

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 its 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
its over

I waste myself
i thought one day she'd come

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