

Your steady stream of throwaway words has flooded  
this already crowded room  
I've lost my taste for the race and the running  
there's nothing here to prove

all I want  
want to know  
is what you're waiting for

I'll flood the wreckage  
build a bridge into the next age and  
say goodbye and leave a  
cloud of dust behind

flood the wreckage  
build a bridge into the next age and  
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spare us both the waste of a conversation  
we've had too many times  
hope deferred makes the heart sick with desperation  
and we've had enough for a lifetime

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the rush, the panic  
the manic flood of static  
not quite sure why it never occurred  
it wasn't worth what I was missing  
the longer we stay  
in this tragic comedy  
is just that much longer that it's gonna take  
to learn life is meant for living

(good things come to those who wait  
they pass by those who hesitate)

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I spend my days at the sundown motel  
know my way around night town very well