

# I Would Have Waited Here All Day

Lambchop

There are dishes in the sink this morning  
They remind me of a dream  
There are coffee cups and empty glasses  
I laid next to a wet sponge  
I casually accept the image  
As something that I've seen  
I'm cooking breakfast  
You're on my radio

You're dripping wet from a mid day shower  
Soon you'll be drying off your dick  
I want to be romantic about it  
But there's really not much more to it  
I slip into the clothes that you bought me  
And I pull on my new boots  
I wait for you to call  
On your way home from work

I'm saving up my moments  
For the next time that we meet  
You're cherry red I'm a kick in the head  
And for this I thought I would probably receive

The afternoon is a study in stagnation  
Seems I haven't moved an inch  
I guess it stems from a form of frustration  
And how we never get enough  
I check my watch and I scratch my head  
And I walk out on the deck  
I reach into my pocket book  
And I light my last cigarette

I'm saving up my moments  
For the next time that we meet  
You're cherry red I'm a kick in the head  
And for this I thought you would probably receive

My favorite hour of any day  
Is the one before you get home  
A fading sense of anticipation  
Is something I've come to know  
I do not doubt and we will wait it out  
I would have waited here all day  
You pull around the corner  
And you park in my driveway  
You pull around the corner

It's been a lousy day