

Our Singer

Pavement

I've been waiting, anticipating
sun comes up
the skies wont sink my soul
I've dreamt of this
but it never comes
but it never comes
the horizon
the natures dry
faux
I've been dreaming
traced out but dreamin
sun comes up
the blisters burn my soul
I'm dreamin
of something now
of something now
on the horizon
the natures dry
and all the gritty ones