

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