

Harmonix

Martone

We could have been the best of friends.

Now I'll never see this place again.

So please, please, please, don't wait for me to try and get it together.

Please don't wait for me to reappear, cause I'm not here.

Because, I won't wait around for the grass to grow back now.

I won't wait around for your vaults to open, let me in somehow. I think about it every day.

When you complain when you walk away.

And I won't wait around, for the ice to thaw out now.

I won't wait around for your heart to open, and let me in somehow. And I won't fuckin fold, Oh oh, Oh oh

For perfection's in your own, I hope. Oh oh.

And I won't wait around.

Oh oh, Oh oh

For you to figure it out.

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