

The Fighting Hukills "Waiting"

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Sun washed papers roll down the alley way
Golden embers across your skin
Bricks paved along the gallery
And theres nothing inside your head

Oooh ooh I'm waiting for your cue
Oooh ooh invite me to the room

I've seen your visions and I've read your mind
For all that I've seen there's nothing inside
Is there a place that you'll call home
When the sun goes down in that sullen (southern?) tone

Oooh ooh I'm waiting for your cue
Oooh ooh invite me to the room

Oooh ooh I'm waiting for you, for you
Oooh ooh I'm waiting for you, for you

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