

# Ashbury Heights, Waste Of Love

Sometimes I feel like  
I'm a waste of life  
A waste of time  
A waste of love  
I'm caught up in a  
Predetermined role  
It's a waste of heart  
It's a waste of soul

You've gotta move on  
You've gotta keep on ridin'  
You've gotta shoot low  
You've gotta keep abiding

Sometimes I feel like  
I'm a cursed man  
A living ghost  
With empty hands  
It doesn't matter  
What I say or do  
Truth or lie  
There's no reply

Sometimes I feel like  
There's a thorn inside  
Whenever I laugh  
Whenever I cry  
happiness or sadness  
Matters not to me  
Whatever thrill  
Makes the kill

You've gotta move on  
You've gotta keep on ridin'  
You've gotta shoot low  
You've gotta keep abiding