

## Wasted Years

Deine Lakaian

Walking down this well known street  
Turning 'round for ladies feet  
Like you did so many years ago  
Sitting in that street cafe  
Where you had your cup of tea  
Come on boy don't get sentimental now  
Everything changed but you didn't move on  
And the only fact is  
That you're fifteen years older now

No use to turn out the lights  
You feel so depressed inside  
When you think of your wasted years at night

Standing in your discotheque  
Look since hours straight ahead  
Play the part of the young and lonesome star  
Introverted more and more  
Waiting for a small hello  
People next to you they seem so far  
But deep inside you made love to the world  
'Cause your imagination  
Was bigger than reality

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When you came into that town  
You found everything so fine  
All your projects shall be realized  
But your day-dreams strangled you  
Kept you from what you had to do  
And life went on while you were paralysed  
Heaven knows you would give all you have  
For the chance to go back to those days for a new beginning

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'Cause dreamers love cities and cities hate dreamers

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