

Barbra Streisand, WHERE AM I GOING? (From S

Where am I going?
And what will I find?
What's in this grab bag
That I call my mind?

What am I doing
Alone on the shelf?
Ain't it a shame,
But no one's to blame but myself.

Which way is clear
When you've lost your way
Year after year?

Do I keep falling in love for just a kick of it?
Staggering through the thin and thick of it,
Hating each old, tired trick of it,
Know what I am,
I'm good and sick of it!

Where am I going?
Why do I care?
Run where it's foul,
Run where it's fair,
No matter where I run I meet myself there.

Looking inside me, what do I see?
Anger and hope and doubt,
What am I all about?
And where am I going?
Tell me why do I care?

No matter where I run I meet myself there
Looking inside me, what do I see?
Anger and hope and doubt
What am I all about?
And where am I going?
Where am I going?