

# The Black Crowes, Wanting and Waiting

It's been a month of Sundays since I could fake a smile  
Trying to lose my lonely in self-imposed exile  
Trying to stay friendly but feeling so hostile  
It's like I'm cold to touch, mortuary style

If I could have one more kiss  
You know the one you miss

I'm nothing but lonely  
Waiting and wanting  
Wanting and waiting for you  
Ooh, it's true

Now I'm blind with no tomorrow in my eyes  
Said, the harsh sting of sorrow is one I recognize  
The truth of the matter is just one you can't disguise  
I've been so lost on my own since the day you said goodbye

I know we don't stand a chance  
But gimme, gimme this last dance

I'm nothing but lonely  
Waiting and wanting  
Said, I'm wanting and waiting for you  
All right

I'm nothing but lonely  
Waiting and wanting  
Love, I'm wanting and waiting for you  
Oh, I'm nothing but lonely  
Waiting and wanting  
'Cause I'm wanting and waiting for you

Blood, blood, my blood's on fire  
Blood, blood, my blood's on fire  
Blood, blood, my blood's on fire  
Blood, blood, that's why I'm waiting, I'm wanting