

# Toad The Wet Sprocket, Crowing

Been waiting to find  
You could've been happier, given the time  
If he'd make up his mind  
You'd give yourself to anybody who would cross that line

And it was never a question  
He was crowing for repair  
You'd give him love and affection  
But you couldn't keep him there

Get over regret  
While you were sleeping with angels  
He was under the bed  
And the more skin you shed,  
The more that the air in your throat will linger when you  
Call him your friend

And it was never a question  
He was crowing for repair  
You'd give him love and affection  
But you couldn't keep him there

Staring at a cold little hand  
Reading fault lines of a shell of a man  
You were waiting for a word from above  
Wouldn't you know it, no answer ever did come

And it was never a question  
You were crowing for repair  
You'd give him love and affection  
But you couldn't keep him there