

Patiently

White Widdow

A thousand miles from Indiana,
but I'm not moving; I'm not leaving.
A thousand miles from who I want to be,
but I'm not dead yet. I'm still breathing,
And patiently, I exist.
You stand out, in a crowd
but I want you dead, I'm not you yet.
You got friends, you're great with them.
But I'm not dead yet, I'm still breathing.
Patiently, and with certainty, I wait.
It just isn't right,
the time of your life spent

right where you wanna be,
impatiently...
And you just talk,
but you don't stop.
But I'm not dead yet, I'm still breathing
patiently, and with certainty.
It just isn't right,
the time of your life spent
right where you wanna be.
Providing for mouths, pursuing a family
right where she wants you to be.
Resigned to these histories, we exist.

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