

# Wait For Me

Lucy Spraggan

I've been feeling under the weather  
There's a big, black cloud and it's hiding me, from you  
I'd never trade in my guitar for an umbrella  
But I'd let it go, let it go, let it go

So I leave ten-thousand miles between  
Me and the world I know  
I ride a moped to Small Ali's  
So I can come back home  
I will accept the wind and rain  
And I'll be back in a hurricane

Wait for me, wait for me  
It's not to late for me  
I'll be back in a hurricane  
Wait for me, wait for me  
It's not to late for me  
I'll be back in a hurricane

I've been getting lost in different seasons  
Automatically, I lost my spring  
But the only summer I have to believe in  
Is winter cold, winter cold, winter cold

And now I'm leave five-thousand miles away  
From where I should be  
I get a taxi to 8th street  
And now I'm on my way  
I will accept the wind and rain  
And I'll be back in a hurricane

Wait for me, wait for me  
It's not to late for me  
I'll be back in a hurricane  
Wait for me, wait for me  
It's not to late for me  
I'll be back in a hurricane

Won't stop 'til I see the sun  
I won't jump the gun  
But I'll let it go, let it go, let it go

Won't stop 'til I see the sun  
As the colours run  
Let it go, let it go, let it go

Wait for me, wait for me  
It's not to late for me  
I'll be back in a hurricane  
Wait for me, wait for me  
It's not to late for me  
I'll be back in a hurricane