

Hit Or Miss

Sleeping at Last

Hurry, hurry up and wait
Is how the waiting game is played.
A thousand moving parts keep score
Inside the watch we can't ignore.

So let's hurry, let's hurry up and wait.

Much too tired to try,
Much too stubborn to quit,
On an island in between
The coasts of hit or miss.
Are we settlers or are we natives of this land?
Only time will tell
On which pedestal we were meant to stand.

So let's hurry, let's hurry up and wait.
So let's hurry, let's hurry, hurry up and wait.

Every cloud above's full of splattered paint,
Every seed below lies patiently in wait.
But a watched kettle never boils,
A watched tree never grows.
May we have our tea in the forest,
May we reap all that we sow.

So let's hurry, so let's hurry, hurry up, hurry up and wait.
So let's hurry, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up and wait.