

Wasted Years

Backyard Babies

It doesn't make no common sense
I can see right through
You're diggin' holes so deep and wide
I fear you're falling out

But most of you don't realize
The enemy's inside
Kickin' dust on higher ground
Cross my heart and hope to die
All those wasted years

I never thought I could leave this town
I never thought I would write this down
Everytime you go hiding out
Wasted years of finding out
I never thought I would wait around
I never thought I could write this down
Everytime you go disappear
Leave no trace, wasted years

Finders keepers, losers weepers
Until the bitter end
What you see is what you get
But you cannot see it yet

A shadow of your former self
A heart without a home
The king is dead, your dream is gone
Cross my heart and hope to die
All those wasted years

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