

Wasted On You

Robert Francis

Strung out in Ypsilanti
I lost about a year ago
The wind it was leaning
on a freight train screaming
in the twilight through the valley below You were moving slow
Lying on the bedroom floor
Looked in your eyes and tethered
above our heads out hands together
But your eyes were somewhere else out the door Outside the world was tender as a sponge
We watched the glaciers melt and the stock-market plunge
I don't care if it's true, my mind is wasted on you What's the worst that I can do
Can't hurt myself if I can't hurt you
Am I better or getting sick
Run from myself to get away with it I saw some people standing over a hill
Long black veils hammering down the nails
Wanna see somebody hurt you, know the way I do
But nothing seems to change the way I feel about you I see some stray dogs playing by the funeral pier
Leaves of ash are falling on my window by the fire
And I can't see through, my mind is wasted on you Pedal steel ringing my head
wondering if you're sleeping in somebody's bed
I don't care if it's true, my mind's wasted on you
Been living in my rear-view mirror It's coming down and I'm trying to see clear
I can't see through, my mind is wasted on you

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