

Wasted Years

Iron Maiden

From the coast of gold, across the seven seas,
I'm traveling 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, in 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 realize 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 want to cry, and throw my hands up to the sky.

Songwriters

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