

## Damaged

Goldfinger

When I come home  
I know it's you that I'll find  
Pacing the floors once again  
I know that I'm bored  
I'm staying in bed too long  
Counting the holes in the door

Damaged is the way I feel  
My life is running away

Alone I'm a mess  
I don't care how long it's been  
I know I'm just wasting away  
The clothes on the floor  
Just like the mountains outside  
The prison I live every day

I want to know if this is real  
All of these things that I feel  
I want to know if this is real  
All of these things that I feel

When I come home  
I know it's you that I'll find  
Pacing the floors once again