

## Wait Out The Day's

Rocky Votolato

When the memory is a blank page  
And the teeth in your  
Mouth are all cliches  
Your heart is a bag of rocks

Your  
Soul is a pile of ashes on the sidewalk  
There's an eagle  
Scout project

I used to come to to feel some kind of magic  
Now a story less - we'll wait out the days  
Wait out the days  
'Til death comes to claim

Anything that  
Life didn't already take  
You can wait out the days  
The catch 22s are all catching up with you

They're laying  
All over the middle ground  
You were walking on to avoid  
'Em and it's too late to turn around

On the corner of Morisson  
There's a shop that sells bracelets and little glass ornaments  
Looking in you can feel the magic and wait out the days