

John Entwistle, What Are We Doing Here?

What are we doing here
Such a long way away from home
We've been away so long
Away so long away from home.

So what are we doing here
In a place where we have no friends
All we can do is sit and cry
Let the time drag by and think of home.

Home, what a day that will be
The faces of people we love that we'll see
The memories of what we had left will return
The present remains the past is just burned.

And there's only twenty-five days, six hours, and ten minutes
And this'll all be five thousand miles away
Whoops there goes another day
I'm wishing my life away.

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