

Sixpence None the Richer, The Waiting Room

Fight 'til your fists bleed, baby
Beat the fate-walls enclosing you, maybe
God will unlock the cage of learning for you
Fight 'til your fists bleed, baby
Kick and scream at the wicked things, maybe
God will unlock the door you need to walk through
When will it happen, baby?
It could be near, but then maybe it could be far

Here we are in the waiting room of the world
We will wait until you call our name out loud
In the waiting room of the world
We will wait until you call our name out loud

And the battle will never end well
You can't marry our heaven to your hell
We, Prolific, and you, the Devourer, need to see
Some things are sacred, baby
Why have you gone and trampled them lately
I guess it's just all a part of your way

You should be ashamed
I'm getting tired of fighting
I guess I should ask, "Do I go quietly down?
Do I kick, do I scream when I'm bound?
Are you coming to open the door?
Are you near?
Are you near?
Is it far?"

Here we are in the waiting room of the world
We will wait until you call our name out loud
In the waiting room of the world
We will wait until you call our name out loud