

## Arcade Fire, The "Don't Wait"

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Don't wait, don't wait

Don't wait, don't wait

You're way too late

Don't wait, don't wait

The beat goes on

Until it's gone

She strolls so slowly with her ball and chain

The cling clang chatters patterns with the patter of rain

Stares in a mirror cracked in seven different ways

With holes in her umbrella dripping on her face

Her makeup running down like the tragedy face

Alone on a city street surrounded by space

She opens her mouth to scream and shout out the pain

But all that comes out are silent sobbing sounds of  
restrain

The beat goes on

Until it's gone

There comes a time when she will trust her belly

Not disappear from the world like Machiavelli no

Forfeit the pride it's not a crime but she's running out  
of time

And denies it's showing while her anxiety's growing old

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