

The Wait (Part II)

Zox

Too cold to call it summer anymore
They took down all the yellow lights at Market Street and 4th
I left the plastic furniture you put out in the shade under the porch
It's been raining every day now for a week
Flooded in the basement and I can't find the leak
You were always better fixing things around the house than you and me

I will wait for you
In neon streets alone
I will wait for you
And carry it like a stone
I will wait for you
Till you're ready to come home

Then halfway through the fall I broke your cup
The one you used for coffee you could never get enough
I went out and bought another and put it right back in its place beside the clock
And in December all the questions finally stopped
My friends came by while I was out and put your pictures in a box
But almost every night I hear the turning of your key inside the lock

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It could be I am crazy I don't care
When the light comes streaming through that door I need to be there
Maybe love is just a reason to believe in something

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