

Wait For Cry

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If I am your stolen mind It could get back to you Don't you think that's right

I don't know how hard you held me There must be a chance you haven't Fully let go on me

If I am your sickness now I wouldn't be of a kind That would let you die

You haven't really told me yet So it still must be fifty and fifty on what I'll get

If I am your question now Could as well be a riddle That only takes some time

Still the days are just passing by Wait for rain, wait for cry

If I am your wood in where you're lost The trees could crease For fields that's opening up

Still the day is letting me deny I wait for rain, I wait for cry