

Ryan Montbleau, All Wet

Waiting.

Waiting by all these dry vines.

Yes, I've been waiting, waiting, Lord,

For the river-tide to pass on by.

And I know it ain't rolled by yet,

Because my ankles and my feet are still wet

And got that same subtle feeling

Behind my ears.

Riding.

Riding on a mountain goat.

But I've been saving, saving, Lord,

Saving up to buy myself a speedboat.

So that I can leave this land,

Put that ever-loving throttle in my hand

And get that same subtle feeling

That I've been searching for for years.

Waiting

On a Sunday afternoon.

Yes, I know it's Sunday, Lord, Sunday,

But I like it in the afternoon.

Come Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

I've got too much to do,

And Thursday, Friday, Saturday come

I get that same subtle feeling

That I've been searching for for years.

Searching for for years.

Riding on a billy-goat, saving up to buy myself a speedboat.

Yes, I've been riding on a billy-goat, saving up to buy myself a speedboat.

So that we can leave this land.

Put that ever-loving throttle in my hand

And get that same subtle feeling.

That we've been searching for for years.