

The 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
Oh, 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
He's hell bent for no place
A rusty harmonica
That won't even play

He's lost in America

He's hell bent for no place
A rusty harmonica
That won't even play, yeah, alright, alright

He's lost in America
He's lost in America

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