

## Wasted Words

### As I Lay Dying

There are days when sorrow seems never-ending,  
Like the countless roads upon which I've driven  
The price of attachment in pursuit of dreams  
That I so often can't seem to remember  
Yet there are days when beauty cannot be contained  
It even crawls out from under ordinary things

A foreigner,  
No place to go  
Holding on,  
Making the most,  
Of what little time I have

All the wasted words I said,  
In all the cities that I left,  
The last act of our precious play,  
Must not close with regret

I will not leave wishing I had done things differently

The moments I treasure are seldom the ones  
That I planned for  
And if I knew where pain hid,  
I might still let it go,  
So when the audience has run toward the latest drift,  
It will be my time to face the life that I have set,

A foreigner in my own home,  
Holding on,  
No place to go

All the wasted words I said,  
In all the cities that I left,  
The last act of our precious play,  
Must not close with regret (regret)  
All the wasted words

Some days the line between peace and pain  
Seems more like a blur,  
But I know with certainty,  
I can't leave wishing,  
I cannot leave  
I can't leave wishing,  
I'd done things differently

All the wasted words I said,  
In all the cities that I left,  
The last act of our precious play,  
Must not close with regret (regret)  
All the wasted,  
Wasted words