

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