

# 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