

The Waiting Game

Sitting here waiting by the phone
Sitting empty feeling alone
Sitting waiting for the phone to ring
Sitting frozen unable to do a thing

Waiting for the answers it's all a game
Waiting for others who have no shame
Why my intentions which were so good
Why were they so badly misunderstood?

Left so alone, left to stew
What now, what can I do?
What's left for me, hell what next?
The victim who's hurt and rightly vexed

Wait for the postman Phil on his bike
Has he the answer or a wasted hike
Open the post box search the junk mail
Found no answer on this trail

Sit again by the phone
Sinking feeling, more alone
Looking, watching, waiting for a ring
Why must they so drag this bloody thing?

Another choice, another trail
Check the machine, check the e-mail
Trawl the lot, it's full of junk
No answer here, now feeling sunk

No life like this for peace I pray
No answer by noon, no answer today
Feeling sore, feeling lame
The fight in me now gone tame
On it goes this waiting game



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