

Wasted On Me

Spacey Jane

When I wake up on Sunday, I wonder what I'll be
But I don't feel like anyone of any use to me
Not now, not ever
Somehow untethered

You must feel that you wasted your life for me
Well, I know I feel the same
I will eat up all my guilt and I will swallow this pill
But I am not the man I wish I was, not even half of him

The worst part about leaving and only looking back
Is feeling like you're walking out of darkness into light
But it's fine in time
The fault, all mine

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