

## Format

# "Wait, Wait, Wait"

Visit "[Wait, Wait, Wait](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

The chords we play, ways left to communicate these  
roads are paved with plans we've made  
And your headboards never felt so safe well they'll  
reach our graves where your friends  
And i will kill the lights and hide, oh what a nice surprise  
dont,  
Dont tell me when its coming (no) dont, dont i just want  
to see if for myself dont breathe,  
Dont make a sound cause the song wont stop till the  
tape runs out when melody has nothing to hold,  
I'll be the last sound that you hear as your eyes close  
and these chords remain

We'll use them to exploit the friends we've since forgot  
those friends we've lost you  
All know just who you are cause ive since made graves  
but im too scared to etch the names  
For fear that im the one whos changed  
*[chorus]*  
The thought of death it scares me to death and i dont  
know why,  
I dont know its just too much to never wake up  
*[chorus]*

Visit [Format](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.