

Dusty Springfield, Where Am I Going?

(Cy Coleman / Dorothy Fields)

Where am I going?
And what will I find?
What's in this grab-bag
That I call my mind?

What am I doing
Alone on the shelf?
Ain't it a shame
But no-one's to blame but myself
Which way is clear

When you've lost your way
Year after year
Do I keep falling in love
For just the kick of it?
Staggering through
The thin and thick of it
Hating each old
And tired trick of it
Know what I am
I'm good and sick of it

Where am I going?
Why do I care?
Run where it's foul
Or run where it's fair
No matter where I run
I meet myself there

Looking inside me
What do I see?
Anger and hope and doubt
What am I all about?
And where am I going?
You tell me

When you've lost your way
Year after year
Do I keep falling in love
For just the kick of it?
Staggering through
The thin and thick of it
Hating each old
And tired trick of it
Know what I am
I'm good and sick of it

Where am I going?
Why do I care?
Run to the Bronx
Or Washington Square
No matter where I run
I meet myself there

Looking inside me
What do I see?
Anger and hope and doubt
What am I all about?
And where am I going?
Where am I going?
Where?
Tell me where?

