

You Could Get Lost out Here

A.C. Newman

Who's gonna save your soul from yesterday, out from the
flames?
When you walk yourself, what you expect, the worst out of
the bush
The tired of black, could knock yourself out, knock
yourself out.

You're losing the ground, prevision of the visible you
find to make it right
Won't you love precise millions above will back you up
We have to talk yourself down, talk yourself down.

You could get lost out here, lost out here,
You could get lost out here, lost out here.

We go to the woods, although we shouldn't plan
We understand because we teach ourselves.
Nothing to see, at least, not what we chose
We made our pact, we've got to find out.
Showed ourselves out.

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