

## Lost in America

Mr. Big

Silent voices close their minds and hide  
Behind their secret gardens  
Welcome to the age of rage  
And everybody's high on something

Run, see Jack run  
With all the little piggies in a row  
They come, They go  
Does anyone give a damn  
Who I am or where I'm going  
I am your favorite son come undone  
Lost in America

Suck your poison, throw your rhymes  
And wait for something bad to happen  
Stand behind your middle finger  
Cool to kill is still in fashion

Run, see Jack run  
With all the little piggies in a row  
They come, they go  
Does anyone give a damn  
Who I am or where I 'm going  
I am your favorite son come undone  
Lost in America

Here in the wasteland  
No one's as sane as everyone else  
And there'll be hell to pay one fine day