

# Smoking Popes, Waiting Around

Everyone's running  
Everyone's running out of smoke  
Nobody wants to leave the house

[Chorus]  
I'm not waiting around  
Till the sun comes out of the clouds  
I will jump into the sky and shine down

Everyone feels  
Everyone feels like Sammy Davis  
Not even old Blue Eyes can save us

[Chorus]  
Everybody tells me  
Everyone tells me not to worry  
Everything will work itself out in the end

[Chorus]