Wait Out the Days

Rocky Votolato

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When the memory is a blank page
And the teeth in your mouth are all clinches
You heart is a bag of rocks your
Soul is a pile of ashes on the sidewalkThere's an eagle scout project
I used to come to to feel some kind of magic
Now a story less, we'll wait out the days
Wait out the days till death comes to claimAnything that life didn't already take
You can wait out the days
The catch 22s are all
Catching up with youThey're laying all over the middle ground
You were walking on to avoid 'em
And it's too late to turn around
On the corner of MorissonThere's a shop that sells bracelets
And little glass ornaments
Looking in you can feel the magic
And wait out the days

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