

# Waffle Cones

## Bobby Meader Music

Sick of being on time  
It's been six weeks since my last glass of wine  
I'm sick of all the gossip  
Just get me the papers so I know where to sign  
Love will come eventually  
For all the nights that I felt cheap  
If everyone could sing right along what else would we have in mind?  
Happiness is singing your best friends song  
For the ones we'll always love  
We are waiting for the west coast and the east coast to feel our sound  
Set us up we'll turn it down  
Cause we'll be close to another town  
I wish I could say the ones we love would never come  
That's why we keep going on  
Happiness is singing your best friends song  
For the ones we'll always love  
We are waiting for the west coast and the east coast to feel our sound  
And you always wanted more but I  
couldn't give it to you could I?  
You said that life was a trip  
That you'd watch it drown  
And now the ties of a family is what slowly drips down  
From every last cell that's beaten me down

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>