

# The Waiting Room

Poor Old Lu

She was staring at the ceiling  
I was staring at the floor  
He was fixed in thought and wonder of what lied behind the door

There was a man with little movement  
I knew I'd seen him here before  
The people with the children were sick to death and would wait no more

The world it can't be moving  
It's been two thousand years or  
Have I stopped breathing?  
Have I stopped believing?  
Believe me, I

He must've talked for forever  
I think they finally turned away  
And I was thinking to myself I should have plenty more to say

And some were getting very restless  
Some were filling up the days  
I was hoping that the girl with the curl would be safe

The world it can't be moving  
It's been two thousand years or  
Have I stopped breathing?  
Have I stopped believing?  
Believe me, I  
Just want to have the patience of a saint who waits at the gate  
Please don't be late

The floors are giving in  
The walls are getting thin  
The clock is moving slow  
My breathing comes and goes  
The room is getting small  
The sin is growing tall  
We wait for the day  
We wait for the day

The world it can't be moving  
It's been two thousand years or  
Have I stopped breathing?  
Have I stopped believing?  
Believe me, I  
Just want to have the patience of a saint who waits at the gate  
Please don't be late

She was full of good intentions  
I was full with all my greed  
He was holding out his hands as if to give, as if to bleed

There was a man with little substance  
I know I'd seen him here indeed  
The people with the children spoke so soft to confess their need

And some are getting hopeless  
Some are filling up the days

I am hoping on a promise, on a gift, and so I wait