

## Get Lost

The Lacs

There's a lean-to shed, burn pile, and some hound dogs  
An ol' boy like me just get lost  
Whiskey got ya boy feelin' nice  
And I'll be gone the whole night  
Really ain't no need to call  
The truth is that you don't need to worry at all  
I'll be just fine  
As long as I can just get lost

Chillin' way back in the pines  
And it's alright if the clock just stops for a while  
And all them rowdy friends of mine  
They all call, but y'all I got some things on my mind  
I need a half a gallon bottle, not a cell phone  
I wanna close my eyes and just sail on  
There's a place in my mind  
That I go to unwind, kick back, let go,  
And try to lose it sometimes  
Cause I been thinkin' bout thinkin' bout leavin'  
Goin' to a place where I can think without reason  
All of my worries left out in space  
Come monday it's back to that old rat race

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So many phone calls and deadlines  
Articles and headlines  
It's okay another busy day  
But I need to get my head right  
Ain't crunk the four wheel drive in quite a while  
You know the kind  
Jump in the truck  
And find some mud  
And cruise around to ease my mind  
Rippin' through the georgia pines  
Sunny skies and feelin' fine  
They don't sell beer up in here  
So I guess I'll hit the county line  
Stoppin' by, the river's high  
Maybe catch some fish to fry  
My tackle box stays in the back  
With my old zebco and my spider wire  
Slow it down and figure out  
What this life is all about  
It ain't the money  
Or the clout  
It ain't the future  
It's right now  
So tell me what y'all know about them dirty country roads  
Gettin' lost it cleanse the soul

Ever since the days of old

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