

Pop

Los Angeles Guitar Quartet

I believe [Incomprehensible] fly
I can find my way back home
I believe I can try
But I felt, is that the end?
I go blind, I can't see
But I need to find my way and
And you'll find me waiting
Yeah, and I'll be waiting
No excuses
Could make this worth it
Time again
No excuses
Could make this worth it
Time again
I don't need to declare
That I hate you, that I know
You could live, you could die
I don't care, is that the end?
Did it hurt? You're in pain
I don't care, I got my way and
You'll find me waiting
Yeah, and I will be here
Wasting time with rivals
I'll come home
To see you

Wasting time with rivals
I'll come home
To see you
Yeah, and I'll be waiting
No excuses
Could make this worth it
Time again
No excuses
Could make this worth it
Time again
Wasting time with rivals
I'll come home
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