

The Wild Atlantic Way: Music and lyrics by Brittany Jean

Everything's closed on Sunday
It's dark and it starts to rain
We're a hundred miles along
This detour of a road we're on

Waiting for the sheep
To cross the cobblestone street
He throws his head back laughing,
He says, "Why aren't you as mad as me?"

Well, there's no one
No one I'd rather get lost with than you
Oh, I don't mind getting lost with you
And if we're gonna get lost... if we're gonna get lost...
Take me to the Wild Atlantic Way

They'll say, "There go those Americans
Wrong side of the road again
Trainers, backwards baseball hats,
About a thousand twenty-five maps..."

Let's get lost in every
Castle on a rim we see
Take all the whimsy byways
Hidden just for you and me—okay?

'Cause there's no one
No one I'd rather get lost with than you
I don't mind getting lost with you
If we're gonna get lost... if we're gonna get lost...
Take me to the Wild Atlantic Way

There's no one
No one I'd rather get lost with than you
I don't mind getting lost with you
If we're gonna get lost... we're gonna get lost...
Take me to the Wild Atlantic Way

If we're gonna get lost... we are gonna get lost...
Take me to the Wild Atlantic Way