

Wait A Little While

Al Jarreau

Here's a sweet September morning, there's the sense of Autumn on the rise
He steps into the wind and sadly sighs
"Why does it always seem to be, there's a cold December wind in front of me?"
The more he fills his empty evenings
The less he feels that there's a chance to find
Something that can bring a peace of mind
Is there a place where you can go?
A little something you should know to turn the tide to your favor?

Wait a little while to welcome what you're after
Give it the time to find its way to you
And soon as you no longer try, you'll turn and find it standing by your side
Come and get it, when you let it, it'll come to you

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When I run short on inspiration, I best recall what I've known all along
'N I remember sweet September's song, there never really has to be
A cold and bitter wind in front of me anymore

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Just forget it and wait a little while, while, while
Wait a little while, everything will come to you in time
Wait a little while - everything will come to you in time
Wait a little while - every little thing's gonna come to you in time
Wait a little while - everything will come to you in time
Wait a little while - everything will come to you in time
Wait a little while