

Andreas Johnson, Lost Religion

We've got a cabin on the East coast
where we live and love by our own rules
some people might call us strange, girl
but were not living among those fools
We got our wine from a village nearby
where the old men tell stories every night
sometimes we sit down to listen - when the
butcher blows the WINCTLE about the baker's wife
There's a riddle down in heartland
where the mystery sleeps alone
and beyond the world of darkness
we just celebrate our love to life
as we face the rising dawn
You don't know what it's like to be a
walker of the lost religion
far away the listless world
a fairytale you never heard
you don't know how it feels
to be a victim of the lost religion
where life is so indestructible and our faith
so untouchable as we live and love
by the lost religion
We get our milk from the milkman
who gets it from his sister's cow
who is fed by the green grass
sowed by the owner to the cow
And as we live our lives in heartland
where the mystery sleeps alone
and beyond the world of darkness
we just celebrate our love to life
as we face the rising dawn
You don't know what it's like to be a
walker of the lost religion
far away the listless world
a fairytale you never heard
you don't know how it feels
to be a victim of the lost religion
where life is so indestructible and our faith
so untouchable as we live and love
by the lost religion
Some day love is like an ocean
filled with all the gifts that life can give
some people struggle hard for emotions
tryn' to find that code in life to live by
well I ain't singing for my brother
he already got his share
I ain't dancing for my sister
cause she's already there
You don't know what it's like to be a
walker of the lost religion
far away the listless world
a fairytale you never heard
you don't know how it feels
to be a victim of the lost religion
where life is so indestructible and our faith
so untouchable as we live and love
by the lost religion
by the lost religion