

## Raine Maida

### "Lost, Dropped, And Cancelled"

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Expect me like one waits for mail,  
All lost dropped and cancelled.  
Like foreign post, i leave twice a day  
But take a week to get there.  
Expect me like one waits for rain,  
Or sleet or hail or snowfall.  
Like foreign post, i'm lost on the way  
And take a week to get there.  
I want to be delivered  
'til i'm gone gone gone.  
The way it's sealed in my heart, i  
T's guaranteed that i'm  
In your hands  
By morning, when you're ready  
To read between the lines  
And the paper isn't telling you anything.  
If you miss me, drop me a line  
In care of fin de siecle,  
Mit luftwaffe.  
It's the end of the end of the end.

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