

# Matte Kudasai

**Roberto Gatto**

Still, by the window pane  
Pain, like the rain that's falling  
She waits in the air, Matte Kudasai  
She sleeps in a chair, in her sad America When, when was the night so long  
Long, like the notes I'm sending  
She waits in the air, Matte Kudasai  
She sleeps in a chair, in her sad America

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