

Tom McRae, Untitled

get me out, get me out, get me out of this room, let me see.
cut it out, cut it out, rip it out from this wound, let me bleed.
but wait now, wait now for me... won't you..

shut it out, shut it out, black it out with the night, to put me at ease won't you...
talk it out, talk it out, yell out to the ghosts that stalk the street.
but wait now, wait now for me...

and we'll sail on the high tide, drift on the open sea.
i've been waiting for so long.

take my hand, take my hand, kiss me softly, then take your leave..won't you..
sit down, sit down, take the weight of me, let me grieve.
but wait now, wait now for me.

and we'll sail on the high tide, drift on the open sea.
i've been waiting for so long.

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