

# 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://damnllyrics.com/>