

Wait

Sarah McLachlan

Under a blackened sky
Far beyond the glaring streetlights
Sleeping on empty dreams
The vultures lie in wait You lay down beside me then
You were with me every waking hour
So close I could feel your breath When all we wanted was the dream
To have and to hold that precious little thing
Like every generation yields
The new born hope unjaded by their years Pressed up against the glass
I found myself wanting sympathy
But to be consumed again
Oh, I know would be the death of me And there is a love that's inherently given
A kind of blindness often to appease
And in that light of forbidden joy
Oh, I know I won't receive it When all we wanted was the dream
To have and to hold that precious little thing
Like every generation yields
The newborn hope unjaded by their years You know if I leave you now
It doesn't mean that I love you any less
It's just the state I'm in
I can't be good to anyone else like this When all we wanted was the dream
To have and to hold that precious little thing
Like every generation yields
The new born hope unjaded by their years

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