

# Jeff Finlin, Waiting On A Flood

Ten thousand pilgrims looking back home  
Ten thousand pilgrims wondering why they come  
They aint got much going &#039;cept whats in their genes  
Gods gift of not knowing and tabloid magazines  
Theyre all waiting in their trailers tipping the jug  
Watching their tvs waiting on a flood

Well the rooster hes crowing he says its time  
The rooster hes crowing maybe its a sign  
I been so patient saving up the days  
Walking in the shadows listening to what they say  
Got a hog and a razor, writing letters in blood  
But nothing ever seems to come  
When youre waiting on a flood

I went to the sheriff, asked him how he rest  
I went to the sheriff, he said its some kind of test  
I got bullets in my mailbox, a target on my head  
My chest is oh so heavy carrying &#039;round this lead  
Im all pinned down here like a frog in the mud  
There aint nothing but me  
Waiting on a flood

Silence it is golden like the rising of bread  
Silence it is golden and it scares me to death  
But in all that nothing and expectation dead  
I feel a new sun rising from my heart to my head  
And that ghost in the mirror hit the floor with a thud  
Nothing ever come from  
Waiting on a flood

Come over here baby, turn your lamp down low  
Come over here baby, get your face off the floor  
You been laying in the bedroom recounting your dreams  
Dont ya know our love is the spaces in between  
You best settle on something to help you rise above  
Or youll be there all your life  
Waiting on a flood