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411 "Waste Of Love"

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Sometimes I feel like I'm a waste of life
A waste of time
A waste of love
I'm caught up in a
Predetermined role
It's a waste of heart
It's a waste of soul

You've gotta move on You've gotta keep on ridin' You've gotta shoot low You've gotta keep abiding

Sometimes I feel like I'm a cursed man
A living ghost
With empty hands
It doesn't matter
What I say or do
Truth or lie
There's no reply

Sometimes I feel like There's a thorn inside Whenever I laugh Whenever I cry Happiness or sadness Matters not to me Whatever thrill Makes the kill

You've gotta move on You've gotta keep on ridin' You've gotta shoot low You've gotta keep abiding

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