

# The Man Who's Always Lost

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The man who's always lost  
Keeps his fingers crossed  
He might get wise or sick and tired  
And take off

The man who's always home  
Feeling so alone  
Driving back and forth, he's a slave to the work  
But he's the boss

Round and round, was it east or west?  
He took a wrong turn, was it right or was it left?  
Dreams about the days before  
When he was poor and happier

The man who stays out late  
Every waitress knows his name  
It's no surprise, they like the tips and so they smile  
But that's the game

Why it's hard to say  
He just can't walk away  
The man accepts the cost  
He's cold enough to frost  
While he waits to feel his sun  
Wonders aimlessly for fun  
He's the man who's always lost