

Waiting in my corner, waiting on the bell.
I was coming off the ropes, I was going to give them hell.
Now I'm waiting,
Waiting on the lyric, waiting on the song.
I know the muse is coming, I'm holding on.
I'm waiting,
Waiting on the chances, waiting on the breaks,
Waiting on an opportunity that I could take.
I'm still waiting.

And all the time I wonder why,
Just what or who the hell I am?
Where I'm at, where I'm from?
Where I'm going, where I belong?
Tell me where I'm coming from,
Because I'm waiting in the pipeline.
Waiting on a message, waiting on a sign.
I was waiting on my holy grail to shine.
Waiting with the crossword, waiting on reviews,
Waiting on something or someone to give me a clue.
I'm still waiting.

And all the time I wonder why,
Just what or who the hell I am?
Where I'm at, where I'm from?
Where I'm going, where I belong?
Why do you keep me waiting on?
Because I'm waiting in the pipeline.
If the carpet that I'm sitting on could fly,
If the ring that's on my finger was a sorcerer's charm,
If the cloak that I'm wearing could hide me away,
I could wait for forever and a day.
If the lady that I'm waiting on isn't mine,
Then the castles that I'm building are on shifting sands.
If the dream that I'm chasing isn't true,
Then the light at the end of the tunnel is just a wrecker's fire.
Waiting in the pipeline, waiting on the silence,
Waiting on the sound, waiting in the backstage,
Waiting on the crowd, waiting,
Waiting on the critic, waiting on the gong,
Waiting on the DJ to play my song.
Play my song, I'm waiting.
And all the time I wonder why,
Just what or who the hell I am?
Where I'm at, where I'm from?
Where I'm going, where I belong?
Tell me where I'm coming from,
Because I'm waiting in the pipeline.
Waiting in the pipeline, waiting in the pipeline, waiting, waiting.