

# The Allman Brothers Band, Wasted Words

by Gregg Allman

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Can you tell me, tell me, friend, just exactly where I've been?  
Is that so much to ask? I'll pay you back no matter what the task.  
You seem really sure 'bout something I don't know,  
take that load off, looks like chest's about to go.  
Your wasted words already been heard, are you really God, yes or no?

Well, all day and half the night you're walkin' round lookin' such a fright.  
Is it me or is it you? I'd make a wager and I'd hope "to" lose.  
Time's gone, looks like Rome is 'bout to fall,  
Next time take the elevator, please don't crawl.  
Your wasted words so absurd, are you really Satan, yes or no?

Well, I ain't no saint and you sure as hell ain't no savior,  
Every other Christmas I would practice good behavior.  
That was then, this is now, don't ask me to be Mister Clean,  
'cause baby, I don't know how.  
Ring my phone 'bout ten more times, we will see,  
find that broke down line and let it be.  
Your wasted words will never be heard, go on home baby and watch it on TV.

Weekday soap-box speciality, you know what I'm talkin' 'bout now,  
By the way, this song's for you, sincerely, me.