

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