

# Sarah McLachlan, Wait

Under a blackened sky  
far beyond the glaring streetlights  
sleeping on empty dreams  
the vultures lie in wait.

You lay down beside me then  
you were with me every waking hour  
so close I could feel your breath.

When all we wanted was the dream  
to have and to hold  
that precious little thing  
like every generation yields  
the new born hope unjaded by the years.

Pressed up against the glass  
I found myself wanting sympathy  
but to be consumed again  
oh I know would be the death of me

And there is a love that's inherently given  
a kind of blindness offered to appease  
and in that light of forbidden joy  
oh I know I won't receive it.

When all we wanted was the dream  
to have and to hold that precious little thing  
like every generation yields  
the newborn hope unjaded by their years

You know if I leave you now  
it doesn't mean that I love you any less  
it's just the state I'm in  
I can't be good to anyone else like this.

When all we wanted was the dream  
to have and to hold that precious little thing  
like every generation yields  
the new born hope unjaded by their years...