Benchwarmer

Rachel Faith

They say that patience is a virtue,
I guess it's one I do not have.
I'm sick of waiting on a new song,
I'm tired of only having plans.I wanna get things underway,
Shift the gears and take a stand.
No more wastin' all my days,
Holding my cards in my hand.The road blocks under me,
The things I need to be to keep on moving.
I'm tearing up my mind,
And wastin' my sweet time,
And I am choosing.No more sitting out,
My bench is warmer now,
The fire sub me, and,
Give my my fighting chance,
I'm in my ready stance,
I'm tired of losing.
Put me on your starting team,
Coach, you can count on me.
Oh,
Strike out on my dream.They daytime heals every wound,
But there something they don't tell.
That time can cause all that pain, too.
And losing time can hurt like Hell.The wheels keep turning in my head,
With thoughts of what I wanna be.
But one day we will all be dead,
And all still leave a legacy.The road blocks under me,
The things I need to be to keep on moving.
I'm tearing up my mind,
And wastin' my sweet time,
And I am choosing.No more sitting out,
My bench is warmer now,
The fire sub me, and,
Give my my fighting chance,
I'm in my ready stance,
I'm tired of losing.
Put me on your starting team,
Coach, you can count on me.
Oh,
Strike out on my dream.It's my turn to make things happen,

It's my shot to finally cash in.
So let me out the gate,
I'm sealing every fate,
Just let me go.
Let me go!No more sitting out,
My bench is warmer now,
The fire sub me, and,
Give my my fighting chance,
I'm in my ready stance,
I'm tired of losing.
Put me on your starting team,
Coach, you can count on me.
Oh,
Strike out on my dreams.Ohhhhhhh.

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