

J Church

"Waiting On The Ground"

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Everyone's singing the white boy blues,
Haven't they heard the news?
You can't get away with that attitude until you've paid
your dues,
You're writing us checks on an empty account,
We know what you're all about,
All of the style with none of the substance,
It's all smoke and mirrors

It's my favorite shade,
It's a black and white,
Your fascination with telescopes won't let you see the
light,
Telescopes won't let you see the light,
Telescopes won't let you see the light

Playing in basements and playing in clubs,
Playing wherever you can,
Touring the States eight hours a day,
In a shitty, fucked up, rental van,
Feeling like crap and eating shit,
Living on next to nothing,
Go back home to your shitty job,
I don't feel that I owe you anything

You can't turn around,
It's too late for that now,
Don't expect to see your friends waiting on the ground,
Don't expect to see them on the ground,
Friends are only friends when you're around

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