

# 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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