Arcade Fire, Don't Wait

Don't wait, don't wait
Don't wait, don't wait
You're way too late
Don't wait, don't wait

The beat goes on
Until it's gone

She strolls so slowly with her ball and chain
The cling clang chatters patterns with the patter of rain
Stares in a mirror cracked in seven different ways
With holes in her umbrella dripping on her face

Her makeup running down like the tragedy face
Alone on a city street surrounded by space
She opens her mouth to scream and shout out the pain
But all that comes out are silent sobbing sounds of restrain

The beat goes on
Until it's gone

There comes a time when she will trust her belly
Not disappear from the world like Machiavelli no
Forfeit the pride it's not a crime but she's running out of time
And denies it's showing while her anxiety's growing old

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