

Wait Up

Handguns

Two and a half months on the road,
I can't stop thinking about what you're doing at home.
Don't get me wrong, this is still what I love most,
but I just want to hold you close.
One night with you just wasn't enough,
so I'm hoping like hell that you'll wait up for me to come back
home.
So I'll sing one more song to let you know when I get home,
you better pick up the phone because I don't want to be alone.
I've been through at least forty eight states,
still no one compares to you.
You may be laughing but it's true.
I swear it's true.
I've been chasing you for a year now
and I'll keep running even if my knees give out.
So make this song number two.
I'd still do anything just to be with you.