

# Matte Kudasai

Kurt Elling

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 a 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 She waits in the air, Matte Kudasai  
She sleeps in a chair in her sad America

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