

Julia Fordham

"I'm Not Waiting"

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Two years, three years,
You have had my eye.
Handsome, friendly,
Someone else's guy.

I'll see you at a party,
And we will say hello.
We'll chatter at a party,
And I'll wonder if you know...

I'm not waiting for you.
I'm not waiting for you.

Single, hardly,
You can play the field.
Friends say, no way,
I just clutch my shield.

But I'll see you at a party,
And want to hold you so.
I'll feel you at a party,
But I quickly whisper no...

I'm not waiting for you.
I'm not waiting for you.

Am I old? Am I dumb?
Do I wear the wrong kind of jeans?
Am I fat? Am I slow?
Do I read the wrong magazines?
Am I tall? Am I cold?
Am I all the wrong inbetweens?

I'm not changing.
I'm not growing.
You're not watching.
I'm not going.
We're not loving.
You're not seeing.
I'm not waiting.
I'm not waiting.

Four years, five years,
Finally get that call.
You're free, I'm free,
Free to disentrall.
But we stagger to a party,
As if it were an alibi.
You lose me at the party,
And I stop to wonder why...

I've been waiting for you.
I'm not waiting for you.

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