

Kevin Gilbert, Waiting

I'm waiting for the apple, I'm waiting for the fall
I'm waiting for a renaissance to electrify us all
I'm waiting for the mailman to bring me news of friends
I'm waiting through the middle just to see how it will end

I'm waiting for the confidential files to be released
I'm waiting for the index on my fear to be increased
I'm waiting for the judgment of the living and the dead
I'm waiting for the Pagan times that surely are ahead
I'm waiting for the show to start, the one I paid to see
I'm waiting for the good things that are coming back to me

I'm waiting for the man made gods to do the will of men
I'm waiting for the CIA to cover up again
I'm waiting for the militants to lighten up a bit
I'm waiting for the mafia to make this song a hit

I'm waiting in the shadows with a chain around my wrist
I'm waiting with my best friend held firmly in my fist
I'm waiting for my heroes to tell me what to dream
I'm waiting for my neighbors to tell me what's obscene
I'm waiting for the apple, I'm waiting for the fall
I'm waiting for a renaissance to electrify us all

I'm waiting for love to come
I'm waiting for you to run
and I'm waiting for wonder to return.