

# 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 ease 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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