The Waiting Game

Paul Hunter

Is it hard to wait?
Drawn by your mongrel heart again
If they don't answer, would you want to be found out?
You duck through the wind in your old blight on the townLove is turning you out
Sliding worry round
I try to warn it's waiting game
To bring that spectre downWould it be wrong
To clamp down on your racing heart? Love
And if they'd known, what sifted down to be found out?
It's not what you deserveLove is turning you out
Sliding worry round
I try to warn it's waiting game
To bring that spectre downFaster than you were going to allow
Turn out the lights or say get out
If you don't answer, would you want to be found, love?
Five days on, trapped by a waveLove is turning you out
Sliding worry round
I try to warn this waiting game
To bring that spectre downBlack corn was soaking
You'll be cut down in the seedy stairway
If you don't answer, would you want to be found now?
Sapped from the bed to the windowLooking back on that time
Starting in the minds
What it is to be twenty nine
Fame sets your life downWould it be wrong
Would it be wrong
To disappoint you now
Disappoint you now

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