

The Black Crowes, Wanting and Waiting

It's been a month of Sundays since I could fake a smile
Trying to lose my lonely in self-imposed exile
Trying to stay friendly but feeling so hostile
It's like I'm cold to touch, mortuary style

If I could have one more kiss
You know the one you miss

I'm nothing but lonely
Waiting and wanting
Wanting and waiting for you
Ooh, it's true

Now I'm blind with no tomorrow in my eyes
Said, the harsh sting of sorrow is one I recognize
The truth of the matter is just one you can't disguise
I've been so lost on my own since the day you said goodbye

I know we don't stand a chance
But gimme, gimme this last dance

I'm nothing but lonely
Waiting and wanting
Said, I'm wanting and waiting for you
All right

I'm nothing but lonely
Waiting and wanting
Love, I'm wanting and waiting for you
Oh, I'm nothing but lonely
Waiting and wanting
'Cause I'm wanting and waiting for you

Blood, blood, my blood's on fire
Blood, blood, my blood's on fire
Blood, blood, my blood's on fire
Blood, blood, that's why I'm waiting, I'm wanting