

# Flyleaf, Ocean Waves

So many wasted days  
Come and go like ocean waves  
it hits me like a freight train  
And now I can't get off my face

How could I have been so polite to simply let them die  
Who am I to spread my fingers after God has filled my hands  
Watching the moments slip through like desert sand

Respect her ignorance  
Just in case she takes offense  
the darkness that's killing her  
Well that is just not my concern

You're not guaranteed tomorrow