

Pined For You My Whole Life

Matt Maltese

Has it been a century, or a couple hours?
I don't believe in ancient wisdom, but it's in the stars
Thinking of you each night, just like I was born to
I should get a PHD in yearning all the time

I've pined for you my whole life
Morning, noon and night
And I'll pine til the day I die
Yes it's wrong but why

Roses growing backwards in my yard
Rain rising up to the sky
I fell in your hands it changed the world
I challenge a man to want you more
Oh they think they compete with my love

But I've pined for you my whole life
Morning, noon and night
And I'll pine til the day I die
Yes it's wrong but why?

I hold hands with your shadow
Spend the night with your ghost
I can't wait for tomorrow
When I can stay home all day
Just waste away

And pine for you my whole life
Oh why does it feel so good to pine
Every hour, every minute, every year
Til the ending of all time