

Wasted

I just slip inside
day before
the week is up
Is it? or has it not?
been this way
for pass my life

Wasting my fears
wasting my tears
waiting for something
which didn't have a chance
Spreading my fears
and cashing my years
waiting for something
that couldn't pass the test

Work, sleep, and get dressed
the measure of
your big success
Time, dime, whine,
the end is near
it's coming fast
for us my dear

Wasting my fears
wasting my tears
waiting for something
that didn't have a chance
Spreading my fears
and cashing my years
waiting for something
which couldn't pass the test

Holding me back
and straining me down
I couldn't resist it
but now it's time to face
That all of my years
and all of my fears
as long as I lived
been wasted

Without me
without me
and what defines who I am
and everything I do
keeps reminding me of
the fact I'm
without me

