

Joe Walsh, Here We Go

I see the sun rise
Here comes the day
Where sunrise comes from
I am not knowing
I see with stained eyes
Help find my way
It all surrounds me
It is all snowing, flowing
Here we go
I hear a calling
Each one by name
And so many don't hear
They think it's the same old thing
I feel us falling
Back where we came
It all astounds me
Is it a sad thing, bad thing
I don't know
Oh no