## 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.

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

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.