

Fill in the gaps

| From the coast of gold, across the seven seas |
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| I'm traveling on, far and wide |
| But now it seems, I'm just a stranger to myself |
| And all the things I sometimes do |
| It isn't me but someone else |
| I close my eyes, and think of home |
| Another city goes by, in the night |
| Ain't it funny how it is, you never miss it til it's (1) |
| away |
| And my (2) is lying there and will be til my dying |
| day |
| So understand |
| Don't waste your time |
| Always (3) for those wasted years |
| Face up make your stand |
| And realize you're living in the golden years |
| Too much time on my hands, I got you on my mind |
| Can't ease this pain, so easily |
| When you can't find the words to say |
| It's hard to make it through another day |
| And it makes me wanna cry |
| |

| And (4) my hands up to the sky |
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| So understand |
| Don't waste your time |
| Always searching for those wasted years |
| Face up (5) your stand |
| And realize you're (6) in the |
| (7) years |
| So understand |
| Don't waste your time |
| Always searching for those wasted years |
| Face up (8) your stand |
| And realize you're (9) in the golden years |
| So understand |
| Don't waste your time |
| Always (10) for those wasted years |
| Face up make your stand |
| And realize you're living in the golden years |



- 1. gone
- 2. heart
- 3. searching
- 4. throw
- 5. make
- 6. living
- 7. golden
- 8. make
- 9. living
- 10. searching

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