

Jackie Lomax, Lost

(Written by John Simon)

(Lost) Like leaves in the tide
(Lost) That blow far and wide
(Lost) And land on some far seaside

(Lost) Like songs when they end
(Lost) A voice on the wind
(Lost) Like wayfaring wandering friends

Lost like the beat of long-gone bands
That blew through lips and ran from hands
And tapped the feet at long-gone jams
They're never lost

(Lost) Like dreams when you wake

(Lost) Like big plans you make
(Lost) Like pebbles tossed in a lake

(Lost) Like flowers when they die
(Lost) Like birds flying high
(Lost) Like seconds that tick right on by

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That blew through lips and ran from hands
And tapped the feet at long-gone jams
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