
it seems to scare the wandering eye,
looking always,
saying "I'll wait"

This convalesce it is broke,
comforts the test letting go,
you snare the game of our heart,
but you went nacht

So please stow this heart,
it's cold, it's hard,

I wandered off under the news,
the bezzle town on troll abuse,
just thinking of some name I knew,
without a sense of self to use,
saying "I'll wait"
saying "always"

And offer come, as soon as I,
knew who it was who wasn't mine,
you had convinced me of the white,
and so I left myself behind,
saying "I'll wait"
saying "always"