

To Wait For

He is the green of the grass, the blue of the sky,
The white of the snow, black of an eye,
He is the icing on the cake, the stitch that save nine,
The puzzle's final piece, last equation line,

He's someone to wait for, he won't jump on the next white flag,
Tongue in cheek, no understanding,
He's someone to look for, someone to stand for.

Yet he won't shout his name, he won't blow his own trumpet,
He'll stand in the crowd and let them carry the drum,
It's so refreshing to see that though he's under my skin,
He still allows me to finish yet even more to begin,

He's someone to wait for, he won't jump on the next white flag,
Tongue in cheek, no understanding,
He's someone to look for, someone to stand for.

He's the one that I can't ignore,
He's the one that I waited for,
He's the one that I waited for,
I waited to hold, I waited to be his alone,
I waited to kiss, I waited to miss.

He is the warmth of a sunset, the strength of amen,
The joy of him coming back,
Green of the grass, blue of the sky,
White of the snow, apple of my eye.