

Colin Hay, Going Somewhere

Clock strikes eight up on a Monday
Got to bed at half past five
Cant remember Saturday or Sunday
But life is grand
And doesnt it feel good to be alive when youre
Going somewhere
Going somewhere

Paying for food through bricks and mortar
Biding my time trying to have some fun
Half past ten I drink a little water
Time stands still
Ive seen my future slip through my hands
Watched the wind whip through desert sands
Then I remember Im no ordinary man and Im
Going somewhere
Going somewhere

Its been years since I was a builder
Working with my head and hands
Dreams of crystal glass and silver
Go flashing past
So tantalizing the things that Ive seen
I know you know exactly what I mean
Can never look back to where youve been when youre
Going somewhere
Going somewhere

Clock strikes eight up on a Monday
Got to bed at half past five
Cant remember Saturday or Sunday
But life is grand
Doesnt it feel good to be alive
To laugh until the tears roll from your eyes
Ill drink to your health from five miles high and Im
Going somewhere
Going somewhere