

Quietly Complaining

Wakefield

Dying here, on the phone, no one's talking
In my head, I can hear, angels laughing
But she won't, ever say, what she's thinking
Sunday past, unimpressed, my good suit wasted
He knows, she knows, everyone but me knows
O please, help me, won't somebody tell me
How long will I be waiting
Soaking wet in the rain
I'll just, stand here, quietly complaining
Hard to breathe, memories, casting shadows
Missing words, little clues, over-thinking
What do I, why do I, no one tells me
In my head, I still hear, angels laughing
He knows, she knows, everyone but me knows
O please, help me, won't somebody tell me
How long will I be waiting
Soaking wet in the rain
I'll just, stand here, quietly complaining
She's inside, warm and dry, and I'm all wet
Down and low, gettin' old, not dead yet
But I just can't give up yet
I just want to show this world
How long...should I keep waiting
Pulling myself down the drain
How long will I be waiting
Soaking wet in the rain
I'll just stand here quietly complaining (3x)