

## David Wilcox "The Lost Years"

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So Mister Einstein, what'd you do then?  
'Cause there's a hole in your resume after 1910  
You were a brilliant man when you were 23  
But then you sat in your pajamas and you watched TV

In the lost years when your life stalls out  
You start sinking in the weight of doubt  
Lost your vision, got no faith  
And stoped moving in the human race  
Stuck in the suck-muck, sick with fear  
Still sinking in the lost years

This aint' no Kodak moment  
These times are best forgotten  
This is the part you'll be ashamed of  
This is the prozac tunnel  
This is the Rip Van Winkle  
This is the embryo you came from

So Mister Einstein, Mister Prodigy  
You know the pride that you stand on works like a water  
ski  
Yeah, the motion of the ocean made you stand up  
straight  
But now your tow boat's stalled and you're only shark  
bait

Chorus  
Look, your soul said something's missing  
But you would never listen  
It gave you signals but you missed 'em  
So this is the desperate measure  
This is the hidden treasure  
This is like a strike against the system

See it's your last chance but you might find out  
In the ocean of the dark and doubt  
Past the panic, through the tears  
The sharp shackle of the phantom fears

Gives up its death grip and disappears  
Still sinking in the lost years

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