

Matt Wertz, Faith And Compromise

I'm waiting on faith and compromise
I'm staying plastered to the floor tonight
As I'm waiting up on faith and compromise

You called me without warning
One Wednesday early morning
Now Wednesdays will never be the same again
Long distance call from Georgia
Sweet southern speak is what you gave to me
It was all I needed

'Cause I'm waiting on faith and compromise
I'm staying plastered to the floor tonight
Just hoping it'll be alright
'Cause I'm trading all my hopes and fears
Praying that all my expectations die
As I'm waiting up on faith and compromise

Your face now burns in my head
And I can't shaking this feeling
That you could be the first to be my last
Before you call I'll answer
Before you speak I'll hear you
Just promise me you'll listen as i dream
And you'll find me

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Just hoping it'll be alright
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You were the last thing on my mind
The first thing on my lips
Staying up all night just to hear from you

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Just hoping it'll be alright
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Praying that all my expectations die
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