

# Wasted Life

Hinder

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

Here I go, again  
There's my phone, again  
My head's pounding,  
I'm coming down from another round out on the town again.  
Hand on the clock, ticking  
The hotel room, spinning  
There's a guy [?] singing up on the walls saying it's my fault the devil's ringing.

Same shit, every day  
Set in my ways  
I'm out of control again  
Like someone cut the brakes.  
Burning all of my time  
You're asking why?  
But I'm not listening 'cause it's my wasted life.

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

Didn't drive, fuck it.  
My [?] balls, suck it.  
'Cause it ain't worth all the pains I learned,  
Just another drop in the bucket.

Same shit, every day  
Set in my ways  
I'm out of control again  
Like someone cut the brakes.  
Burning all of my time  
You're asking why?  
But I'm not listening 'cause it's my wasted life.

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

Same shit, every day  
Set in my ways  
I'm out of control again...  
Burning all of my time,  
You're asking why?  
But I'm not listening 'cause it's my wasted life.

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

It's my way...  
It's my, it's my wasted life  
It's my, it's my wasted life  
It's my, it's my wasted life.