

# Lost

Annie Lennox

This is the sound of the planes in the night  
Coming out of the darkness and into the light  
Shining alarmingly, curiously bright This is the sound of those murderous drums  
The marching of footsteps, the twisting of thumbs  
Over and over again, here it comes Were lost  
(Baby, come again, dont let me fall)  
Were lost  
(Baby, come again, despite it all)  
Were lost Tell me the story bout when you were young  
I want to hear it again  
Leave in the parts where the hero gets stung  
I want to savor it, I want to play it again This is the sound of a babys first breath  
The dying of footsteps, the touching of flesh  
To hold in your memory, to keep by your chest Were lost, so lost  
Lost

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