

Wasted Time

Beach Rats

That feeling's creeping in
Wraps itself around my skin
So familiar, lights go dim
Stuck inside my head again

Too much, don't understand
Blow your night in smoke making plans
Too much, overload
Kill another lonely hour getting stoned

That fog inside my head
That constant coming dread
The voices never end
It's pushing down on me

Too much, don't understand
Blow your night in smoke making plans
Too much, overload
Kill another lonely hour getting stoned

You don't have to speak
Your eyes tell everything
So soft and tenderly
Waste some time with me