

Lost

Nik Kershaw

Sitting alone, the comfort zone
Your feet up on a Sunday morning
The same skin that you were born in
Who'd of thought it could stretch so far
There's nothing wrong, the football's on
A warm beer and a chicken sandwich
Growing old, fat, gaseous and rich
Say what a lucky bunny you are

You can sing yourself a lullaby
You are born, pay taxes then you die

Lost in the moment
Lost in space
Lost on the way to your happy place
(and you can't go back, and you can't go forwards)
Lost all the hunger
Lost your pain
Lost any will to be alive again

Sitting alone, the safety zone
No sweat and no excitation
In your five star fortification
Are you locking them out or locking you in?
A whisky rye, surrounded by
Everything that you've ever wanted
Well half cut is better than half dead
Singing, "gotta be in it to win"

You are on your way to where you are
This will do 'til you find Shangri-la

Lost in the moment
Lost in space
Lost on the way to your happy place
(and you can't go back, and you can't go forwards)
Lost all the hunger
Lost your pain
Lost any will to be alive again
(and you never say die, but you never say live either)