

I'd Rather Be Lost

[Hayley Sales](#)

Falling leaves answer the night's desire to not be alone
The wind blows
Takes me along to places I wish I could go
Places I wish I could go Autumn rain dances like notes on top of the gravel-stone road
I listen close
Hearing a voice
Telling me that I should go
Telling me that I should go Cause a rolling stone
That does not roam
Will start to loose its roll
And I'd rather be lost I grab a coat and open the door
Leaving the fire behind
I let the wind drift me along to places I hope that I find
Places I hope that I find Cause a rolling stone
That does not roam
Will start to loose its roll
And I'd rather be lost I'd rather be lost
I will gather no moss here A rolling stone
That does not roam
Will start to loose it's roll
And I'd rather be lost

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