

L.O.S.T.

Iggy Pop

I got my work
I got my work
The profit of doom is walking the beach
With a psychotic breakdown cardboard sign
Everything's faked and there's nothing to teach,
And there's no point in running crying

And I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
In a garden of evil
In a garden of evil
In a garden of evil
In a garden of evil
Evil

I walk through the filthy sterile wasteland
When I'm no good they'll dump me on a scrap heap to die
Giant American tyrannosaur,
Even the animals are running away.

I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
L.o.s.t. lost
In a garden of evil
In a garden of evil
In a garden of evil
In a garden of evil
Evil

Evil baby
I got my work
Yeah
I walk through the filthy sterile wasteland
When I'm no good they'll dump me on a scrap heap to die
Giant American tyrannosaur,
Even the animals are running away

I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost
I'm l.o.s.t. lost