

Heather Krick

The Waiting is the Hardest Part

I was in the car driving to a volleyball tournament when StubHub sent me an email with the best news I had ever received – Tom Petty was coming to Philadelphia. Overwrought with anticipation, I immediately pulled over and bought my ticket on my iPhone 5. While sitting there in my car on the shoulder of 422 West, I started planning my goal of the next several months leading up to the concert – memorize as many lyrics as possible. One song that particularly grew on me over that time, “The Waiting,” which I had heard on the radio several times and in an episode of *The Simpsons*, shortly became my favorite song. I listened to it everywhere, and the lyrics perfectly described my concert anticipation, “The waiting is the hardest part.”

On the night of the concert, I was completely blown away by the entire show; the performance, the music, his hair, it was perfect. By the end of his final encore and signature hit, “American Girl,” I was so in the moment that I didn’t realize he had forgotten to play my favorite song. It was then that I knew I had to see him again, in the hopes of finally hearing that treasured song live, and until then, the waiting will truly be the hardest part.