

Jeremiah Freed, Wait For Me

I trace the lines that run down your face.
Pouring you in, into disgrace.
I'll sit back as you leave like this,
I get pulled into things I miss.

I am here trying to explain,
It's been so long I can't complain
About the things you said you'd hate,
I don't prefer it, but I can't wait.

No rest for the weary,
No sleep for the tired and distressed.
I guess, there's too much to doubt.
And there's too much to hate,
There's so much, I can't wait.

And I'll wait, I'm still in love like this.
And I guess, it's impossible to miss.
Like the back of my neck
I'm feelin the strain
of living without,
inside of hate.

Will you wait for me?
Or will you call my name?
Will you wait for me?