

# The Afghan Whigs, Lost in the Woods

Surprise, surprise  
I'll have you know I've come to see you die  
I'm hard to find, you'll never tell  
You know me by now, you know me by now  
You do, you do

Reason why, start the conversation  
Call it occupation, we'll be here awhile  
Reason now, before it's too late  
Before you betray yourself  
And I to you, to you

I went to the levy, dove into the water  
Dove into the water, unchaining my life  
Fake the believer, sanctified redeemer  
Camouflaged deceiver, so covetous, I  
But you... baby

Sitting outside in the cold,  
I can see that you're not alone  
That's vanity swallowing you, come see  
That baby, soon she'll be picking her teeth

Not dead, I'll see you all again  
In time we all descend  
Not yet, and I won't leave  
'Til I know what I need to know  
You know me by now, you know me by now  
You do...

Baby, fear has a mind of its own  
Undress, if you see in your bones  
And I see how it waited for you  
And I see how it baited the hook  
Now you're gone and you ain't coming back

Sitting outside in the cold,  
I can see that you're not alone  
Calamity following you, come see  
Now baby, sin is a line of a poem  
Unknown with a need to know  
A throne in a room with a view  
But you're lost in the woods