

## Waiting Around

Smoking Popes

Everyone's running  
Everyone's running out of smoke  
Nobody wants to leave the house  
I'm not waiting around  
Till the sun comes out of the clouds  
I will jump into the sky and shine down  
Everyone feels  
Everyone feels like Sammy Davis  
Not even old Blue Eyes can save us  
Everybody tells me  
Everyone tells me not to worry  
Everything will work itself out in the end