

Get Lost

The Lacs

There's a lean-to shed, burn pile, and some hound dogs
An ol' boy like me just get lost
Whiskey got ya boy feelin' nice
And I'll be gone the whole night
Really ain't no need to call
The truth is that you don't need to worry at all
I'll be just fine
As long as I can just get lost

Chillin' way back in the pines
And it's alright if the clock just stops for a while
And all them rowdy friends of mine
They all call, but y'all I got some things on my mind
I need a half a gallon bottle, not a cell phone
I wanna close my eyes and just sail on
There's a place in my mind
That I go to unwind, kick back, let go,
And try to lose it sometimes
Cause I been thinkin' bout thinkin' bout leavin'
Goin' to a place where I can think without reason
All of my worries left out in space
Come monday it's back to that old rat race

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So many phone calls and deadlines
Articles and headlines
It's okay another busy day
But I need to get my head right
Ain't crunk the four wheel drive in quite a while
You know the kind
Jump in the truck
And find some mud
And cruise around to ease my mind
Rippin' through the georgia pines
Sunnky skies and feelin' fine
They don't sell beer up in here
So I guess I'll hit the county line
Stoppin' by, the river's high
Maybe catch some fish to fry
My tackle box stays in the back
With my old zebco and my spider wire
Slow it down and figure out
What this life is all about
It ain't the money
Or the clout
It ain't the future
It's right now
So tell me what y'all know about them dirty country roads
Gettin' lost it cleanse the soul

Ever since the days of old

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