

Van Morrison "Waiting Game"

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On a golden autumn day returning
Where each moment never is the same
Sometimes pure joy it comes with patience
When Im waiting on, waiting game
When Im waiting on, waiting game

There must be reason for all this inaction
Does it mean that everything must change
Sometimes Im looking for perfection
When Im waiting on, waiting game
When Im waiting on, waiting game

I am the observer who is observing
I am the brother of this snake
I am the serpent filled with venom
A God of love and a God of hate

There is a presence deep within you
Sometimes they call it higher flame
And the leaves come tumbling down, remember
Ill be waiting on, waiting game
Ill be waiting on, waiting game

I am the observer who is observing
I am the brother of this snake
I am the serpent filled with venom
A God of love and a God of hate

There is a presence deep within you
Some people call it higher power in flame
When the leaves come tumbling down, remember
Ill be waiting on, waiting game
Ill be waiting on, waiting game.....

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