

## Waiting

### "No Time For That"

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I think I smell the sunset  
Think I feel the close of day  
Clean shaven correspondents  
Are all crowded at the gate  
Smell the oil from their torches  
Their voices growing more irate  
Shepherds' staves are crooked  
Leading every crooked way  
All the sheep block their doors  
They're pulling down their shades  
The faithful looking in their mirrors  
The fateful growing old and gray

But I look at You  
Your eyes are clear and bright  
I see your face  
It's an amazing sight  
Your glory, Lord  
Is still a burning light  
The light that all our faithless hands  
Could never dim

Think I feel the sunset  
Think I smell the death of day  
People laughing at a funeral  
People dancing at a wake  
And all the seasons blend together  
This birds losing feathers everyday

And everybody's tired and scared  
And begging unbelief  
But You have yet to break a sweat  
No You're not afraid  
You're not afraid  
You're not afraid

Think I feel the sunset  
Think I feel the close of day  
Shepherds' staves are crooked  
Leading every crooked way  
People laughing at a funeral

And people dancing at a wake

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