

Lost

Meat Puppets

Lost on the freeway again
Lookin' for means to an end
Nobody knows which way it's gonna bend
Lost on the freeway again

Walkin' the breezeways again
Lookin' for something my friend
I've grown tired of living Nixon's mess
Walkin' the breezeways again

I know there'll come a day
When you say that you don't know me
I know there'll come a time
When there's nothing anybody owes me anymore

Locked in the attic again
Out of the shallow and into the deep end
I've got a wound I know will never mend
Locked in the attic again

I know there'll come a day
When you say that you don't know me
I know there'll come a time
When there's nothing anybody owes me anymore