

# Brooke Jonatha, Where Were You?

You know the tricks of the trade  
You can hit the soft spots at the center  
Dish it out and take it back  
Riding on the wave of your pompous ways  
But I know that sooner or later  
You'll have to wring your lovely hands in dismay  
You'll go back to the board room  
Add the numbers up and turn the page at the end of the day  
Where were you at the bleakest of moments?  
Where were you at the hint of success?  
When through the window of opportunity came  
The glimmer of a day in the sun  
Glimmer of a day in the sun  
You took the canvas of a life  
Torn with the wind and the loss could still pull you along  
Pocketing images one by one  
Of the past, toward your future,  
"A penny for your song"  
Position memories carefully  
You dust them off at holidays  
Then you'll go back to the board room  
And declare your passion for the new day  
But where were you at the bleakest of moments?  
Where were you at the hint of success?  
When through the window of opportunity came  
The glimmer of a day in the sun  
Glimmer of a day in the sun  
I don't think that it's me you've got in mind  
Looks like the blind still bluffing the blind  
Lead me on and lay me down  
'Cause where were you?  
Where were you at the bleakest of moments?  
Where were you at the hint of success?  
When through the window of opportunity came  
The glimmer of a day in the sun  
Glimmer of a day in the sun