

# Joseph Arthur, Wasted

If you're not sorry for who you are  
Why are you sorry for where you been?  
I know you carry a secret star  
The one you got from your invisible friend

I met you walking in the New York night  
I said, "Why are you walking so slow?"  
You said, "I'm looking for a book I can write  
And after that I got no place to go."

Wasted, I need to find a place to cry  
Wasted, I need to find a place to cry

We stayed connected underneath the storm  
You told me all the places you come from  
I had a feeling I was being born  
Inside your world where my heart could never be more

Wasted, I need to find a place to cry  
Wasted, you need to find a place to cry  
Wasted, I need to find a reason why  
Wasted, I need to find a place to cry

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