

Hornsby Bruce

"Lost Soul"

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(by Bruce R. Hornsby)

There was a man of confused and sad nature
Thought no one loved him, that was not true
He said he was a lost soul, didn't fit in anywhere
Didn't know where to turn, or who to turn to

There's a lost soul coming down the road
Somewhere between two worlds
With an oar in his hands and a song on your lips
We'll row the boat to the far shore
Row the boat of the loved lost soul

Ever since, oh, I can remember
We all tried to ease the pain
Took him in when he needed some shelter
Tried to make him feel he was one of us again
There was one day, oh, I can remember
He sat alone with a pencil in his hand
All day long he drew careful on the paper
In the end, just a picture of a man

Of a lost soul coming down the road
Somewhere between two worlds
With an oar in his hands and a song on your lips
We'll row the boat to the far shore
Row the boat of love, lost soul

Oh, dear Mary, do you remember
The day when we went walking downtown
As I recall it was in early December
After school had just let out
When I see you on the street in the twilight
I may tip my hat and keep my head down
You show me love, but maybe I don't deserve it
I've been called but not been found

There's a lost soul coming down the road
Somewhere between two worlds
With an oar in his hands and a song on our lips
We'll row the boat to the far shore

Row the boat of the loved lost soul

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