

Damone, Wasted Years

From the coast of gold across the seven seas
I'm traveling on far and wide
But now it seems I'm just a stranger to myself
And all the things I sometimes do
It isn't me but someone else

I close my eyes and think of home
Another city goes by in the night
Ain't it funny how it is,
You never miss it till its gone away
And my heart is lying there
And will be till my dying day

So understand
Don't waste your time always
Searching for those wasted years
Face up... make your stand
And realize you're living in the golden years

Too much time on my hands, I got you on my mind
Can't easy this pain so easily
When you can't find the words to say
It's hard to make it through another day
And it just makes me wanna cry
And throw my hands up to the sky

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