

## *Lost*

My mind has overlived my years.  
My hate has overcome my fears.  
I look around and what I see  
Seems only to be seen by me.

My green grass turns grey overnight.  
I loose my wars before my fight.  
I try to struggle off the ground  
But I just keep on falling down.

My life seems predestined by fate.  
My loves are molded into hate.  
I strain to look, but cannot see  
The good in what I'm told to be.

My dreams are crushed by reality.  
My faith is deadened by what I see.  
My goal to someday reach the sky  
Is marred by this mist 'round my eyes.

My wants are nullified by no's.  
My suns are all smothered with snow.  
The thoughts I hear and sights I see  
Have lost me to reality.

*Opus 9 (1968)*

WORDS & MUSIC  
 BY ROBERT J.  
 MARKS II

# LOST

(OPUS 9)

E<sup>m</sup>

MY MIND HAS  
 MY GREEN GRASS  
 MY LIFE SEEMS  
 MY DREAMS ARE  
 MY WANTS ARE

G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup>

O-VER LIVED MY YEARS MY HATE HAS  
 TURNS GRAY O-VER NIGHT I LOOSE MY  
 PRE-DESTINED BY FATE MY LOVES ARE  
 CRUSHED BY REAL-ITY MY FAITH IS  
 NUL-LI-FIED WITH NO'S MY SUNS ARE

B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>

OV-ER-COME MY FEARS I LOOK A-  
 WARS BE-FORE I FIGHT TO  
 MOLD-ED IN-TO HATE TO  
 DEADENED BY WHAT I SEE MY GOAL TO  
 ALL SMOTHERED WITH SNOW THE THOUGHTS I

E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>

-ROUND AND WHAT I SEE SEEMS ON-LY TO BE SEEN BY  
 STRUG-GLE OFF THE GROUND BUT I JUST KEEP ON FALL-ING  
 LOOK BUT CAN-NOT SEE THE GOOD IN WHAT I'M TOLD TO  
 SOME-DAY REACH THE SKY IS MARRIED BY THIS MIST 'BOUT MY  
 HEAR AND SIGHTS I SEE HAS LOST ME TO RE-AL-I-

B<sup>7</sup> REPETE 4 TIMES E<sup>m</sup>

ME DOWN  
 BE EYES  
 -TY