

Waiting to Talk

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

Everybody's talking
Nobody's listening
And everybody's sweating
And nobody's glistening Nobody knows what he's thinking
Doesn't really step out even when he's drinking
And it seems kind of creepy
Seems like the kind that stalks Nobody knows when he's sinking
Always looks so pensive whether or not he's thinking
And to him it seems, to him it screams
Everyone's just waiting to talk And everyone's waiting to talk, Lord
It's all so terribly awkward on the verandas in the front halls
In the bus stations, bathroom stalls
Yeah, it seems everyone's just waiting to talk What must he be thinking?
Can we even guess?
He's not really linking
Himself with the rest Does he know our big secret?
Has one of us confessed?
'Bout the wires circuits and motors
And are buried in our chest And it's all just a pointless equation
This parabolic conversation
Like two distinct lines
Never the twain shall meet
Never? No never Nobody knows what he's thinking
Doesn't really step out even when he's drinking
Yes, to him it seems to certain extremes
That everyone's waiting to talk And everyone's waiting to talk, Lord
It's all so terribly awkward on the verandas in the front halls
Everybody's talking, nobody's listening
Everybody's sweating, nobody's glistening And so it seems that
Everyone's just waiting to talk

Songwriters

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