

## Lost In America

Edwin McCain

Well I made a small fortune sellin used cars  
And it's buried out back in a cookie jar  
I raise a toast to Senior Escobar  
For givin me a pot to piss in

Well I ran a little scam until '92  
Now I hang around here for somethin to do  
And I just keep talkin till I'm blue  
To any one who'll listen

Yes, we're lost in America  
And this land we're so proud of  
We got the cars, the girls, the money, the drugs  
To get you out of your rut  
Yes, we're lost in America

She got a brand new lease on an Escalade  
And a bumper sticker bout a whale to save  
And she's burnin up gas like they gave it away  
At least her kid's on the honor roll

She got a handful of pills to improve her mood  
Liposuction, big, fake boobs  
She got a Mexican maid that brings the food  
To the birdcage made of gold

I'm droppin out  
And I'm quittin this game  
Yes, I'm washin my feet, turn off my phone  
Changin my name, hittin the road  
Don't really know where I'm gonna go  
But I'm gettin the hell out of here  
In America