

## Waiting on Time (hansbarger)

Working on a roof in the Sweet Spring Valley,  
A fawn steps out from the edge of the corn.  
Nail another row and sip a drink of water  
And let my mind flow back to you.

There's a hill on the Korengal that haunts me still.  
A long hard winter with twelve good friends.  
Thirteen months of boredom and fear  
Put a hole in me that just won't fill.

### CHORUS

Was a time I thought I had the tiger by the tail.  
A time I thought I held the keys to the world.  
But thinking led me to the same conclusions  
That drew me away from here.

It's like trying to hold smoke in the palm of my hand.  
I'm coming back home to the promised land.  
A little unsteady, a little diseased.  
Not the same man I used to be.

### CHORUS :: BRIDGE

On a rock strewn creek, a rifle in my hand,  
I watch an eight point buck take a long, cool drink.  
I could knock him down with one clean shot,  
But there's a part of me that just won't stir.

The blue up above, the wind through the trees,  
The rocks underfoot and the rustling leaves  
Are calling out and telling me  
I left something over there.

### CHORUS

*So I'm waiting on time.*

*I'm waiting on time.*

*Yes, I'm waiting on time 'cause only time will tell*

*If I'm walking through heaven or I'm wading through hell.*

I came back home to a world I'd left

With a jacket full of medals and an empty chest.

A boy just four long years ago,

Now I'm holding onto something that I can't let go.