

I moved across the ocean
And in the forest and the field.
I bet blue skies will be wide open
In the moment that's where I need to be.
There is no sidewalk.
There is no smooth talk.
Just a long walk to where I'm gonna be.
It's such a situation.
I've got patience.
Patience.
Patience.
Patience.

I been flowing for the ocean.
I'm tripping all over myself.
Falling, falling down now.
I adore you, but you're leaving me a mess.
I confess, I caught you caring.
Got to sharing,
Sharing like the rest.
It's such a situation
I got patience.
Patience.
Patience.

I blow across the prairie.
Don't be wary. Oh the wind can be your friend.
I been lost and found all over
Fields of clover.
Saw a blue man once again.
It's the rain on a tin roof.
It's so humid, can't tell the water from the wind.
Such a fine line situation.
I got patience.
Patience.
Patience.