

Wasted Words

As I Lay Dying

There are days when sorrow seems never-ending
Like the countless roads upon which I've driven
The price of attachment in pursuit of dreams
That I so often can't seem to remember
Yet there are days when beauty cannot be contained
It even crawls out from under ordinary things
A foreigner, no place to go
Holding on, making the most
Of what little time I have
All the wasted words I said
In all the cities that I left
The last act of our precious play
Must not close with regret
I will not leave wishing I had done things differently
The moments I treasure are
The ones
That I planned for
And if I knew where pain hid I might still let it go
So when the audience has run toward the latest drift
It will be my time to face the life that I have set
A foreigner in my own home
Holding on, no place to go
All the wasted words I said
In all the cities that I left
The last act of our precious play
Must not close with regret (regret)
All the wasted words
Some days the line between peace
And pain seems more like blur
But I know with certainty
I can't leave wishing, I cannot leave
I can't leave wishing I'd done things differently

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