

Lost And Found

Derailers

There's a honky-tonk across the tracks
It's called The Lost and Found
And anytime both night or day
You hear the jukebox sound

It's playing sad and lonesome songs
That help the beer go down
You always have a song to count on
At The Lost and Found

They always take good care of you
At The Lost and Found
And when the closing lights come on
You're still hanging 'round

'Cause if you're in for a penny
Then you're in for a pound
You always seem to lose yourself
At The Lost and Found

The proprietor sets you up a tab
If you seek too deep
And the barmaid gently wakes you
If you fall asleep

And asks you if you need a cab
Or maybe one more round
They always take good care of you
At The Lost and Found

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And when the closing lights come on
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You always seem to lose yourself
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