# White Lines Dancing

## Josh Pyke

In the ripple of a heat wave
Your hand on my thigh
Never thought I'd be the one
To get a little luck on
Please let me be wrongWe live our lives through
Each other, not below and not above
And if I make it to the other side
I know, it'll be through the middle of your love
Now I'm waiting for some friction
Slow me down, please, slow me down, slow me down
And one day I'll be waiting up for
Your keys in the front door
Eyes wide open
Like I've never seen you before
You hang your jacket on the back of the chair
You throw your keys on the table
There's so much to tell you
I hope I can remember it all
Cause waiting is a gamble
Sometimes you forget what you were waiting for
And now you're crying in the front yard
You wouldn't put your shoes on
But wait for me, wait for me, wait
Wait for me, wait for me, wait
You're living right through me
I thought I must have been led
Turns out I was always leading
And never will I be bled dry
If I never stop bleeding, noAnd we walked the streets at night
And we talked with a fever
We put a little money in a jar
That we could spend in the future
And I was trying to belong to you
But you were living right through meAnd I remember thinking
If I could get a little luck on
Through the shear force of my will
That I could make something happen
Your hand on my thigh
I thought I'll make it happenYou're living right through me

I thought I must have been led
Turns out I was always leading
And never will I be bled dry
If I never stop bleeding, noSo wait for me, wait for me, wait
Wait for me, wait for me, waitIn the ripple of a heat wave
Your hand on my thigh
And I remember you told me
That there would always be more time
But one day there won't be
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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