

Six O Clock Saints "Wasted"

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I can feel you
But you're not real to me
This situation never helps
A mother makes her hearts design
Then it grows up just to die

I need answers
Do you have suggestions
Because the meaning of it all
Is in question
Tear my eyes out
When it's failed in mention
I could offer nothing more
Now it over

Accidents are bound to happen
Doesn't matter anyway

Oh how could I have lost it
It was my most precious possession
Well maybe I've misplaced it
I thought one day it come around
And glance in my direction
That spark of inspiration
Oh maybe I've misplaced it
I thought one day she would come
Around

I could offer nothing more
Now
It's over

I waste myself
I thought one day she'd come

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