

## The Wait

Clou

Now in a small town  
the girl is dreaming on her wedding down.  
Now in a small town  
the boy is driving rain is pouring down.  
Like a dream they had before  
every night here want back throw the door.  
Warm and sweet is the taste of home  
on her love she wates for him alone.

Now in a small town  
she feels the sadness on her wedding down.  
Now there is no time down the town  
carry, sliding, crashing, fallong down.

It's not a dream just a silent door  
her heart is breaking she doesn't know one form.  
Warm and sweet is the taste of home.  
Tears like grain she wates for him alone.

It's not a dream just a silent door  
her heart is breaking she doesn't know one form.  
Warm and sweet is the taste of home.  
Tears like grain she wates for him alone...alone...alone