

Max Bemis And The Painful Splits "Waster"

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I seem to split my jeans
With each stride that I take.
Muddled by the past
And the ghosts of my mistakes.
With coffee as my fuel
Or a zombie's lurching stance.
I pace and pry away
With the devil's idol hands.

And I waste it all on dreams
Waste it all on dreams
Waste it all on dreams
Waste it all on dreams

God is in the sky
And he's annoyed by true voice.
I choose to let him down
As if there ever were a choice.
How am I even loved?
How am I a married man?
Why do they even care,
Why I'm allowed to start a band?

Waste it all on dreams
Waste it all on dreams
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