

Waiting

"Look at me"

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Golden bars of sunlight come sneaking through the
shutters
Laying stripes on my back, like a zebra
Sweaty fingers turning pages, and clinging to the bed
Like it's a bride and I never want to leave her

Paul calls me a saint and the mattress shakes with
laughter
And the sheets let out a chuckle while the pillow holds
one in
I don't believe a word I read, but the man is so
convincing
Says You're calling me a winner of a game I never win

But with everyword I read I feel Your eyes upon me
And I don't mind at all

I love the way You look at me, the way You steer Your
eyes
To see the bride beneath the harlot's skin, the virtue
underneath the sin
I love the way You look at me, when You lift the veil and
You repeat Your vow

Get up for the shower, wash, and scrub and scour
every part
As if a cleaner man could better bear the shame
Now, I move out into the sunlight, a frightened fool
There's a reason for my fright, for I'm a messenger
who's forgetting why he came

For when You look at me, You see every drop of blood
You spent
Like the color that comes creeping to my face
It is such sweet embarrassment to see the dowry that
You paid for my cold embrace
But I'll never let you go because...

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