

Lost

Donna Hughes

A man in the parking lot, down on his luck
Came and asked if I could spare a few bucks
I shoulda helped him, I shoulda cared
So before I fell asleep I said a little prayer
He must have no one to stand behind his dreams
No matter how crazy they seem
He must be scared, and alone
Begging for a dollar, searching for a home
Chorus: Without a family like mine
To turn to when you don't have a dime
Or a friend he could call
And I think he's lost, I think he's lost.....his way home
He may have talent and a dream he could chase
He may be a genius whose simply lost his way
I coulda helped him, I shoulda cared
I hope he finds a nice warm bed out there
He may have gone to Sunday School
In nice clothes and brand new shoes
Something happened along the way
For him to be alone, lost and afraid
Chorus

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