

Crowing

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Been waiting to find
You could've been happier given the time
If he'd make up his mind
You'd give yourself to anybody
Who would cross that line

And it was never a question
He was crowing for repair
You'd give him love and affection
You couldn't keep him there

Get over, regrets
While you were sleeping with the angels
He was under the bed
And the more skin that you shed
The more that the air in your throat will linger
When you call him your friend

And it was never a question
He was crowing for repair
You'd give him love and affection
You couldn't keep him there

Staring at a cold little hand
Reading fault lines of a shell of a man
You were waiting for a word from above
Wouldn't you know it?
No, answer ever did come

And it was never a question
You were crowing for repair
You'd give him love and affection
You couldn't keep him there

And it was never a question
You were crowing for repair
You'd give him love and affection
You couldn't keep him there