## Toad The Wet Sprocket, Crowing

Been waiting to find You could've been happier, given the time If he'd make up his mind You'd give yourself to anybody who would cross that line

And it was never a question He was crowing for repair You'd give him love and affection But you couldn't keep him there

Get over regret While you were sleeping with angels He was under the bed And the more skin you shed, The more that the air in your throat will linger when you Call him your friend

And it was never a question He was crowing for repair You'd give him love and affection But you couldn't keep him there

Staring at a cold little hand Reading fault lines of a shell of a man You were waiting for a word from above Wouldn't you know it, no answer ever did come

And it was never a question You were crowing for repair You'd give him love and affection But you couldn't keep him there