

The Sundays, I Can't Wait

lying awake dead of night and eyes that never close
flowers decay - a still life calls for a change

I can't wait, forever

miles away dead of night and it's quiet as the grave
when there's more in your head than you find in your life
calls for a change

I can't wait, forever

and the days and the hours and the years
keep turning in my mind
I've been waiting forever