Waiting...

The Somatics

A coma might feel better than this
Attempting to discover where to begin
You're weighed down, you're full of something
Of sickness and desertion
You're weighed down, you're full of something
You're underneath it all
So say goodbye to love
And hold your head up high
There's no need to rush
We're all just waiting, waiting to die
Hoping a better place is all I need
With moments of innocence and mystery
Oh, it's the little things you miss
Like waking up all alone
Oh, it's the little things you miss
When you're underneath it all
So say goodbye to love
And hold your head up high
There's no need to rush
We're all just waiting, waiting to die
All your friends seem like enemies
When you're broken down and empty, ooh
All your friends seem like enemies
When you're broken down and empty, ooh
So say goodbye to love
And hold your head up high
There's no need to rush
We're all just waiting, waiting to die
Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh
Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh

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