

# Elliott Smith, In The Lost And Found (Honky Bach)

He held his breath to hold your hand  
To walk the stairsteps in pairs  
Climbing up a slippery slope  
I'm in love, love I hope  
Don't go home Angelina  
Stay with me, hanging around in the lost and found  
He kissed you quick, feeling weird  
Lonely leered, and disappeared  
This is such a simple place  
The passing time can't erase  
Don't go home Angelina  
Paint tomorrow blue  
Day breaks  
But every morning when he wakes he thinks of you  
I'm alone, but that's okay  
I don't mind most of the time  
I don't feel afraid to die  
She was here, passing by  
Don't go home Angelina  
Stay with me, hanging around in the lost and found  
Stay with me, hanging around in the lost and found