

Ashbury Heights, Waste Our 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
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
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