

Lost At Home

The Automatic Automatic

Give me a reason not to keep sleeping
When I'm awake I feel like I am dreaming
The world is shrinking, every street's the same thing
I can reach so far but there are people disappearing
How can I pretend to know my own mind?
The more questions I ask, the more I find
I'm lost at home, out of time
The coins I flip land on their side
I'm holding my breath at your end of town
I'm just passing by, not for the first time
If I could rest my head just for a moment
Then I think that I would be fine
Slowly sinking, still thinking
There must be something I am missing
The streetlight, my sunlight
I won't sleep, I'm up all night
Can't stop till I have been used up
If I was not lost for words
Then I'd have nothing to describe
I'm holding my breath at your end of town
I'm just passing by, not for the first time
If I could rest my head just for a moment
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