

Twelve Tribes, Mr. Bear

waiting for you to speak to me
it's so hard to sleep when you're all
alone i want to rest inside your eyes
but you've left me here and
three days have gone i'll say,
a quiet goodnight and i'm losing the
day and it's times gone by and mines
gone by and i wouldn't bleed
for endless days waiting for you
to speak to me it's so hard to sleep
and don't miss those tears they're
leaving now and i'm losing the
day to water running down
i'll dream of a quiet goodnight
when i'm losing the day