

# Waiting...

## Make Good Your Escape

A coma might feel better than this  
Attempting to discover where to begin  
You're weighed down, you're full of something  
    Of sickness and desertion  
You're weighed down, you're full of something  
    You're underneath it all  
    So say goodbye to love  
    And hold your head up high  
    There's no need to rush  
We're all just waiting, waiting to die  
    Hoping a better place is all I need  
    With moments of innocence and mystery  
    Oh, it's the little things you miss  
    Like waking up all alone  
    Oh, it's the little things you miss  
    When you're underneath it all  
    So say goodbye to love  
    And hold your head up high  
    There's no need to rush  
We're all just waiting, waiting to die  
    All your friends seem like enemies  
When you're broken down and empty, ooh  
    All your friends seem like enemies  
When you're broken down and empty, ooh  
    So say goodbye to love  
    And hold your head up high  
    There's no need to rush  
We're all just waiting, waiting to die  
    Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh  
    Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh

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