

Wasted Years

Thunderstone

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, into 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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Don't waste your time always searching for those wasted
years
Face up...make your stand
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