

# Lost My America

## I Mother Earth

A chair in the corner  
One leg broken  
And a whisper in the hall  
There's frustration  
Another walk around the room  
A loss of direction  
Before the start  
Some say a lot  
With few words spoken  
Some with peace  
Say nothing at all  
It's just a matter  
Of motivation to live  
Just a question  
Of where to get love  
Thrills and sand  
Fall through my open hand  
Where's my time gone  
Words look for the song  
Lost my America  
But made my own way  
I believe  
To this garden  
But on my face  
The idea is showing  
Shelter me for no reason  
At all  
Sunlight slanting  
Paranoid  
Feeling cold  
A little fucked up... alone  
Seems I'm spending  
These supposed best of years  
Quite unlike  
It says right here  
Cold  
A little fucked up... alone  
Take the face  
In hands spread open

And one to one  
Let the power run  
Feed the mouth  
That's hungry... open  
Feed the mind  
That wonders why

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