

## Faith and Compromise

Matt Wertz

I'm waiting on faith and compromise  
I'm staying plastered to the floor tonight  
As I'm waiting up on faith and compromise

You called me without warning  
One Wednesday early morning  
Now Wednesdays will never be the same again  
Long distance call from Georgia  
Sweet southern speak was what you gave to me  
It was all I needed

'Cause I'm waiting on faith and compromise  
I'm staying plastered to the floor tonight  
Just hoping it'll be alright  
'And I'm trading all my hopes and fears  
Praying that all my expectations die  
As I'm waiting up on faith and compromise

Your face now burns in my head  
And I can't shake this feeling  
That you could be the first to be my last  
Before you call I'll answer  
Before you speak I'll hear you  
Just promise me you'll listen as i dream  
And you'll find me

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Just hoping it'll be alright  
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You were the last thing on my mind  
The first thing on my lips  
Staying up all night just to hear from you

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