

Sixpence None The Richer "The Waiting Room"

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Fight 'til your fists bleed, baby.
Beat the fate-walls enclosing you, maybe
God will unlock the cage of learning for you.
Fight 'til your fists bleed, baby.
Kick and scream at the wicked things, maybe
God will unlock the door you need to walk through.
When will it happen, baby?
It could be near, but then maybe it could be far.

Here we are in the waiting room of the world.
We will wait until you call our name out loud,
In the waiting room of the world.
We will wait until you call our name out loud.

And the battle will never end well.
You can't marry our heaven to your hell.

We, Prolific, and you, the Devourer, need to see
Some things are sacred, baby.
Why have you gone and trampled them lately?
I guess it's just all a part of your way.
You should be ashamed.
I'm getting tired of fighting.
I guess I should ask, "Do I go quietly down?
Do I kick, do I scream when I'm bound?
Are you coming to open the door? Are you near?
Are you near? Is it far?"

Here we are in the waiting room of the world.
We will wait until you call our name out loud,
In the waiting room of the world.
We will wait until you call our name out loud.

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