

Smith Elliott

"in the lost and found"

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he held his breath
to hold your hand
to walk the stairsteps in pairs
climbing up the slippery slope
i'm in love
god, I hope(?)
don't go home angelina
stay with me
hanging around in the lost and found

he kissed her quick
feeling weird
lonely (?)
disappear
this is such a simple place
passing time
getting (?)
don't don't go go home angelina
make tomorrow new

day breaks
and every morning when he wakes
he thinks of you

i'm alone
that's ok
i dont mind
most of the time
i dont feel afraid to die
she was here, passing by
don't don't go go home angelina
stay with me
hanging around in the lost and found
stay with me
hanging around in the lost and found

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