

Waiting In The Shadows In The Dead Of Night

Little Comets

It's like barbed wire, this crucial touch
That holds me here, expects so much
No disregard will tie me down
I will be waiting, waiting for us

In 50 or 60
She'll leave me completely
And one of us will coldly hold the other's hand
No metaphor for this that I can understand

Show me
It's like barbed wire, this crucial touch
That holds me here, expects so much
No disregard
No garish charm
I will be waiting, waiting for us

We'll be waiting in the shadows in the dead of night (8x)

So hold me
And sway me
Remember me daily
And all that will remain of us is photographs
No metaphor for this that I can understand

Show me
It's like barbed wire, this crucial touch
That holds me near, expects so much
No disregard will tie me down.
I will be waiting, waiting for us

We'll be waiting in the shadows in the dead of night (8x)

It's barbed wire
That holds me here
No disregard will tie me down
I will be waiting, waiting for us