

Message

Jamie Woon

Message from the victor via satellite
Well, it's nice to know I'm doing something right
Guess it's my lucky night
Message from the leader on the giant screen
We need to talk about the way that it could be
In 2023

Oh
Waiting for the start to go
Waiting for the wind to blow
Right through my achin' hunger
Oh
Waiting for some heart to show
Waiting for the grass to grow
I'm coming up from under

I have to say that it was all I could do to decide
When I was with it I was playing ahead of the time
Made a start and I was walking to weather the storm
But if you look up and you stop
The later you wait, you're missing the waterfall
Where did it go?
No, not a lot is so well-defined now
No medicine to know it all
I reach out for lightness in the eyes

Letter to the future in the diary
I loved the summer and the swelling of the sea
Brought out the best in me
Letter to the juror and my alibi
My understanding was that I was doing fine
Above the waterline

Oh
Waiting for the start to go
Waiting for the wind to blow
Right through my achin' hunger
Oh
Waiting for some heart to show
Waiting for the grass to grow
I'm coming up from under