

# Dennis DeYoung, Where I Want To Be

Who needs a dream?  
Who needs ambition?  
Who'd be the fool  
In my position?  
Once I had dreams  
Now they're obsessions  
Hopes became needs  
Lovers possessions.

Then they move in  
Oh so discreetly  
Slowly at first  
Smiling too sweetly  
I opened doors  
They walked right through them  
Called me their friend  
I hardly knew them.

Now I'm where I want to be and who I want to be and doing what I  
always said I would and yet I feel I haven't won at all.  
Running for my life and never looking back in case there's  
someone right behind to shoot me down and say he always knew I'd fall.

When the crazy wheel slows down  
Where will I be? Back where I started.

Don't get me wrong  
I'm not complaining  
Times have been good  
Fast, entertaining  
But what's the point  
If I'm concealing  
Most of my thoughts  
All of my feeling.

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