

# Wait, Wait, Wait

Irma Thomas

The chords we play, ways left to communicate  
these roads are paved with plans we've made  
And your headboards never felt so safe  
well they'll reach our graves where your friends  
And I will kill the lights and hide, oh what a nice surprise

Don't, don't tell me when it's coming (no)  
Don't, don't I just want to see if for myself  
Don't breathe, don't make a sound  
'Cause the song won't stop till the tape runs out  
When melody has nothing to hold  
I'll be the last sound that you hear as your eyes close

And these chords remain  
We'll use them to exploit the friends  
we've since forgot those friends we've lost you  
All know just who you are cause I've since made graves  
but I'm too scared to etch the names  
For fear that I'm the one who's changed

[Chorus]

The thought of death it scares me to death and I don't know why,  
I don't know it's just too much to never wake up

[Chorus]

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