

# Iggy Pop, L.O.S.T.

I got my work  
I got my work  
The profit of doom is walking the beach  
With a psychotic breakdown cardboard sign  
Everything's faked and there's nothing to teach,  
And there's no point in running crying

And i'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
In a garden of evil  
In a garden of evil  
In a garden of evil  
In a garden of evil  
Evil

I walk through the filthy sterile wasteland  
When i'm no good they'll dump me on a scrap heap to die  
Giant american tyrannosaur,  
Even the animals are running away.  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
l.o.s.t. lost  
In a garden of evil  
In a garden of evil  
In a garden of evil  
In a garden of evil  
Evil  
Evil baby  
I got my work  
Yeah

I walk through the filthy sterile wasteland  
when i'm no good they'll dump me on a scrap heap to die  
Giant american tyrannosaur,  
Even the animals are running away

I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost  
I'm l.o.s.t. lost