

# Meg & Dia, Here, Here and Here

The time of my life, a record of myself  
An accurate sketch of perfect health  
A roof on my head, shoes on my feet  
Plenty of room, plenty to eat  
Been very far, made lots of friends  
And I love my mother, hope to see her again  
I'm a wanderer now, sorrow befalls me  
I laugh often so I suppose I'm gonna be fine  
Mozart he said "there's nothing to composing"  
And that's all we do  
We just write and play and write and play and write and...  
Here, here and here  
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears  
He said "here, here and here"  
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears  
Here, here and here  
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears  
He said "here, here and here"  
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears  
Mozart he said "there's nothing to composing" (Here, here and here)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (He pointed to his heart and mind and ears)  
Mozart he said "there's nothing to composing" (Here here and here)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (He pointed to his heart and mind and ears)  
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