

# Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Wait

Wait, don't go too early  
You're tired but everyone's tired  
But no one is tired enough  
Only wait a little and listen  
Music of hair, music of pain  
Music of looms waving all our loves again  
Be there to hear it  
It's your only chance  
Hair will become interesting  
Pain will become interesting  
Second hand gloves  
Will become lovely again  
Wait, wait for now  
Distrust everything if you have to  
But trust the hours  
Haven't they carried you every?  
Where up to now?