

Ryan Malcolm

"All Wet"

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Waiting.
Waiting by all these dry vines.
Yes, Ive been waiting, waiting, Lord,
For the river-tide to pass on by.
And I know it aint rolled by yet,
Because my ankles and my feet are still wet
And got that same subtle feeling
Behind my ears.
Riding.
Riding on a mountain goat.
But Ive been saving, saving, Lord,
Saving up to buy myself a speedboat.
So that I can leave this land,
Put that ever-loving throttle in my hand
And get that same subtle feeling
That Ive been searching for for years.
Waiting
On a Sunday afternoon.
Yes, I know it's Sunday, Lord, Sunday,
But I like it in the afternoon.
Come Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Ive got too much to do,
And Thursday, Friday, Saturday come
I get that same subtle feeling
That Ive been searching for for years.
Searching for for years.
Riding on a billy-goat, saving up to buy myself a
speedboat.
Yes, Ive been riding on a billy-goat, saving up to buy
myself a speedboat.
So that we can leave this land.
Put that ever-loving throttle in my hand
And get that same subtle feeling.
That weve been searching for for years.

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