

# What Am I Waiting For

George Strait

It's six minutes until eleven  
The phone rings but it's never you  
I won't walk the floor  
I'll just watch it  
Stood up, impatient, and blue

What am I waiting for?  
She might never show  
What am I waiting for?  
My legs won't let me go  
What am I waiting for?  
What am I waiting for?  
She'll never get here

It's not that I'm worried about her  
She'll think of some brand new excuse  
So why am I all alone and crazy?  
While she's having fun running loose

What am I waiting for?  
She might never show  
What am I waiting for?  
My legs won't let me go  
What am I waiting for?  
What am I waiting for?  
She'll never get here

It's six minutes after eleven  
But I'm talking about the next day  
Our date was just made to be broken  
I guess some things just never change

What am I waiting for?  
She might never show  
What am I waiting for?  
My legs won't let me go  
What am I waiting for?  
What am I waiting for?  
She'll never get here

What am I waiting for?  
What am I waiting for?  
What am I waiting for?  
She'll never get here