

Hank Thompson, Waiting In The Lobby Of Your Heart

I didn't have to be thrown in a dungeon
Or left in a chamber cold and dark
For such loneliness I'm sure is the same that I endure
While I'm waiting in the lobby of your heart

And now I'm waiting waiting in the lobby of your heart
I'm on the doorstep yet we're so far apart
Many times I tried you wouldn't let me come inside
Now I'm waiting waiting in the lobby of your heart

You could have had me thrown into a prison
Or bound and tied with shackles on my feet
Instead of this sad taint to sit alone and wait
In the lobby of a heart that's cold as sleet
And now I'm waiting...