

John Farnham, Sometimes

Sometimes I feel folded, like a piece of paper
Dirty with the fingerprints of unrepentant hands
Who never ever thinks about the words of love inside me
'Cause it's all so plain and simple that no-one understands

Sometimes I feel congested like peak hour in the city
Choking on the petrol and the diesel and the dust
I sit and wonder how we all could be so stupid
And I want to leave my vehicle and let it turn to rust

And I wish I had your confidence
I wish I had your smile
I wish I had your joie de vivre
Your innate sense of style
And I wish I had your body near me
Warming up my nights
Saying oooh babe, baby it's alright

Sometimes I feel miniscule just like an amoeba
Floating on a plate of glass watched by unseen eyes
And I feel so cold and lonely in that instant of existence
And I wonder if someone's watching me up above the sky

Perhaps there are no solutions
Perhaps just other questions
Maybe there's a meaning to my solitary life
And I know that there's no guarantees
There's just the pain of living
Perhaps there are no solutions
Maybe there's just life