

# Matte Kudasai (Alternate Version)

## 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 <https://www.omusic.in/>