

## 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.