

A.C. Newman**"You Could Get Lost Out Here"**

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Who's going to save your soul from yesterday, or fan
the flames where you warm yourself,
while you expect the worst, sell button pushed, the title
blank?
You're gonna knock yourself out, just to knock yourself
out.

Your roots in this ground, are provisional, invisible,
you'll find, to the naked eye.
You know what you love, precise millions above will
back you up.
You have to talk yourself down, talk yourself down.

You could get lost out here.
Lost out here...

We went to the woods, although we should have
planned
We understand because we teach ourselves.
Nothing we've seen will lose to what we choose
We may run back but, hey, you've got to find out.
We showed ourselves out.

You could get lost out here.
Lost out here...

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