

Lost

Meat Puppets

Lost on the freeway again
Looking for means to an end
Nobody knows which way it's gonna bend
Lost on the freeway again Walking the breezeways again
Thinking of something my friend
I'm growing tired of living Nixon's mess
Walking the breezeways again I know there'll come a day
When you'll say that you don't know me
And I know there'll come a time
When there's nothing anybody owes me anymore Locked in the attic again
Out of the shallow and into deep end
I've got a wound, I know will never mend
Locked in the attic again I know there'll come a day
When you'll say that you know me
I know there'll come a time
When there's nothing anybody owes me anymore Lost on the freeway again
Looking for means to an end
Nobody knows which way it's gonna bend
Lost on the freeway again Well, I know there'll come a day
When you'll say that you don't know me
And I know there'll come a time
When there's nothing anybody owes me anymore

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