

# 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