The Waiting Room

Poor Old Lu

She was staring at the ceiling
I was staring at the floor
He was fixed in thought and wonder
Of what lied behind the doorThere was a man with little movement
I knew Id seen him here before
The people with the children were sick to death
And would wait no moreThe world, it cant be moving
Its been two thousand years or
Have I stopped breathing?
Have I stopped believing?
Believe me, IHe mustve talked for forever
I think they finally turned away
And I was thinking to myself
I should have plenty more to sayAnd some were getting very restless
Some were filling up the days
I was hoping that the girl
With the curl would be safeThe world, it cant be moving
Its been two thousand years or
Have I stopped breathing?
Have I stopped believing?
Believe me, IJust want to have the patience of a saint
Who waits at the gate
Please dont be lateThe floors are giving in
The walls are getting thin
The clock is moving slow
My breathing comes and goesThe room is getting small
The sin is growing tall
We wait for the day
We wait for the dayThe world, it cant be moving
Its been two thousand years or
Have I stopped breathing?
Have I stopped believing?
Believe me, IJust want to have the patience of a saint
Who waits at the gate
Please dont be lateShe was full of good intentions
I was full with all my greed
He was holding out his hands
As if to give, as if to bleedThere was a man with little substance
I know Id seen him here indeed

The people with the children spoke so soft
To confess their needAnd some are getting hopeless
Some are filling up the days
I am hoping on a promise, on a gift
And so I wait

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