

Wasted Life (Acoustic)

Hinder

Here I go, again
There's my phone, again
My head's pounding
I'm coming down from another round
Out on the town again
Hand on the clock, ticking
The hotel room, spinning
There's a guy on a cross
Hanging up on the wall
Saying it's my fault
The devil's ringing Same shit, every day
Set in my ways
I'm out of control again
Like someone cut the brakes
Burning all of my time
You're asking why
But I'm not listening
'Cause it's my wasted life Didn't drive, fuck it
My ass or balls, suck it
'Cause it ain't worth
All the pains I learned
Just another drop in the bucket Same shit, every day
Set in my ways
I'm out of control again
Like someone cut the brakes
Burning all of my time
You're asking why
But I'm not listening
'Cause it's my wasted life Same shit, every day
Set in my ways
I'm out of control again
Burning all of my time
You're asking why
But I'm not listening
'Cause it's my wasted life It's mine
It's my, it's my wasted life
It's my, it's my wasted life
It's my, it's my wasted life

Songwriters

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