

Wasted

L.A. Guns

Killing stops here
How much more can we fear
Living next to hate you're not alone

What about death
What about pain
What about crime
There's more everyday
We talk about love
We talk so pure
We live to be rich
While we ignore the poor
It's all about fame
Blind just the same
Burning our back doors down again
We have ourselves to blame

Watch that pain walking on the street
I can hear her screams echo through the tree
It's a youth gone dead
I can feel the heat
My cities run by the heartless and weak, their

Wasted
Everybody's wasted
No shoes on their feet
Wasted
Everybody's wasted
Wild on the streets

Brother, don't be fooled
By the drinks that you consume
Cover up your pain, you're not alone

What about life
What about trust
What about hope
Do you give into lust
Let's talk about fault
Let's talk about truth
Beg to be rich
While we ignore our youth
It's all about fame
We're blind just the same
Watching our children go insane

Feel that pain bleeding on the streets
I can hear the screams echo in the streets
It's a baby gone drive by
Can you feel the heat
My city is feeling worthless and weak, their

Wasted
Everybody's wasted
Dying on the streets
Wasted
Everybody's wasted

Wild on the streets

Watch that pain walking on the streets
I can hear her screams echo through the trees
Youth gone dead
I can feel the heat
My city is run by the worthless, their

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