

## Wasted Years

Damone

From the coast of gold across seven seas  
I'm traveling on far and wide  
But now it seems I'm just a stranger to myself  
And all these things I sometimes do  
It isn't me but someone else

I close my eyes and think of home  
Another city goes by in the night, ain't it funny how it is?  
You'll never miss it till it's gone away  
And my heart is lying there and will be till my dying day

So understand, don't waste your time always  
Searching for those wasted years

Too much time on my hands, I got you on my mind  
Can't ease this pain so easily  
When you can't find the words to say  
It's hard to make it through another day  
And it makes me wanna cry and throw my hands up to the sky

So understand, don't waste your time always  
Searching for those wasted years  
Face up, make your stand  
And realize you're living in the golden years

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