

Waiting...

City and Colour

A coma might feel better than this,
attempting to discover where to begin.
You're weighed down, you're full of something.
Of sickness, and desertion.
You're weighed down, you're full of something,
you're underneath it all.

So say goodbye to love,
and hold your head up high.
There's no need to rush
we're all just waiting, waiting to die.

Hoping a better place is all I need,
with moments of innocence and mystery.
Oh, it's the little things you miss.
Like waking up all alone.
Oh, it's the little things you miss,
when you're underneath it all.

So say goodbye to love,
and hold your head up high.
There's no need to rush
we're all just waiting, waiting to die.

All your friends seem like enemies
when you're broken down and empty.
All your friends seem like enemies
when you're broken down and empty.

So say goodbye to love,
and hold your head up high.
There's no need to rush
we're all just waiting, waiting to die.