

# Lost Soul

## Bruce Hornsby & The Range

There was a man of confused and sad nature  
Thought no one loved him, that was not true  
He said, he was a lost soul, didn't fit in anywhere  
Didn't know where to turn or who to turn to  
Oh, there's a lost soul coming down the road  
Somewhere between two worlds  
With an oar in his hand and a song on your lips  
We'll row the boat to the far shore  
Row the boat of the long lost soul  
Ever since, oh, I can remember  
We all tried to ease the pain  
Took him in when he needed some shelter  
Tried to make him feel he was one of us again  
There was one day, oh, I can remember  
He sat alone with a pencil in his hand  
All day long he drew careful on the paper  
In the end just a picture of a man  
Of the lost soul coming down the road  
Somewhere between two worlds  
With an oar in his hand and a song on your lips  
We'll row the boat to the far shore  
Row the boat of the long lost soul  
Oh, dear Mary, do you remember  
The day when we went walking downtown  
As I recall, it was in early December  
After school had just let out  
When I see you on the street in the twilight  
I may tip my hat and keep my head down  
Show me love but maybe I don't deserve it  
I've been called but not, but not found  
Oh, there's a lost soul coming down the road  
Somewhere between two worlds  
With an oar in his hand and a song on your lips  
We'll row the boat to the far shore  
Row the boat of the long lost soul  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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