

## Lost

Nik Kershaw

Sitting alone, the comfort zone  
Your feet up on a Sunday morning  
The same skin that you were born in  
Who'd of thought it could stretch so far  
There's nothing wrong, the football's on  
A warm beer and a chicken sandwich  
Growing old, fat, gaseous and rich  
Say what a lucky bunny you are

You can sing yourself a lullaby  
You are born, pay taxes then you die

Lost in the moment  
Lost in space  
Lost on the way to your happy place  
(and you can't go back, and you can't go forwards)  
Lost all the hunger  
Lost your pain  
Lost any will to be alive again

Sitting alone, the safety zone  
No sweat and no excitation  
In your five star fortification  
Are you locking them out or locking you in?  
A whisky rye, surrounded by  
Everything that you've ever wanted  
Well half cut is better than half dead  
Singing, "gotta be in it to win"

You are on your way to where you are  
This will do 'til you find Shangri-la

Lost in the moment  
Lost in space  
Lost on the way to your happy place  
(and you can't go back, and you can't go forwards)  
Lost all the hunger  
Lost your pain  
Lost any will to be alive again  
(and you never say die, but you never say live either)