

Powderfinger, Waiting For The Sun

This will be an uncertain time for us my love
I can hear the echo of your voice in my head
Singing my love

I can see your face there in my hands my love
I have been blessed by your grace and care my love
Singing my love

There's a place for us sitting here waiting for the sun
And it calls me back into the safe arms that I know

For every step you're further away from me my love
I grow more unsteady on my feet my love
Singing my love

Now we're waiting for the sun