

## **Lost Trailers, The "Sitting on Top Of The World"**

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Looking out on these back streets that you brought me,  
All I see has been bought, kept for safety,  
Trade the rift of the change for the landing,  
Save the light for the few that's left standing.

I tried to tell you, these are the good times,  
Guess we'll find out...down the line.

Walking out used to be so easy,  
Close the door while the light was still fading.  
But those times seem to fade into memories,  
And bring us here while those streets are left sleeping.

You tried to tell me, these are the good times,  
Guess we'll find out...down the line.

It's what we left behind.  
It's what we found inside.  
So what is on your mind?  
Now that we're wasted, and sitting on top of the world.

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