

Lloyd Cole

"Patience"

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Early in the morning
Just by the break of day
Well, that's when my
Patience went away

She took her bags but she left all her clothes
She took her keys and left me out in the cold

Wearing a plastic coat
And the pressures of life through lack of patience
I get the pressures of her

Patience is a girl that I hate
To love the way I do, but I do
She wakes me up in the morning
Through squeaking in my dreams

She took her bags but she left all her clothes
She took her keys and left me out in the cold

All because of patience
I get the pressures of life through lack of patience
I get the pressures of her

She beat me up and left me out
In the pouring rain
Without no keys, without no reason
To go back again

She left me empty-handed
She left me empty-hearted
Not no money
Not nothing but the blues

All because of patience
I get the pressures of life through lack of patience
I get the pressures of her

She said the one thing
That she needs is happiness
I don't believe that she's happy
'Til she sees that I'm in distress

No, all because of patience
I get the pressures of life through lack of patience
I get the pressures of her and I swoon

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