

Diesel Park West "The Waking Hour"

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Something I just can't put my finger on is haunting me,
tearing me
I'm left with bits and pieces of a memory just a memory
oh!
I must have broke her up with my talk last night
But that was a heated moment and that's alright
Someone I just don't wanna listen to is calling me,
boring me
Some untamed short-change lesson out of of history, it
used to be oh!
I must have cut her up with the things I said
I wait a while recalling just what I said
Woh oh oh later in the waking hour
Woh oh oh later in the waking hour

Woh oh oh later in the waking hour
Woh oh oh later in the waking hour
When the music's gone round and the rhythm has laid
down
I like what I find, right there in the waking hour
I must have cut her up with the things that I said
I wait a while recalling just what I said
I'll get to twist and shout in the waking hour
I like to be about in the waking hour
After the music stopped, when it's gone and the rhythm
has laid down
That's when I find out right there in the waking hour
and oh!

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