

# Goldfinger, Damaged

When I come home  
I know its you that Ill find  
Pacing the floors once again  
I know that Im bored  
Im staying in bed too long  
Counting the holes in the door

Damaged is the way I feel  
My life is running away

Alone Im a mess  
I dont care how long its been  
I know Im just wasting away  
The clothes on the floor  
Just like the mountains outside  
The prison I live every day

I want to know if this is real  
All of these things that I feel  
I want to know if this is real  
All of these things that I feel

When I come home  
I know its you that Ill find  
Pacing the floors once again