

The Wait

Clou

Now in a small town
the girl is dreaming on her wedding down.
Now in a small town
the boy is driving rain is pouring down.
Like a dream they had before
every night here want back throw the door.
Warm and sweet is the taste of home
on her love she wates for him alone.

Now in a small town
she feels the sadness on her wedding down.
Now there is no time down the town
carry, sliding, crashing, fallong down.

It's not a dream just a silent door
her heart is breaking she doesn't know one form.
Warm and sweet is the taste of home.
Tears like grain she wates for him alone.

It's not a dream just a silent door
her heart is breaking she doesn't know one form.
Warm and sweet is the taste of home.
Tears like grain she wates for him alone...alone...alone