

Kyle Riabko, Waiting

Days are passing so slowly
Hours turning into weeks
And I am feeling so lonely
I guess I'll have to wait and see

With time on my shoulders
I'm closer to the ground
But though I'm growing older
I'm glad to stick around

I am waiting all alone
Ready for our bliss
Counting down until you're home
I am waiting for your kiss

Nights are colder than ever
With no one in my loving arms
I know I'll feel so much better
When you and I are neath the stars

With time on my shoulders
I'm closer to the ground
But though I'm growing older
I'm glad to stick around

I am waiting all alone
Ready for our bliss
Counting down until you're home
I am waiting for your kiss

Waiting...
Waiting...
Waiting...
Waiting...

I am waiting all alone
Ready for our bliss
Counting down until you're home
I am waiting for your kiss

I am waiting all alone
Ready for our bliss
Counting down until you're home
I am waiting for your kiss