

## Gathering Field "Lost In America"

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Snow on the railroad tracks  
Dogs in the moonlight  
Stoned out on Kerouac  
Tryin' to get it just right

A phone in a dim lit room  
Rings out forever  
In a time that was still too soon  
But why should he care?  
He had a rambling soul  
He drank a bottle of cheap wine  
Turned up his collar to the cold  
And waited, he waited for a sign

Fueled by amphetamines  
And visions of beauty  
As far as the eye could see  
Was all that he strived for

A waitress in Tennessee  
Said he looked like Jesus  
He silenced her raging sea  
Then walked out the door  
He had a rambling soul  
He drank a bottle of cheap wine  
Turned up his collar to the cold  
And waited, he waited for a sign

Under an open sky  
He stands with his eyes closed  
If anyone asked him why  
He would not know  
He's lost in America  
Hell bent for no place  
A rusty harmonica  
That won't even play  
He's lost in America...

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