

Wasting Away

Oak tree's scatter leaves on the river
While acorns washed up on the clay
As squirrels gather food for the winter
And I sit here Wasting Away

Oh if dreaming could make you my darling
I wouldn't be lonely today
And if wishing could bring back the good times
I wouldn't be Wasting Away

I stared at the tree's in the water
Until the reflection turned gray
The fall settles low on the poplar
And me I'm just Wasting Away

* Refrain