

# Wait Up

Hurts

It's four in the mornin'  
We pass by your apartment  
And there's a candle in the window

It's happened again  
And I don't know where it ends, but  
It always leaves me hollow

The driver asks me which way to go  
And I'm starin' at my phone  
In this taxi cab

So if you're worried  
Then I'm sorry  
I'm coming home, so wait up for me  
'Cause I feel shameful  
Oh, so unholy  
Unlock the door and wait up for me  
Wait up for me

I pull up on your street  
Stinking of whiskey  
Wipe the lipstick from my collar

The more I cheat, the more I love  
The more it eats me all up inside  
And I wonder why I bother

Still got your perfume on my coat  
And I'm starin' at my phone  
In this taxi cab

If you're worried  
Then I'm sorry  
I'm coming home, so wait up for me  
And I feel shameful  
Oh, so unholy  
Unlock the door and wait up for me  
Wait up for me

Wait up for me, baby  
Wait up for me, darling  
'Cause I'm coming home  
I'm coming home

If you're worried  
Then I'm sorry  
I'm coming home, so wait up for me  
(open up your heart and wait)  
I feel shameful (shameful)  
So unholy, yeah  
Unlock the door and wait up for me  
(wait up, wait up, wait up, wait up)  
Wait up for me

(wait, wait, wait...)  
Tisťeno z pisnický-akordy.cz

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