

Lost Like This

Oingo Boingo

I'm standing all alone out in the pouring rain
And though it really isn't like me to complain
I think I'm getting used to it. I feel happy, and I also feel bad
I've never been here, but somehow I think I have
But I'm getting used to it.

I've never been lost like this
I've never been lost like this
But I wouldn't be happy anywhere else
Nobody to tell us what to do - all by ourselves.

Don't know how I got here and I don't know why I stay
The poets all around are laughing in their graves
Must be something that I said.
This place is not like anything I've seen before
The spirits move around, the houses have no doors
But I'm getting used to it

Isn't this a fine hello I wish I hadn't seen you go
It's always a bitter pill The broken mirror's broken still
The letters never made the post, A thousand more I never wrote
And here on dark unfriendly streets, I find the comfort that I seek
And I'm happy, and I've been happy...