

Wasted Time

Keith Urban

The rain is comin' down tonight
I'm smilin' lookin' at this photograph
I hear that song and I'm flyin' right back to when we had it made
Every Friday night when the sun went down
We'd be runnin' them streets like we owned the town

And I just can't let it go
No, I just can't let it go
I wonder if you ever think about it like I do
Seven kids on a two-lane road
Had the Guns on the radio
After all this time it still
Feels so good

When I think about those summer nights
Singin' out the window on the back roads
'Sweet Child Of Mine'
Sippin' on the Loko's, spark a light
Ain't it funny how the best days of my life
Was all that wasted time
All that wasted time
Swingin' out on the line
Livin' all that wasted time

Outta nowhere it slipped away
The rope by the river hangs silently
And the town that we knew
Ain't nothin' like it used to be
I, I can't explain
They took all the color from the picture frame
And the days got sold to the grid and the game

But I just can't let it go
No, I just can't let it go
I wonder if you ever think about it like I do
Seven kids on a two-lane road
Had the Guns on the radio
After all this time it still
Feels so good

When I think about those summer nights
Singin' out the window on the back roads
'Sweet Child Of Mine'
Sippin' on the Loko's, spark a light
Ain't it funny how the best days of my life
Was all that wasted time
All that wasted time
Swingin' out on the line
Livin' all that wasted time

Summer dresses dryin' out on the hood of the car
Only music that we had was out the left speaker
We were livin' every second till the time ran out
We had nothin' but we had it all

When I think about those summer nights
Sneakin' out the window, runnin' back roads

Your hand in mine
We were goin' nowhere
But were so alive
Ain't it crazy how the best of my life
Was all that wasted time
All that wasted time
Swingin' out on the line
Livin' all that wasted time