

# Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Waiting for a Thief

I've been watching you for some time  
Your handshakes weak  
And you only smile  
In the moments when  
Everybody else is crying  
You consider life as a threat  
So you watch TV  
For a quick escape  
But everything you see  
Leaves you with no need for trying  
And it's like waiting for a thief  
With your door right open.  
Hoping everything's gonna get stolen  
There's no limit to your complaints  
Nothing's good enough  
To make your day  
All the stars are stuck  
Against your luck, you're helpless  
The world is spinning too fast for you  
There're million things  
You'd like to do  
The time is never right  
So you put it all down for later  
And it's like waiting for a thief  
With your door right open.  
Hoping everything's gonna get stolen  
Then maybe, just maybe  
You'll be free  
See, I've been watching you for some time  
Your handshakes weak  
It's just like mine  
Only difference that  
I'm better at pretending