

Junior Smalls And The Criminals

"Sit and Wait"

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Do you ever feel that you're traveling a path
That wasn't meant to be?
And you keep living in the past
Analyzing every year that's passed to the degree

Sometimes I think it's fine
But sometimes it makes me sick
I know I'm running out of time
To find my way back in the script

Do you ever steal a moment in time
And twist it fifteen ways, till it plays out as you wish?
To validate the days
That shouldn't have been wasted in this mist
They're never coming back

Sometimes I think it's fine
But sometimes it makes me sick

I know I'm running out of time
I guess that's just how I tick

Sit and wait for that one thing
And when it doesn't come
It brings that emptiness you can't describe
Is it just felt by you and I?
Or does everyone feel unfilled, suspecting that the
ground they tilled
Is barren and dry?
Sit and wait for that one thing
And when it doesn't come
It brings that emptiness you can't describe
Is it just felt by you and I?
Or does everyone feel unfilled, suspecting that the
ground they tilled
Is really more like a landfill
For all the malice and ill-will
And bad sentiment that people leave
As they duck and dodge, and bob and weave
Their way through your life

