

Wasteland

Ann Beretta

I take two steps forward, And three steps back, But I can watch myself, Watching my own back, Nothing said, And nothing I've done, Will keep you, From the wasteland. These days are bringing me nothing, Why do we find ourselves, Too scared to look inside? These days are bringing me nothing, But when we find that place, We'll fit, But we won't belong. Will be holding on, We're not gonna lose control, And we're still holding on for our own day, Will be holding on, We're not gonna lose control, And we're still holding on for our own day. Nothing I can do or say, Will make you want to change your mind, I guess it's my turn to leave you to, The wasteland. These days are bringing me nothing, Why do we find ourselves, Too scared to look inside? These days are bringing me nothing, But when we find that place, We'll fit it, But we won't belong. Will be holding on, We're not gonna lose control, And we're still holding on for our own day, Will be holding on, We're not gonna lose control, And we're still holding on for our own day. 1, 2, 3, go! These days are bringing me nothing, Why do we find ourselves, Too scared to look inside, These days are bringing me nothing, But when we find that place, We'll fit, But we won't belong. Will be holding on, We're not gonna lose control, And we're still holding on for our own day, Will be holding on, We're not gonna lose control, And we're still holding on for our own day.