

I Am Lost

Those Poor Bastards

Bad luck bad luck I've had lots of bad luck
Bad luck bad luck ba-da-ba-ba-ba bad luck
Lookin' down the road I see cold I see dark I see dread

Lately all my dreams turn into nightmares
My soul an empty pit that can't be filled
That graveyard dirt you gave me just ain't workin'
This rage within my guts cannot be stilled

I am lost I am lost are you?
I am lost I am lost are you?

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I'm worried that the call I made to Cindy
Got disconnected when the lightning hit
I'm worried that this stink I call my life sir
Will end before I find a point to it

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Did you know my cousin was a jailer?
He killed himself in prison long ago
To me his fate it seems so awful funny
Devoured by the rats so I was told

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Bad luck bad luck ba-da-ba-ba-ba bad luck
Lookin' down the road I see cold I see dark I see dread
Are you lost?