

## Steve Forbert "Wait"

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Wait till the snow falls down on the doorstep  
Wait till the branches make cracks on the sky  
Wind at your window, screams while you sleep  
You live near your fire as the winter blows by

Wait till the sidewalk shivers the beggars  
Robbed in their blankets they try to hang on  
Light from the street lane seems to shine better  
After the autumn has been here and gone

God help the lost and lonely, God help the poor  
Cold days and ice nights only  
Hard times for sure, hard times for sure

Wait till the winter makes it all brittle  
Colors all fade and the earth seems to die  
Black chimneys coughing, landlords are hiding  
No one can find them, it's useless to try

Wait till the river freezes up solid  
Way up the line and the boats are all stuck  
Gray and the gambler tries to make sense, he's  
Far from his home and he's down on his luck

God help the lost and lonely, God help the poor  
Cold days and ice nights only  
Hard times for sure, hard times for sure

Dancers and snow queens, handsome and lovely  
Skate on the lake and fall deeply in love  
Silver skates gliding, faces all glowing  
Smooth and warm fingers and thumbs and their gloves

God help the lost and lonely, God help the poor  
Cold days and ice nights only  
Hard times for sure, hard times for sure

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