Quietly Complaining

Wakefield

Dying here on the phone, no one's talking
In my head, I can hear angels laughing
But she won't ever say what she's thinking
Sunday past, unimpressed, my good suit wastedHe knows, she knows, everyone but me knows
Oh please, help me, won't somebody tell me?
How long will I be waiting, soaking wet in the rain?
I'll just stand here quietly complainingHard to breathe, memories, casting shadows
Missing words, little clues, over thinking
What do I, why do I, no one tells me?
In my head, I still hear the angels laughingHe knows, she knows, everyone but me knows
Oh please, help me, won't somebody tell me?
How long will I be waiting, soaking wet in the rain?
I'll just, stand here, quietly complainingShe's inside, warm and dry and I'm all wet
Down and low, gettin' old, not dead yet
But I'm just a ghost to her
I just want things how they were, how they wereHow long should I keep waiting?
Pouring myself down the drainHow long will I be waiting, soaking wet in the rain?
I'll just stand here quietly complaining
I'll just stand here
I'll just stand here quietly complaining

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