

# I Don't Want to Wait

Paula Cole

So open up your morning light  
And say a little prayer for I  
You know that if we are to stay alive  
Then see the peace in every eye

She had two babies, one was six months, one was three  
In the war of '44  
Every telephone ring, every heartbeat stinging  
When she thought it was God calling her  
Oh, would her son grow to know his father?

I don't want to to wait for our lives to be over  
I want to know right now what will it be  
I don't want to wait for our lives to be over  
Will it be yes or will it be sorry?

He showed up all wet on the rainy front step  
Wearing shrapnel in his skin  
And the war he saw lives inside him still  
It's so hard to be gentle and warm  
The years pass by and now he has granddaughters

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Will it be yes or will it be sorry?

You look at me from across the room  
You're wearing your anguish again  
Believe me I know the feeling  
It sucks you into the jaws of anger  
So breathe a little more deeply my love  
All we have is this very moment  
And I don't want to do what his father  
And his father, and his father did  
I want to be here now  
So open up your morning light  
And say a little prayer for I  
You know that if we are to stay alive  
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