

The Waiting Room

Sixpence None The Richer

Fight 'til your fists bleed, baby
Beat the fate walls enclosing you, maybe
God will unlock the cage of learning
For you, for you
Fight 'til your fists bleed, baby
Kick and scream at the wicked things, maybe
God will unlock the door you need
To walk through
When will it happen, baby?
It could be near
But then maybe
It could be far

Here we are, in the waiting room of the world
We will wait until you call our name out loud
In the waiting room of the world
We will wait until you call our name out loud
And the battle will never end well
You can't marry our Heaven to your Hell
We, Prolific, and you, the Devourer
Need to see

Some things are sacred, baby
Why have you gone and trampled them lately?
I guess it's just all a part of your way
You should be ashamed
I'm getting tired of fighting
I guess I should ask
"Do I go quietly down?
Do I kick? Do I scream when I'm bound?"
"Are you coming
To open the door?
Are you near,
Are you near, is it far?"

Here we are, in the waiting room of the world
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In the waiting room of the world
We will wait until you call our name out loud
In the waiting room of the world

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