

Newsboys

"Lost The Plot"

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When you come back again
Would you bring me something from the fridge?
Heard a rumour that the end is near
But I just got comfortable here.
Sigh.
Let's be blunt.
I'm a little distracted.
What do you want?

Headaches and bad faith
Are all that I've got.
First I misplaced the ending
Then I lost the plot.

Out among the free-range sheep
While the big birds sharpen their claws.
For a time we stuck with the shepherd
But you wouldn't play Santa Claus.

Sigh.
Let's be blunt.
We're a little distracted.
What do you want?

Once we could follow,
Now we cannot.
You would not fit our image,
So we lost the plot.

Once we could hear you,
Now our senses are shot.
We've forgotten our first love.
We have lost the plot.

When I saw you for the first time
You were hanging with a thief
And I knew my hands were dirty,
And I dropped my gaze.
Then you said I was forgiven
And you welcomed me with laughter.
I was happy ever after.
I was counting the days

When you'd come back again.
We'll be waiting for you
When you comin' back again?
We'll be ready for you
Maybe we'll wake up when...
Maybe we'll wake up when
You come back again.

Lies.
Let's be blunt.
We're a little unfaithful.
What do you want?

Are you still listening?
'Cause we're obviously not
We've forgotten our first love
We have lost the plot.

And why are you still calling?
You forgave, we forgot.
We're such experts at stalling
That we've lost the plot.
Lost the plot

When you come back again
Would you bring me something from the fridge?
Heard a rumour that the end is near
But I just got comfortable here.

Lyrics: Steve Taylor, Peter Furler / Music: Peter Furler
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