Waiting Game

The Taters

On a golden autumn day returning
Where each moment never is the same
Sometimes pure joy it comes with patience
When I'm waiting on, waiting game
When I'm waiting on, waiting game
There must be reason for all this inaction
Does it mean that everything must change
Sometimes I'm looking for perfection
When I'm waiting on, waiting game
When I'm waiting on, waiting game
I am the observer who is observing
I am the brother of this snake
I am the serpent filled with venom
A god of love and a god of hate
There is a presence deep within you
Sometimes they call it higher flame
And the leaves come tumbling down, remember
I'll be waiting on, waiting game
I'll be waiting on, waiting game
I am the observer who is observing
I am the brother of this snake
I am the serpent filled with venom
A god of love and a god of hate
There is a presence deep within you
Some people call it higher power in flame
When the leaves come tumbling down, remember
I'll be waiting on, waiting game

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