

One year closer to my death
I still haven't found what I'm looking for yet
It's not big blue eyes, long blonde hair
It's not a million dollars or a secret prayer

Another year asleep under the spell
Sometimes it's hard to remember 'cause you wear it so well
Made my home in the underground
'Cause nothing grows in the wasteland now

Are we just too easily pleased
Here with our pundits and sages
Witty and pretty and shitty and high
Almost getting by
Almost getting by

I'm ready to live my life again
Like there's a chance worth taking
I'm ready to love you like I can
Like my heart's not breaking
Wherever you are, wherever you are
Red, white, and bruised
I'll keep waiting
But the missing hero is you

Broke down on the 101
Just bad-luck believers
Blinded by the sun
Yeah, we chased our dreams like you taught us how
But nothing grows in the wasteland now

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