

Holly Throsby, Waiting All Night For You To Come

If I wait any longer the world could've ended
And the moon it takes hours to come around
Me and my watch, we're getting connected
We play at who can stare the other one out
I hear for the car to pull into the driveway
And the moon it threatens to finish its rounds
The ads on the TV are all ten-digit numbers
And pieces of skin that aren't usually allowed

We've been moving around in these same walls again
It couldn't be any longer
I'm back in here again
We've been moving 'round
But it's just a kind of death now
It's just a kind of death