Waiting for a Miracle

Tempest

Waiting for somebody to walk in and offer them a miracle
Waiting for somebody to walk in and offer them a miracleShe's half crazy
She lives her lazy life in her private, private memory
She's like the calm before the storm
Before the night, she's alright, she's alrightIt's so late and how I hate to
See her this way, see her this way
All alone in the world with her rolling stone on the table
Waiting for somebodyWaiting for somebody to walk in and offer her a miracle
Waiting for somebody to walk in and offer her a miracleHe's so humble and he would crumble
If she ever raised her, raised her voice to him
He's like the calm before the storm
Before the night, he's alright, he's alrightIt's so painful, he's crying softly
Oh, why should he be, why should he be
All alone in the world and his balls are in the pawn shop
Waiting for somebody?Waiting for somebody to walk in and offer him a miracle
Waiting for somebody to walk in and offer him a miracleIt's a bad dream and the has been
Nothing to while the, while the time away
She doesn't know that she is driving him insane
It's a game, such a shameSeparated, so frustrated
Beyond the wildest streams
All alone in the world and nothing to live or lie for
Waiting for somebodyWaiting for somebody to walk in and offer them a miracle
Waiting for somebody to walk in and offer them a miracle

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