

# Waiting for Your Love

[Gill Landry](#)

With the future in your arms  
In a cold embrace  
And all your southern charm  
Full of northern grace You find yourself on bended knees  
Praying down on Robson Street  
In an old hotel  
You wear your hands just like a thief  
A ghost of you used to be  
Before you fell  
Waiting for your love to take you home  
From your old Montana home  
You travel down until  
From the pavement of your sorrow roads  
The flowers of your wealth You cross the line and seldom speak  
Kissing bluebirds on the cheek  
In the morning rain  
The pictures sing to a callused spell  
Every time you lose yourself  
The stranger you became  
Waiting for your love to take you home After all these crooked miles  
With sorrow deep and wide  
We're here for just a while  
I'll see you on the other side  
Underneath some piece of roof  
Down on Culfax Avenue  
We'll walk alone  
We'll talk of things that never die  
With your filthy hand in mine  
Cold as a stone  
Waiting for our love to take us home

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