

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Another Suitcase In Another

I don't expect my love affairs to last for long.
Never fool myself that my dreams will come true.
Being used to trouble, I anticipate it,
But all the same, I hate it...
Wouldn't you?

So what happens now?
(Another suitcase in another hall)
So what happens now?
(Take your picture off another wall)
Where am I going to?
(You'll get by, you always have before)
Where am I going to?

Time and time again I said that I don't care.
That I'm immune to gloom, that I'm hard through and through.
But every time it matters all my words desert me,
So anyone can hurt me, and they do.

So what happens now?
(Another suitcase in another hall)
So what happens now?
(Take your picture off another wall)
Where am I going to?
(You'll get by, you always have before)
Where am I going to?

Call in three months time and I'll be fine, I know.
Well maybe not that fine, but I'll survive anyhow.
I won't recall the names and faces of each sad occasion,
But that's no consolation here and now.

So what happens now?
(Another suitcase in another hall)
So what happens now?
(Take your picture off another wall)
Where am I going to?
(You'll get by, you always have before)
Where am I going to?
(Don't ask anymore)