

Damaged

Goldfinger

When I come home
I know it's you that I'll find
Pacing the floors once again
I know that I'm bored
I'm staying in bed too long
Counting the holes in the door

Damaged is the way I feel
My life is running away

Alone I'm a mess
I don't care how long it's been
I know I'm just wasting away
The clothes on the floor
Just like the mountains outside
The prison I live every day

I want to know if this is real
All of these things that I feel
I want to know if this is real
All of these things that I feel

When I come home
I know it's you that I'll find
Pacing the floors once again