

# Lost in the City

## Squad Five-O

This filthy city ain't got no heart.

It took my time, took my money, took my car.

Left me broken down with nothing better to do.

Than wander around with these holes in my pockets and holes in my shoes.

I walk these city streets.

Mile after mile of cold concrete.

It all looks the same to me.

Lost in the city.

The cars pass me by on the avenue.

They don't think twice, they move on by without a clue.

Six strings on my back, danger up ahead.

I'll keep myself alive if I can keep moving forward and keep my head.

And all these people seen so cold.

Their neon castles have al but robbed them of their souls.

But I'm just broken down with nothing better to do.

Than wander around with these holes in my pockets and holes in my shoes.

I'm lost again, lost in the city.

Ain't it a pity, I'm lost in the city.

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