

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