

# Wasted

**Martin Sexton**

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Any time of the year  
I'd walk a country mile  
A pint and a bag in my pocket  
Characterized my style  
I was wasted not strong as I am now so wasted not strong  
as I am now

Always the beautiful son  
Always a pack of my friends  
Always the worry and trouble  
For that sweet buzz that always ends

When you are wasted not strong as I am now  
So wasted not strong as I am now  
Forty feet up in this pine tree  
In a fortress made of scrap wood  
Marvel comics, playboys, bongs  
Make a 10 year 12 year 16 year old boy feel good

then there came that day  
when my tree house finally fell

I said good-bye to my friends in the woods  
All those brothers that would never tell

We were so wasted not strong as we are now  
Oh we were so wasted so wasted so wasted