

## **Ryan McMahon**

### **"Weeks, Months, Years"**

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And in the end there's only one  
Staying up late thinking things alone  
Pretty soon I'll be gone and just the thoughts will dust  
this town  
Pretty soon all I've know will be gone

I'll sleep in past noon again  
I never want to grow up towards an end  
Pretty soon I'll be gone and just the words I'll leave to  
haunt  
Pretty soon all I know will begin again

So what are we waiting for?  
Sometimes the mundane days are all that keeps me  
whole

Sometimes I'm me but sometimes I just don't know  
What are we waiting for?

And in the end I'll come around  
I'll never forget where I come from  
One by one the days passing like cargo on trains  
One by one creating history

So what are we waiting for?  
Sometimes the mundane days are all that keeps me  
whole  
Sometimes I'm me but sometimes I just don't know  
Sometimes I'm me but other times I just don't know  
What are we waiting for?

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