

Maps, Lost My Soul

Yeah, the summer count can come
Brings you sounds you thought were gone

And you can try to search around
And you can try to cut it down

I found it all but I lost my soul

Everything you hold can come
The words, they seem to roll as one

And you can try to search around
And you can try to cut it down
You never really knew for sure
That breeze can come before you fall

I found it all but I lost my soul
I found it all but I lost my soul
I found it all but I lost my soul
I found it all but I lost my soul

I found it all but I lost my soul
I found it all but I lost my soul