

John Entwistle, Apron Strings

Where am I gonna go?
What am I gonna do?
There's no one to guide me
Now that I'm on my own
I make my own decisions
There's no one behind me.

I do my own talking
Do my own walking
Nobody on which to rely
Do my own lying
Do my own trying
You never let your apron strings untie.

If I said I'm sorry that you've gone
I'd be lying
I feel more sorry for myself
I'm crying, I'm crying.

Wish you'd have let me think
And do for myself
Knowing one day you'd leave me
Knowing one day you'd die
The least you could have done
Is make sure that I could live easy

That I could I do my own talking
Do my own walking
Had a code that I could live by
Do my own lying
Do my own trying
Make sure that I could get by.

If I said I'm sorry that you've gone
I'd be lying
I feel more sorry for myself
I'm crying, I'm crying.

(Guitar Solo)

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I'd be lying
I feel more sorry for myself
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