Jon McLaughlin, Amelia's Missing

I can't find Crazy Horse, can't find Hoffa And Amelia's missing somewhere out at sea And I hope they're happy, havin' a party And Elvis is servin' them up green apple martini's

I can't find my watch I can't find my wallet So how in the hell am I supposed to find?

The one that I love The one that I need Hidden so high Buried so deep

Well, I found odd jobs and I found reasons For all kinds of ways I can waste my time And I found letters and I found leavers And I found new ways just to tell old lies

I can't find my watch I can't find my wallet So how in the hell am I supposed to find?

The one that I love The one that I need Hidden so high Buried so deep

Somewhere to run Somewhere to go And if I ever find her, How will I know? How will I know?

'Cause can't find Crazy Horse, can't find Hoffa And Amelia's missing somewhere out at sea