

Aaron Tippin, Lost

A couple of bucks worth of change
in the ashtray
A half a tank of Texaco
You're sitting with your feet on the dash
fiddling with the radio
Take a seft at the edge of town,
out where the roads ain't paved
And if we never find our way back,
it doesn't matter anyway

Chours

('Cause/But) I've been lost since you
found me
Head over heart and soul
As long as your arms are around me
It Don't matter where we go
I'm right where I always dreamed that
I would be
Lost since you found me

We can go to the Oklahoma
Take a swim if it gets too hot
Or have an ice cold Coca-Cola
at the Whistle Stop
I never noticed that little white house
with a for sale sign
And I've been up and down this road about
a million times

Repeat chours

Bridge
Ever since you came in sight
I don't know my left from right
Where I start or where you end
Baby, all I know is

Repeat Chours

Since you found me
Lost since you found me
I've been lost since you found me
Oooo, since you found me
Lost, lost, lost, lost since you found me