

# Dorling, The Waiting Game

The thunder rumbles on again  
Same weather, same day  
I don't expect your sympathy, 'friend'  
I'm goin' to hell anyway

The patchwork essence of life is apparent  
My actions seem fickle and transparent  
Thrown to the dogs once more  
My open heart begins to pour

Chorus:  
Why can't I just love you?  
Why the shackles and the noose?  
The lock, is it unbreakable?  
I want so bad to be cut loose

What it is that keeps me here, I honestly don't know  
I can't help but think of you  
I want so bad to hold you tight, to never let you go  
Maybe someday I'll break through

Chorus

Watching from a distance is the toughest route to take  
Is my mind clear? Was it ever?  
With stupidity and interference, my feelings may seem fake  
I want to feel this way forever.