

Burt Bacharach, Where Did It Go?

Stop the clock
Make it stop
Where'd it go?
I don't know
Stop the clock
Make it stop
Where is that world
Where did it go?

When I was a young boy
Twelve years old
Growing up in New York city
I could ride the subway by myself
And never, ever be afraid
Where did it go?

And tell me what happened to that world I knew
Is it really gone?
How did we wind up in this place instead
Is it really gone?

Now I have a boy whos twelve
And a girl whos nine
And a son in college
And I worry all the time
Worry 'bout their future
What will it bring?
'Cause nobody is safe these days
Where did it go?

How do we get back to that other place?
There's gotta be a way
How do we un-do a thousand mistakes?
See there's got to be a way

Where is that world
Where did it go?