

## **L.A. Guns**

### **"Wasted"**

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Killing stops here  
how much more can we fear  
living next to hate you're not alone  
what about death  
what about pain  
what about crime  
there's more everyday  
we talk about love  
we talk so pure  
we live to be rich  
while we ignore the poor  
it's all about fame  
blind just the same  
burning our back doors down again  
we have ourselves to blame  
watch that pain walking on the street  
i can hear her screams echo through the tree  
it's a youth gone dead  
i can feel the heat  
my cities run by the heartless and weak, their  
wasted  
everybody's wasted  
no shoes on their feet  
wasted  
wild on the streets  
brother don't be fooled  
by the drinks that you consume  
cover up your pain, you're not alone  
what about life  
what about trust  
what about hope  
do you give into lust  
let's talk about fault  
let's talk about truth  
beg to be rich  
while we ignore our youth  
it's all about fame  
we're blind just the same  
watching our children go insane  
feel that pain bleeding on the streets  
i can hear the screams echo in the streets  
it's a baby gone drive by

can you feel the heat  
my city is feeling worthless and weak, their  
wasted  
everybody's wasted  
dying on the streets  
wasted  
everybody's wasted  
wild on the streets  
watch that pain walking on the streets  
i can hear her screams echo through the trees  
youth gone dead  
i can feel the heat  
my city is run by the worthless, their  
wasted  
everybody's wasted  
dying on the streets  
wasted  
everybody's wasted  
wild on the streets  
wasted

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