

Iota "Visitor"

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Looking out of my window, when
They're coming I don't know
Waiting for my visitor to come
I'm waiting for
My visitor to come home
I can't see if they're flying
I can't see if they're driving
Waiting for my visitor to come
I'm waiting for
My visitor to come home
Misty shapes on rainy days
Reminding me of someone's face
Turns into a crease
Upon my own thinking
Hard about nothing
A silhouette of
Something looking like
My visitor will come

I'm waiting for
My visitor to come home
Music drapes
My rainy days
Reminding me of
Friendly places
Time is off my side
And in my hands
People may forget my name
I forget how long I've waited
When they get here
I can say I didn't think
That you were coming
Then they'll smile and say
Of course we were sipping drinks
And feasts alone
Reminding me of empty tables
Fit for kings of
Empty things like me

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