

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