

# Gin Blossoms, Wasting My Time/I'll Find Out What

Chain me up  
It's easy to take, it is  
It's never enough  
To care for the outcome  
The average faith that there is  
Discussions of nothing pertain to the mountains  
Rattling around in the my head  
Maybe there's nowhere or no one to run to  
But I'll find out what there is  
Oh well, I'll find out what there is  
And I'm using up space  
We wear in our travels  
And straight into hit or a miss  
And I'm watching my childhood and hometown unravel  
And I'll find out what's left  
Oh maybe I'll find out what's left

Slipping down landslides  
Bearing on wildlife  
And my biggest days  
All your faith in your liberal disclosures  
Are there in your face  
Pine away in the corner of the closet if you think that it's safe  
Yeah maybe there's nowhere or nothing to turn to  
Oh well, I'll find out how you're made  
Oh yeah, I'll find out how you're made  
And I'm wasting my time  
Issues never worth solving  
All that there was there still is  
And I'm watching my friendships and love life dissolving  
And I'll find out what there is  
Maybe I'll find out what there is