

Chantal Kreviazuk, Wayne

I'll be the girl with the long blond hair
And the really pale skin, if you care
I sit in the corner of the room
Cross-legged and quiet, filled with doom, mmhm

I never ever liked the smell in here
It's cold and wet and reeks of beer
The lights are turned out permanently
But that's OK 'cause I don't want to see

Wayne
Wait for me
And take me up in your hot air balloon
And feed me cotton candy
Wayne
Pray for me
'Cause I'll be there in a couple of years
Until then, wait for me

Who's the strange lady with the big silly hair
And berries on her face, dressed like a pear
Do I really have to hold her hand
And pretend she's mommy, your wife and man
When I know you're not my mommy

It's crowded and I feel lost in here
I'm trying to find a familiar fear
I look everywhere but I just can't see
There's not anything that reminds me of me, oh

Wayne
Wait for me
Take me up in your hot air balloon
And feed me cotton candy
Wayne
Pray for me
'Cause I'll be there in a couple of years
Until then, wait for me

You made me fresh as flowers
Under these rocks and stones

Wayne
Wait for me
And take me up in your hot air balloon
And feed me cotton candy
Wayne
Pray for me
'Cause I'll be there in a couple of years
Until then wait for me, no oh oh
Take me in your hot air balloon
And feed me cotton candy
Wayne
Pray for me
'Cause I'll be there in a couple of years
Until then, wait for me