

Gufs, Wasting Time

(D. Kralj, G. Kralj)

What kind of fool would treat you like he does
What kind of man would answer with because
So here I am alone and in between
So here I am
What kind of fool would trip across this line
What kind of man would leave his soul behind
To hear her say the words she doesn't mean
To hear her say those lies
She falls into the waters edge
We call to say she's wasting time
What kind of fool would throw you to the ground
What kind of man would lose what he has found
So here we are alone until the end
So here we are
I want to know
I wonder who you are
I want to find out
What you're after
Hearing your voice
Hearing those lies again
Watching you fall
What the f**k went wrong