

Rocky Votolato, Wait Out The Day's

when memory is a blank page
and the teeth in your mouth are all cliches
your heart is a bag of rocks
and your soul is a pile of ashes on the sidewalk
theres an eagle scout project
i used to come to feel some kind of magic
and now the story lives
we'll wait out the days /

wait out the days
'till death comes to claim anything life didn't already take
you can wait out the days /

the catch 22's are all catching up with you
theyre laying all over the middle ground
youre walking on to avoid them and its too late to turn around
on the corner of morrison
theres a shop that sells bracelets and little glass ornaments
looking in you can feel the magic
and wait out the days /

wait out the days
'till death comes to claim anything life didn't already take
you can wait out the days /
wait out the days
'till death comes to claim anything that life didn't already take
you can wait out the days /