

## The Playing Favorites "Waiting"

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The outside world's incontinent  
The wall's no longer our fence  
Your skin crawls with it, what's eating you?  
Flawless for our little one  
Do-overs and re-runs  
I see the sacrifice the air you breathe

All those things life put you through  
Lame excuses, should've knew  
It hasn't been enough for you, I'm waiting  
Panic is our passing flu  
A hall a day without a view  
It's not good enough for you, I'm waiting

Find ourself inside again  
The outside world seems most distant  
Tomorrow the sun will rise again and you will smile  
And you will find yourself  
And you will find yourself  
And you will find yourself again

All those things life put you through  
Virtue nearly buried you  
Two years without a mere (?), she's fading  
Forgetting her mental health  
Losing pieces of herself  
Lost in a nursery, he's waiting on the shelf  
For her to find herself  
For her to find herself  
For her to find herself again

(The outside world is closing in  
The outside world is closing in  
The outside world is, it's closing in)

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