

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