The Waiting Home (Acoustic)

Tanner Patrick

I'm a man of my word and my mistakes
I'm a lost boy caught in my disdain
I'm the hair on my head that I can't tame
Just a paper on the wall in a small frameI said oooh if you're gonna leave
Then count me inI said oooh if you're gonna leave
Then count me inWell I bury my head in the things I own
And my own game is a sinking stone
We put money in the things we know
But the heavens don't wait for the waiting homeWhere is the calm in a building tide?
Where are the words that I cannot find?
What's the feeling I can't describe
When I'm flipping out in someone's eyes?Oooh if you're gonna leave
Then count me inI say oooh if you're gonna leave
Then count me inPararapara,parara,pararara,pararapara
Pararapara,parara,pararara,pararaparaI bury my head in the things I own
And my own game is a sinking stone
We put money in the things we know
But the heavens don't wait for the waiting home
The heavens don't wait for the waiting home
The heavens don't wait for the waiting home
I say oooh...

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