

Matte Kudasai (alternative version)

King Crimson

Still, by the window pane,
Pain, like the rain that's falling.
She waits in the air,
Matte Kudasai.
She sleeps in a chair
In her sad America. When, when was the night so long,
Long, like the notes I'm sending.
She waits in the air,
Matte Kudasai.
She sleeps in a chair
In her sad America.

Songwriters

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