

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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