

Get Lost

The Bigger Lights

I lost my voice in London calling,
I broke my heart in Hollywood,
Damn Miami, you don't understand me,
You know you hurt so good.
I broke apart in Paris, baby,
And this road does not lead to Rome.
When I find I'm going nowhere, I must be headed home.

You've gotta get lost.
You've gotta get locked out, spun around, busted up and beaten
down.
That's where you find yourself.

I got drunk in Barcelona.
New York City fed my soul,
Dirty Vegas stole my money,
and left me laying low.
I left my eyes in Boston crying,
I took my time in Tokyo,
I met a Misfit in New Jersey but walk this road alone.

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I learned some lessons in Seattle with angles in Virginia snow.
For what it's worth, I needed Dallas, and now I'm coming home.

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