

Lost

Bryan Martin

I ran the same street as the devil
I've shook his hand
I can tell you I ain't ever
Feared another man
I'm far from a saint, just shy of disciple
Some know what I mean
I've done things that'd make your skin crawl, baby
And everything in between
I ran the same street as the devil

Don't look now but they're comin'
They're comin' after me
I spent my whole life runnin'
Why won't they let me be?
Don't look now but they're comin'
They're comin' after me
I spent my whole life runnin'
Why won't they let me be?

Runnin' round, runnin' round
When it comes to lonely
I know that sound
Runnin' round, runnin' round
'Cause I've been lost
More than I've been found
Oh, I've been lost
More than I've been found