

# Waiting to Talk

Andrew Bird

Everybody's talking  
Nobody's listening  
Everybody's sweating  
Nobody's glistening

Nobody knows what he's thinking  
Doesn't really step out even when he's drinking  
Seems kind of creepy seems like the kind that stalks  
Nobody knows when he's sinking  
Always looks pensive whether or not he's thinking  
To him it seems to him it screams  
Everyone's just waiting to talk

Everyone's waiting to talk, Lord  
It's all so terribly awkward on the verandas in the front halls  
In the bus station's bathroom stalls  
Yes it seems everyone's just waiting to talk

What must he be thinking?  
Can we even guess?  
He's not really linking  
Himself with the rest  
Does he know our big secret?  
Has one of us confessed?  
'Bout the wires circuits and motors  
Buried in our chest

It's all just a pointless equation  
This parabolic conversation  
Like two distinct lines  
Never the twain shall meet  
Never? No never

Nobody knows what he's thinking  
Doesn't really step out even when he's drinking  
To him it seems to certain extremes  
That everyone's waiting to talk