

Lost

Running Touch

Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Talks start
Landslide (Landslide)
You're hoping for me

Let me get a light and I'll tell you
Fifty flowers on the neck that I'm next to
Ninety hours for your week and I seem new
You're in from Paris with your crew for a re-shoot
Since I've seen you

Maybe it's lost there
Somewhere hidden in-between, that heavy breathing
Behind that bed or in that crease

Useless, I'm caught out
You're hoping for me

You got a few nights while he's in Dallas
If I knew, I wouldn't ask for an address
Philtrum pretty but you got a lot of context
I see the pain, see the scripts and the long texts
I can't trust you
Maybe it's lost there
Somewhere hidden in-between, that heavy breathing
Behind that bed or in that crease
Maybe it's lost there
Somewhere hidden in-between, that heavy breathing
Behind that bed or in that crease

Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Between the heavy breathing
Between your two men
And now we're all lost

Between the heavy breathing
Between your two men
And now we're all lost