Don't Wait Up

Richard Julian

Flying half-mast, overcast with a gun ship grey
You ever hear of such a thing, a spring with no month of May?
Ooh, there's frost on memorial day
Ohh, love, I'm half blind, could you help me find my way?I chewed all the fun from my gum waiting for a train
I fell prey to those thoughts that come when you're caught in the rain
Ooh, I'm on the edge, I'm in the yellow paint
Ohh, love, I'm half mad, let's hope that means I'm half saneThe touch of your lips, a lunar eclipse, so soft
And yet this river of doubt, the spout that I can't turn off
Ooh, I want your flu, baby, not just your cough
Please make me a man, not this sham whom love leaves lostStaring out at the church at the pigeons perched in the eaves
Wondering what might have been had I not fallen in with thieves
Ooh, could you make that a double please?
Ohh, love, it's late, don't wait up for me
Love, it's late, don't wait up for me, don't wait up

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