

## **Bruce Hornsby & The Range**

### **"Lost Soul"**

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There was a man of confused and sad nature  
Thought no one loved him that was not true  
He said he was a lost soul didn't fit in anywhere  
Didn't know where to turn or who to turn to

There's a lost soul coming down the road  
Somewhere between two worlds  
With an oar in his hands and a song on your lips  
We'll row the boat to the far shore  
Row the boat of the loved lost soul

Ever since oh I can remember  
We all tried to ease the pain  
Took him in when he needed some shelter  
Tried to make him feel he was one of us again  
There was one day oh I can remember  
He sat alone with a pencil in his hand  
All day long he drew careful on the paper  
In the end just a picture of a man

Of the lost soul coming down the road  
Somewhere between two worlds  
With an oar in his hands and a song on your lips  
We'll row the boat to the far shore  
Row the boat of love lost soul

Oh dear Mary do you remember  
The day we went walking downtown  
As I recall it was in early December  
After school had just let out  
When I see you on the street in the twilight  
I may tip my hat and keep my head down  
You show me love but maybe I don't deserve it  
I've been called but not been found

There's a lost soul coming down the road  
Somewhere between two worlds  
With an oar in his hands and a song on your lips  
We'll row the boat to the far shore  
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