

Boiled Frogs

City and Colour

Old man sits at his desk
One year from retirement
And he's up for review
He's not quite sure what to do

Each passing year
The workload grows

I'm always wishing
I'm always wishing too late
For things to come my way
It always ends up the same

And I must be missing
I must be missing the point
Your signal fades away
And all I'm left with is noise

So wait up
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
There must be more to my life

Poor little tin man
Still swinging his axe
Even though, even though
His joints are clogged with rust

My youth is slipping
My youth is slipping away
Safe in monotony
Day after day

My youth is slipping
My youth is slipping away
Cold wind blows off the lake
And I know for sure that it's too late

So wait up
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
There must be more to my life

Wait up
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
Between the light and shallow waves
Is where I'm going to die

So won't you wait up for me?
Won't you wait up for me?
Won't you wait up for me?
Oh, wait up for me