

The Benjy Davis Project

"Wait"

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La, la, la
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la

She was born in April
1783
The only daughter of a lawyer in a little town that
skirted the sea
She showed her mother's beauty
And when she caught his eye
He was taken by her innocence it'd only be a matter of
time

But then one day a cold wind blew and she took ill and
wouldn't make it long
And all that he could do was sit and wonder how
something so right could go so wrong

And before she died he told her that he loved her
He said I know we'll be together sometime soon
He said I don't believe in heaven as he brushed his
tears aside
And he added just before he closed her eyes
If you think that this was good
Wait until the next life

It was a Friday
1983
He was a parking lot attendant in a little town in North
Tennessee
A car approaching
And when they met eyes
They sort of smiled at one another for a while but they
didn't know why

Then something made her shudder like a butterfly set
free from her cocoon
A flash of indistinguishable moments shared in rainy
afternoons

They were married on the second day of summer

Watched the beauty turn to wrinkles over time
And before he died she told him that she loved him
And it was when she said these words he realized
If you think that this was good
Wait until the next life

So if you feel like you have known someone forever
Don't just walk away and spend the night alone
Because it could be someone far behind your future
Waiting for their heart to come back home

And if you think that this was good
Wait until the next life

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