

Matte Kudasai

King Crimson

Still, by the window pane-
Pain, like the rain that's falling...
She waits in the air Matte Kudasai-
She sleeps in a chair in her sad America.

When, when was the night so long?
Long, like the notes I'm sending...
She waits in the air Matte Kudasai-
She sleeps in a chair in her sad America.

She waits in the air Matte Kudasai-
She sleeps in a chair in her sad America.