

# Peter Gabriel, Waiting For The Big One

The wine's all drunk and so am I  
Here with the hoi-polloi, don't ask me why  
We're celebratin' anticipatin'; end of the year  
everybody come, everybody here  
- well more or less  
Some already in a mess  
I guess they're waiting for the big one.

Wonder why I'm cold. How did I get this far?  
Had no money, had no car  
I pray the snow goes, be bad if it settles  
'cos I follow my nose and the dried up rose petals  
- like the man says,  
Sure hope Moses knows his roses  
Or we'll all be waiting for the big one.

Once I was the credit to my credit card  
spent what I hadn't got, (it) wasn't hard  
No trust in judgement no trust in money  
Someday I'll find myself like a bee finding honey  
But in the meantime  
I'm gonna have me some fun  
Waiting for the big one.

One too many, where ego I go too  
Looking for the real thing  
It don't come from what I do  
No real communication moves out of my face  
I'm beginning to think I'm just out of place  
Won't get in too deep, I want to get some sleep  
To be ready for the big one  
To be ready for the big one