

Jeff Finlin, Waiting On A Flood

Ten thousand pilgrims looking back home
Ten thousand pilgrims wondering why they come
They aint got much going '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 '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