

Waiting Room

The Narrative

Waiting in line,
Passing the time reading four month old magazines.
The pale walls given life by the florescent lights,
Exposing stains in the carpeting.

And sitting at my side this mockery of life:
A plastic plant strictly for tasteless decor.
No one makes a sound
But the sirens seeping through the space between the door and the floor.

Well there's nothing left to say.
The word's just collapse into
Colorful waves in the spectrum of sound
And it's easy on the ears
And it's nice to hear
But it doesn't mean a thing.
No it doesn't mean a thing.

The silence breaks
Like a small earthquake shattering the calm - it's my name.
The familiar scent of sterile instruments
Filters out from inside the hallway.

Your chin falls towards your lap, you know you can't come back
Just one more thing to make this a little bit harder.
You'll wait for the turn out.
Until then a sense of doubt hangs in the air like grief in a funeral parlor.

Well there's nothing left to say.
The word's just collapse into
Colorful waves in the spectrum of sound
And it's easy on the ears
And it's nice to hear
But it doesn't mean a thing.
No it doesn't mean,
No it doesn't mean,
No it doesn't mean a thing.

So tell me I'm okay with no areas of gray.
Tell me I can go, just don't say you don't know,
Because there's nothing I can't take like these areas of gray,
So tell me I'm okay.