

The Automatic

"Lost At Home"

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Give me a reason
Not to keep sleeping
When I'm awake I feel like I am dreaming
The world is shrinking
Every street's the same thing
I can reach so far
But there are people disappearing

How can I pretend
To know my own mind
The more questions I ask
The more I find
I'm lost at home
Out of time
The coins I've flipped land on their side

I'm holding my breath at your end of town
I'm just passing by not for the first time
If I could rest my head just for a moment
Then I think that I would be fine

Slowly sinking
Still thinking
There must be something I am missing
The street light, my sunlight
I won't sleep, I'm up all night

Can't stop, til I
Have been used up
If I was not lost for words
Then I'd have nothing to describe

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