Lost Way

By John T. Wurzer

I’ve lost my way dear. I’m on my last beer.

Stumbling along; writing a song

I’m not ready for tomorrow

Sanity I have to borrow

Something went wrong; something went wrong.

I’ve lost my mind dear. Thoughts scatter unclear.

Fire and steam, might be a theme

I’m not ready to wake up yet

Or walk this rope with no net

Somehow it seems, like a bad dream

Where I’m looking for a map or chart

To lead me back to my heart

Then I’ll be okay; at least a day

I keep looking for a winding trail

To follow that will avail

Just up around the bend a place to start to put an end

to my endless dismay. What else can I say? I’ve lost my way.

Time is growing short dear

At least that’s what I hear

Watching the news; some other man’s views

I know we didn’t plan this

But our future is an empty canvas

And we can’t refuse; don’t let it give you the blues

Let’s keep looking for the maps and charts

To lead us back to my hearts

Until we’re okay, at least for the day

Let’s keep following that winding trail

I promise you that without fail

Just up around the next bend is a place we start and all of this ends

It’ll blow you away. What else can I say? I’ve lost my way.