

Ocean Waves

Greg Alan Holland

So many wasted days
Come and go like ocean waves
He hit me like a freight train
And now I can't get off my face
How could I have been so polite
To simply let her die
Who am I to spread my fingers
After you has filled my hands
Watching the moments slip through like desert sand
Respect her ignorance
Just in case she takes offense
The darkness that's killing her
Well that is just not my concern

How could I have been so polite
To simply let her die
Who am I to spread my fingers
After you have filled my arms
Watching the moments slip through like desert sand
You're not guaranteed tomorrow
You're not guaranteed tomorrow
How could I have been so polite
To simply let you die
Who am I to spread my fingers
After you have filled my arms
Watching the moments slip through like desert sand

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