

# A Little Lost

Coparck

The night of the dream, it's raining  
Nothing's what it seems, mistaken  
Adding mysteries, embrace them  
As we'd like to be a little lost, a little lost  
A little lost, a little lost  
Suppose we'd all walk backwards and change directions  
Talk to people passing, we surely have never met  
And four arms could not fit in one jacket  
Anything that gets us distracted a little lost  
A little lost, a little lost, a little lost  
Was it goodbye, real nice or I'll miss you?  
Was it relaxed slowly or far too busy?  
The idea of logic existing  
These crowded mountains, all drifting a little lost  
A little lost, a little lost, a little lost

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