

Jeremiah Freed

"Wait For Me"

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I trace the lines that run down your face
Pouring you in, into disgrace
I'll sit back as you leave like this
I get pulled into things I miss

No rest for the weary
No sleep for the tired and the distressed
I guess, there's too much doubt
And there's too much hate
There's so much, I can't wait

And I'll wait, I'm still in love like this
And I guess, it's impossible to miss
Like the back of my neck, I'm feelin' the strain
Of living without, inside of hate

I am here trying to explain
It's been so long I can't complain
About the things you said you'd hate
I don't prefer it, I can't wait

No rest for the weary
No sleep for the tired and the distressed
I guess, there's too much doubt
And there's too much hate
There's so much, I can't wait

And I'll wait, I'm still in love like this
And I guess, it's impossible to miss
Like the back of my neck, I'm feelin' the strain
Of living without, inside of hate

No rest for the weary
No sleep for the tired and the distressed
I guess, there's too much doubt
And there's nothing to hear
There's nothing 'bout your faith

Will you wait for me?
Or will you call my name?

Like the back of my neck, I'm feelin' the strain

Of living without, inside of hate

Will you wait for me?

Or will you call my name?

Will you wait for me?

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