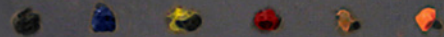


The Lost EP



peirson ross



● *Lost*

*Now I'm out here on the streets, I just found some things to eat but I can't taste them
All those rats on their green lawns are mowing just like pawns but I won't race them
So I'll have another beer and I'll raise another cheer to half full emptiness
'Cause I tried to be a man but I kind of lost my plan along the way*

I kind of lost my way, I really lost my way

*Now it's time for you to go and there's no better way to say it than "please"
No it's not about the hard times, the bad ideas or weak philosophies
It's about all those little things that build up in these strings to make a song
Like when your face just disappears and your words don't come out clear on this road so long...*

*I was born to go to Rome, the king of hearts has made my home out on my sleeve
But now since she's been gone, I sit here on this throne and never leave*

I kind of lost my way, I really lost my way

I'm so lost

*She was born to go to Rome, the queen of hearts has made her home out on her sleeve
But now since he's been gone she sits here on this throne and never leaves*

I kind of lost my way, I really lost my way

Like A Stone

*Fly like an angel, fall like a stone. Sensing a danger, you think it 's your own.
Helping a stranger who 's feeling alone. Fly like an angel, fall like a stone
Fly like an angel, fall like a stone. So out of a range here, far from our home
Feeling your pain dear the further I roam. Fly like an angel, fall like a stone*

*Stand your ground, keep sweet things found
Don 't let the down things bring you down
Yes, stand your ground and don 't back down
Don 't let the down things bring you down*

*Fly like an angel, fall like a stone. Sensing a danger, you know it 's your own,
Taking a stranger into your home. Fly like an angel, fall like a stone, you fall like a stone*

*Stand your ground, keep sweet things found
Don 't let the down things bring you down
Yes, just stand your ground and don 't back down
Go on the down low, way low down.*

*Go on the down low, fly like an angel
Go on the down low... ...Fall like a stone.*

All the Things You Never Wanted

So you have a dream? Well, where 's your plan?

Can you follow through in the darkest of the land?

And if you win, who really cares? 'Cause when you lose your mind

There 's nothing really there in the end

All the times I've wanted more and all the times I've lost my way back home

All the bones I've buried under the floor are all the things you never wanted

If it 's lust you want, go get 'em kid

Just know you 'll tire faster without a friend

If it 's love you have then don 't let it go

You 'll tire then too only you 'll tire so slow in the end

All the times you 've wanted more and all the times you 've lost your way back home

All the bones you 've buried under the floor are all the things you never wanted to see

They 're coming back, coming right back to me. So I've got to let them go in the dream

All the things you never wanted

All the times we 've wanted more and all the times we 've lost our way back home

All the bones we 've buried under the floor are all the things you never wanted

I've got to let them go, we 've got to let them go

All the things you never wanted

• *Inside Your Shoes*

*Oh lover, lover, lover I've dreamt of you
From the day that you walked into that cold and dusty room
No I'll never, never, never leave you, no matter where I roam
I'll walk inside your shoes*

*I'll walk. I'll walk. I'll walk...
Inside your shoes, right beside you*

*Oh lover, lover, lover I'll dream of you
Until the day they lay me in the ground where the lilies bloom
Forever and ever and ever - no it's not all that long, it's true, no matter where I roam
I'll walk inside your shoes*

*I'll walk and walk. I'll walk...
Inside your shoes right beside you
Inside your shoes right beside you*

*I walk inside your shoes
I'll walk right beside you
Inside your shoes
Right beside you*

Not Quite Clear

Dear Anachoreta,

*I can 't send you this letter 'cause I'm still out here looking for some shelter tonight
I prayed like you told me but things don 't get better when your shaking and waving
That white flag so high*

*What am I doing here? My cold bones they shiver,
This poor heart it quivers with fear at the thought that we 're not quite clear
And the change that we needed, all the love that we heeded is not there
Oh where 'd it go? Don 't you know I still care?*

O' Anachoreta,

*I know I won 't forget her. She 's written in stone on my mind
Just like the tattoo that 's inside my shoe, nobody knows that it 's mine
It 's a breathtaking thing that stirs me to sing but still there ain 't nothing I find,
That takes me away, that shows me the light like the touch of her hand so divine*

*What am I doing here? My cold bones they shiver,
This poor heart it quivers with fear at the thought that we 're not quite clear
And the change that we needed, all the love that we heeded is not there
Oh where 'd it go? Don 't you know I still care?*

• *Breathe*

I can 't go on racing around, chasing you down, when you 'll never be found

We 've got something to lose, we 've got something to chose

So let 's just slow right down now, you got to slow right down and...

Breathe in now, breathe in now

The chosen one won 't make a sound, the quiet soul will always be found

We 've got something to give, we 've got something to live for

So let us all bow down now, let us all bow down and...

Dream freely now, dream freely now, freely now

Let us all slow down now, we 're gonna slow right down and...

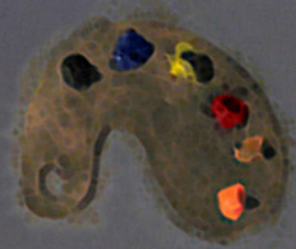
Breathe easy now, breathe easy now, easy now

Let us all bow down now and...

Breathe



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*"It's not about the hard times, the bad ideas or weak philosophies.
It's about all those little things that build up in these strings to make a song.
I was born to go to Rome, the King of Hearts has made my home out on my sleeve
But now since she's been gone, I sit here on this throne and never leave
I kinda' lost my way, I really lost my way".*

● *Lost*

Peirson, Morgan, Rebecca, Bryden



● *Inside Your Shoes*

Peirson, Don, Joe, Bryden

● *Like a Stone*

Peirson, Don, Joe, Rich, Stew

● *Not Quite Clear*

Peirson, Don, Joe, Rebecca, Stew

● *All the Things You Never Wanted*

Peirson, Don, Joe, Rebecca, Bryden, Stew

● *Breathe*

Peirson

For lyrics visit peirsonross.com/lost

ALL SONGS WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY PEIRSON ROSS

Acoustic, Electric Slide Guitar, Vocals: Peirson Ross, Bass: Joe Philips, Drums & Percussion: Don Kerr, Drums,
Percussion, Guitar, Synth & Sample manipulation: Morgan Doctor (Lost), Alto Clarinet: Rich Howse
(Like a Stone), Trumpet/Flugal Horn: Bryden Baird, Background Vocals: Rebecca Ramone,
Pedal Steel: Stew Crookes, Lyrics (Like a Stone) Co-written by Ian Stewart

Recorded & Mixed by John "Wheels" Hurlbut at The Orange Lounge & Wheels Studio July 2008

Asst. Engineers: Spencer Hall & Alex Bonenfant

Produced by John "Wheels" Hurlbut & Peirson Ross

Artwork by Peirson McLean

Design by Soojin An

Peirson would like to thank his family and friends for their continued support and the lost friends
that became family throughout this production.



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