

Wait Out The Day's

Rocky Votolato

When the memory is a blank page
And the teeth in your
Mouth are all cliches
Your heart is a bag of rocks

Your
Soul is a pile of ashes on the sidewalk
There's an eagle
Scout project

I used to come to to feel some kind of magic
Now a story less - we'll wait out the days
Wait out the days
'Til death comes to claim

Anything that
Life didn't already take
You can wait out the days
The catch 22s are all catching up with you

They're laying
All over the middle ground
You were walking on to avoid
'Em and it's too late to turn around

On the corner of Morisson
There's a shop that sells bracelets and little glass ornaments
Looking in you can feel the magic and wait out the days