Crowing

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Been waiting to find
You could've been happier, given the time
If he'd make up his mind
You'd give yourself to anybody who would cross that line

And it was never a question
He was crowing for repair
You'd give him love and affection
But you couldn't keep him there

Get over regret
While you were sleeping with angels
He was under the bed
And the more skin you shed,
The more that the air in your throat will linger when you
Call him your friend

[chorus]

Staring at a cold little hand
Reading fault lines of a shell of a man
You were waiting for a word from above
Wouldn't you know it, no answer ever did come

And it was never a question
You were crowing for repair
You'd give him love and affection
But you couldn't keep him there

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