

## Just Jack "Lost"

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Picture this, 2:30 on the hottest night in June  
He awakes for no reason and checks his watch by the  
moon  
And his mouth feels as dry as his eyes as he struggles  
to rise  
And stops to contemplate his wifes thighs as he does  
up his flies

He finds his slippers where he left them under the chair  
Behind the two cups and an old copy of Marie Claire  
And he switches on the coffee machine  
That of course works like a dream  
Catches sight of his reflection in the silver surface  
sheen

And it's a face he knows well although it should look  
less abused  
With all these moisturizers and the skin products he's  
used  
As he moves through the kitchen, his homage to  
brushed steel  
Across the new pine floorin' that's plastic but looks real

Past the plasma with the wide screen  
And the cinema surround sound  
And he stops on his favorite spot by the window and  
looks down  
On the orange lit street at the edge of the private car  
park  
Where his Audi TT is waitin' safely in the dark

Keepin' it all inside of you  
Somethin' will have to give  
And if you could you'll take it back  
But you lose your way in the way you live

Now he can hear wind chimes tinklin' out on the  
balcony  
And his phone beepin' out a text message in the same  
key  
He checks it and it's Jill who used to be his secretary  
Before they started an affair and things began to get

really scary

Now his wife Mary is gettin' weary of his lies  
Like she's read the whole sordid story in his eyes  
It doesn't help that Jill's now sayin' that she's two weeks  
late  
His mental state is really startin' to deteriorate

He never knew how he got so out of his depth  
Or why he's broken more than all these promises kept  
And it's been ages since he slept properly  
His sleeps now broken by these dreams of extra-  
marital activity

Tryin' to recapture the rapture he used to get  
From his material possessions and endless retail  
therapy sessions  
Shoulda listened to what his dad said before he died  
"The best things in life are the ones you can't buy, son"

Keepin' it all inside of you  
Somethin' will have to give  
Wish you could buy a ticket back  
But you lose your way in the way you live

He used to feel so safe up here in his shrine to Ikea  
Away from the shouts and the louts and the girls  
With the over painted pouts  
And the queers and the dykes and the kids in their box  
fresh Nikes  
Deliverin' rocks to the house across the street  
On rusty mountain bikes

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