# Lost

**Shawn James**

If you got the nerve and if you got the time
Brother please help me get ahold of my mind
My gun in my hand and my dog by my side
I entered the forest but lost my sight

I've been firing off round trying to gain my ground
Moving in circles where nightmares about
The past on my heels, war torn debris
I'm locked in my mind and I can't find the key

I'm lost
I'm lost

Up ahead I heard a roaring powerful sound
I gathered my wits and called for my hound
At the top of that hill my brothers stood tall
They helped me up and we traveled on

We're lost
We're lost


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