

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

We're lost
(baby come again don't let me fall)
We're lost
(baby come again despite it all)
Were lost
(baby come)
(baby come)

Tell me the story
'bout when you were young
I want to hear it again
Leave in the part
Where the hero gets stung
I want to savour it
I want to play it again

This is the sound of a baby's first breath
The dying of footsteps
The touching of flesh
To hold in your memory
To keep by your chest

We're lost
So lost
Lost