

While You're Waiting

Ron Sexsmith

Time goes slowly
Time goes silently
Drags its feet, no it never flies
While you're waiting for the love to return to her eyes

And words they fail you
Words come awkwardly
Leave your lips as they turn to sighs
While you're waiting for the love to return to her eyes

And what once shines so brightly
Makes the present seem so pale
Once held in arms so tightly
Now you're just a ship without a sail, without a sail

And thoughts grow stormy
Thoughts weigh heavily
Feels as if the sun will never rise
While you're waiting for the love to return to her eyes