Lust And Found

Bertie Blackman

This place is hungry
Too hungry for me
Biting at our faces
Biting at the seamsSo take this diction
It's slicing up our feet
Gnawing at our conscience
Gnawing something sweetOh, get me out of this town
'Cause I am kept in a box of lost and found
Oh, get me out of this town
'Cause I belong undergroundThis place is hungry
Too hungry for me
'Cause I'm like a soldier
I'm playing make believeAnd what would our parents say
As this generation bleeds
They'd say I know what you love is
But it's lost in a red, red seaOh, get me out of this town
'Cause I am kept in a box of lost and found
Oh, get me out of this town
'Cause I belong underground [repeat]

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