

Wait Up

Hurts

It's four in the mornin'
We pass by your apartment
And there's a candle in the window

It's happened again
And I don't know where it ends, but
It always leaves me hollow

The driver asks me which way to go
And I'm starin' at my phone
In this taxi cab

So if you're worried
Then I'm sorry
I'm coming home, so wait up for me
'Cause I feel shameful
Oh, so unholy
Unlock the door and wait up for me
Wait up for me

I pull up on your street
Stinking of whiskey
Wipe the lipstick from my collar

The more I cheat, the more I love
The more it eats me all up inside
And I wonder why I bother

Still got your perfume on my coat
And I'm starin' at my phone
In this taxi cab

If you're worried
Then I'm sorry
I'm coming home, so wait up for me
And I feel shameful
Oh, so unholy
Unlock the door and wait up for me
Wait up for me

Wait up for me, baby
Wait up for me, darling
'Cause I'm coming home
I'm coming home

If you're worried
Then I'm sorry
I'm coming home, so wait up for me
(open up your heart and wait)
I feel shameful (shameful)
So unholy, yeah
Unlock the door and wait up for me
(wait up, wait up, wait up, wait up)
Wait up for me

(wait, wait, wait...)
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