

# Bouncing Souls, The Guest

Lost somewhere and trying to find a place to belong to  
the empty alleys and parking lots is where I'll be  
when everyone goes home  
I like what I see  
it's nothing special to me and nothing's coming down on me  
I think of a place a time or a face  
staring out at the stars in the sky  
there's so many of them  
and we're drivin' by  
I like what I see  
it's nothing special to me and nothing's coming down on me