

Atlas Sound

"Lost And Found"

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[Hook - Slug]

To my surprise, discovered that I really don't know
much

Most of much of what I know catches a (what?) [3X]
(what are you doin?)

[verse]

Runnin from the law, not my favorite hobby
I'm relieved that I saw the speed trap before he saw me
I don't need another ticket, I've gotta collection in the
glovebox

They make great souvenirs cause they weigh less than
rocks

Man you better slow your roll, let the numbers get low
Like a 55 stroll to move past the patrol

Hope he don't already know about my top speed
Like the helicopter radar that caught me outside of
Milwaukee

I'm still livin this life, tryin to escape the problems
Quick and quiet at night just like the insects and the
goblins

It's the gas fumes, the fast food, yo it's all of the above
It's meetin women for a weekend and fallin deep in
love

As good as it gets, man it's as bad as you make it
But ain't nuthin like bathin in a freezin river naked
And I really don't know much but I know enough to
know

Now that I'm lost, I've never been so found... (so in
touch)

Take this job and give it to someone else
Corn on the cob is better when it's hot with melted
butter on top

Could warm the soul, but this ones cold
Cause I stole it off the side of the road
I'm not a real thief, I don't steal more than I need

Everything I take I eat, I never do it for the greed
I'm just a gravel trail type of man

Pull the car behind the brush and get in touch with your
farm land

So if you gotta healthy lookin garden in your backyard
I'll pull over to admire then I'll check for a dog
And if the areas clear I'll be back here tonight
Set dinner for one under the moonlight...

[quiet]

(discovered that, I really don't know much, most of
much of what
I know catches a, (what?) to my surprise, [2X]
In the moonlights when to strike, under the stars gettin
ours
There's a breeze every night)
Carrots, tomatoes, green beans, cabbages, rhubarb,
cauliflower, corn, radishes

[verse]

Here it comes, here it is, and there it went, surprise
Aright, now it's time to get on with your life
Loaded up the Ford, with all the rations supplies
And hit the road to fly the friendly skies
It's been about a month since I left St. Paulie Girl behind
Punctured the heart but it was for her own good
Left her sittin in the kitchen with the breakfast dishes
And gave a name to this distance that she never
would've understood
Roll the window down, got the sounds distortin
And I got my last paycheck and half a carton of
Newports man
And I'm never gonna quit til I face my challenge
And I use your mathematics just to average my gallons
And if you buy my tape it puts worth on my odometer
10 bucks'll take me 300 kilometers
Runnin from myself wont stop until I pop
So keep an eye open for me at your local record shop

[hook 8X]

And I found myself, when I lost myself [until fade]

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