L.o.s.t.

Iggy Pop

I got my work, I got my work
The profit of doom is walking the beach
With a psychotic, breakdown, cardboard sign
Everything's faked and there's nothing to teach
And there's no point in running, crying
And I'm L O S T, lost, I'm L O S T, lost
I'm L O S T, lost, I'm L O S T, lost
In a garden of evil, in a garden of evil
In a garden of evil, in a garden of evil, evil
I walk through the filthy sterile wasteland
When I'm no good, they'll dump me on a scrap heap to die
Giant American tyrannosaur
Even the animals are running away
And I'm L O S T, lost, I'm L O S T, lost
I'm L O S T, lost, I'm L O S T, lost
In a garden of evil, in a garden of evil
In a garden of evil, in a garden of evil, evil
Evil, baby, I got my work, yeah
I walk through the filthy sterile wasteland
When I'm no good, they'll dump me on a scrap heap to die
Giant American tyrannosaur
And even the animals are running away
I'm L O S T, lost, I'm L O S T, lost
I'm L O S T, lost, I'm L O S T, lost

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/