

Wasting My Time (West London Deep)

Kosheen

Fifteen years of precious time behind us
Seven years before our child is gone
Everything precariously balanced
The slightest press can turn it upside down
And it took us ages
To create
And we fill up the pages
Take it down in a day
Take it down in a dayIn a day you smell eternal summer
In a day the winter had begun
In a day I became your lover
In the morning all the rest will be goneAnd it took us ages
To create
And we fill up the pages
Take it down in a day
Take it down in a dayFifteen years of precious time behind us
Seven years before our child is gone
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The slightest press can turn it upside down

Songwriters

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