

# Wasted Years

Backyard Babies

It doesn't make no common sense  
I can see right through  
You're diggin' holes so deep and wide  
I fear you're falling out

But most of you don't realize  
The enemy's inside  
Kickin' dust on higher ground  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
All those wasted years

I never thought I could leave this town  
I never thought I would write this down  
Everytime you go hiding out  
Wasted years of finding out  
I never thought I would wait around  
I never thought I could write this down  
Everytime you go disappear  
Leave no trace, wasted years

Finders keepers, losers weepers  
Until the bitter end  
What you see is what you get  
But you cannot see it yet

A shadow of your former self  
A heart without a home  
The king is dead, your dream is gone  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
All those wasted years

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