

Lauri Ylönen

"The Waiting Room"

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A simple reflection of the lips
In exchange for me on the asphalt
I caught the eyes of miss perfection and lost control
I tried so hard to watch it fall over
Over and over again

Hold fast ambulance
What is fair?
I want what I can't have.
Ambulance, incredible the sound of the sirens.

The footsteps grow louder like the sound of the
monitor
Wait just a little longer
Looking at bright lights
Everything goes to black
The nurse may have the cure
But the blood on my shirt was not my own

And here I stand, in the waiting room.

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