Lost

Hurt

On an old dusty road,
He made his way
To try to get home,
He slaved all day,
In such dirty clothes,
He wore rags.
That's all that we have.

But the things he made were with his hands,
And the things that he made were made to last,
And just one of these things that he made was a man.
He will say that, I am.

I wanna know where to go to from here.
I wanna know where it leads.
I'm far away gambling with all I've held dear.
And I wanna know where it leads.
I wanna know where to go to from here,
I wanna know where it leads,
I'm far away gambling with all I've held dear,
And I need to know what it leaves me.

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