

Laurence Groves "This Waiting"

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Spread out on the floor, not much to be here for,
pour another drink, it'll help me think about you.
This waiting, this waiting is killing me
This waiting this waiting is killing me.
i think it's getting colder i must, be getting older
times are getting rough i can't get enough of you.
This waiting, this waiting is killing me.
This waiting this waiting is killing me.
feeling fine on wine, and i'm drunk out of my mind
but i'm looking forward to the time, when you walk
in through that door.
this waiting this waiting is killing me
this waiting. this waiting is killing me
this waiting, this waiting is killing me
tis waiting this waiting is killing me, this waiting,
staring at the roof, eighty percent proof
i'm just waiting (for you)
I'm just waiting for you.
I'm just waiting (for you).
There's nothing more i can do (for you)
I'm just waiting.

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