

# Wasteland

Seether

At the end of the day  
You're so soft spoken  
Don't hang your head for me  
Nobody seems to believe in the reasons you feel so lonely  
Nobody seems to accept them the way that I do  
Oh

This teenage wasteland of ours  
I feel too much

I remember the way you left me broken  
Don't shed a tear for me  
Nobody seems to be willing to save me from purgatory  
Nobody seems to be able to shed the treadmill  
Oh

This teenage wasteland of ours  
I feel too much  
This drug won't take on for hours  
I need this crutch

Say something  
Say something  
Say something  
Say something  
Now  
Say something  
Say something  
Say something  
Say something  
Now

This teenage wasteland of ours  
I feel too much  
This drug won't take on for hours  
I need this crutch

Now  
I need this crutch