

## Wastebook

A garden full with apple trees laid wide spread there  
A young girl was sitting, she was playing with her hair  
She took the things so seriously and absolutely strict  
Forgot about desire and her summer sun predict.

A picnic at the river and you don't forget to dance  
The portrait of a summer day, a starting of romance  
A bridge at evening water and an early morning rain  
A shelter under willow trees, the lovin' and the pain.

The styles you see on Saturday, the art of worn out dreams  
The key accountant nightclub girl, the college bird in jeans  
They're sharing all their happiness, their toughness and ambition  
Some casual conversation and your loneliness is gone.

You upload all your pictures as romantic as you be  
The mountains, as a model or in London, by the sea.  
Everyone admires, everyone to hear the news  
The update of the weekend, the everyday reviews.

Oh, why do you not answer and why do you not write?  
I'm waiting for your message or a sign that you're alright.  
I sent you all my lovin', oh what have I done to you?  
What can I do to please you, well all this can't be true.

### *Chorus:*

Waste your time on Wastebook  
The show is always on  
Waste it through the night  
'Till your day will come.

Share your love on Wastebook  
The show is always on  
Share it through the night  
Till your day will come.