

Waiting, Number 9

I don't believe another song could ever change the world
I don't believe that little boys grow up to be little girls
I don't believe that wishing ever really made it so
I don't believe you love me, you don't tell me anymore
I don't believe that suicide could ever open up any doors

Can't count on my lucky star if I don't know where it's at
Can't count on my fingers, I've got more sense than that
Can't count all my money - it all goes to pay the rent
Can't count on philosophers if I don't know what they meant
There's a time for counting one by one and time for counting what's been spent

Some people live their lives like their on number 9
But I'm gonna be around for a long, long time

I see a stately temple standing in a trance
I see the saints of God breaking into dance
I see a band of angels running up and down the stairs
I see a thousand sparrows floating in the air
I see a love-sick Savior, and I can see the scars that He wears
Ooo
I see a love-sick Savior, and I can see the scars that He wears

Some people live their lives like their on number 9
But I'm gonna be around for a long, long time
I don't wanna live my life in an endless nursery rhyme
For I'm gonna be around for a long, long, time

Some people live their lives like their on number 9
But I'm gonna be around for a long, long time