

The Casting Out "Dial 9-1...And Wait"

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Gimme sweat and adrenaline
Gimme something I can believe
This music's stale, these drinks are weak

Drop down, give it ten
We've been falling asleep
Wake up, watch out
Now we've got ourself deep
The party died, the mood got cheap
Stale lust, fake heart
Like a hole in the head
White washed, white bread
We'd be better off dead
The feeling's gone, the passion left

Today it ain't over till it's over
But hey
We ain't running from our fate
So stay
Dig a hole, arrange the flowers
This dying scene has nothing left to say
Dial 9-1... and wait

Push, pop, talk, shop
Keep it pretty and sweet
Stand still, no frills
Where the hell have I been
And why's everyone look like a junkie
(Sit down, shut up)
Yeah look bored, unsure, so clever indeed
No game, so tame, I got places to be
While you're starring at your feet

Today it ain't over till it's over
But hey
We ain't running from our fate
So stay
Dig a hole, arrange the flowers
This dying scene has nothing left to say
Dial 9-1... and wait
Dial 9-1... and wait

Tonight we fight for something more
Then what we lost
The ambulance outside the house
The fire's dead so shut your mouth
And let it all come crashing down

Today it ain't over till it's over
But hey
We ain't running from our fate
So stay
Dig a hole, arrange the flowers
This dying scene has nothing left to say
So dial 9-1... and wait
Dial 9-1... and wait

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