

Tortoise

"Vaus"

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Looking out of my window, when

They're coming I don't know

Waiting for my visitor to come

I'm waiting for

My visitor to come home

I can't see if they're flying

I can't see if they're driving

Waiting for my visitor to come

I'm waiting for

My visitor to come home

Misty shapes on rainy days

Reminding me of someone's face

Turns into a crease

Upon my own thinking

Hard about nothing

A silhouette of

Something looking like

My visitor will come

I'm waiting for

My visitor to come home

Music drapes

My rainy days
Reminding me of
Friendly places
Time is off my side
And in my hands
People may forget my name
I forget how long I've waited
When they get here
I can say I didn't think
That you were coming
Then they'll smile and say
Of course we were sipping drinks
And feasts alone
Reminding me of empty tables
Fit for kings of
Empty things like me

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