

# Annie Lennox, Lost

This is the sound of the planes in the night  
Coming out of the darkness and into the light  
Shining alarmingly, curiously bright  
This is the sound of those murderous drums  
The marching of footsteps the twisting of thumbs  
Over and over again he recalls

We're lost  
(Baby Come Again Don't Let Me Fall)  
We're lost  
(Baby Come Again Despite It All)  
We're lost

Tell me the story 'bout when you were young  
I want to hear it again  
Even the parts where the hero gets stung  
I want to savour it, I want to play it again  
This is the sound of a baby's first breaths  
The dying of footsteps, the touching of flesh  
To hold in your memory to keep by your chest

We're lost  
We're lost  
We're lost