

# 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 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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