

# Wasted Years

Ryan Adams

From the coast of gold, across the seven seas  
I'm travelling on, far and wide  
But now it seems, I'm just a stranger to myself  
And all the things I sometimes do, it isn't me but someone else

I close my eyes, and think of home  
Another city goes by, in the night  
Ain't it funny how it is, you never miss it til it's gone away  
And my heart is lying there and will be til my dying day

So understand  
Don't waste your time always searching for those wasted years  
Face up... make your stand  
And realise you're living in the golden years

Too much time on my hands, I got you on my mind  
Can't ease this pain, so easily  
When you can't find the words to say, it's hard to make it through another day  
And it makes me wanna cry, and throw my hands up to the sky

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