

Wait Up

Matt Nathanson

I recall your kisses and they tasted just like medicine
I put all the pieces back together in my head
Seems so obvious now how fragile a thing we had
And all the leaves were on the ground that fall, the leaves
were all around
And you fed me stories and you polished up your bruises until
they shined
It kind of made me wish that I had a bruise so fine
I've watched you twice rebuild your life, why don't you wait up
for me
I stumble, why don't you wait up for me
With your child's smile and your innocence
I'd buy you bows and ribbons, the prettiest bows and ribbons
I made you like a queen with all the gifts I'd given
You're a debutante and all you've got is a head full of
someone else's thoughts.

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