

Matte Kudasai

King Crimson

Still, by the window pane,
Pain, like the rain that's falling.
She waits in the air,
Matte Kudasai.
She sleeps in a chair
In her sad America. When, when was the night so long,
Long, like the notes I'm sending.
She waits in the air,
Matte Kudasai.
She sleeps in a chair
In her sad America.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>