

# Natasha Bedingfield, Sojourn

Sitting on the edge of an armchair  
My seatbelt un-fastend  
Shoelaces not tied

Letting the wind mess my hair  
Make up all smudged  
Wake up all blurry-eyed

It's too early in the morning  
For my words to come out right  
Just getting used to sunlight  
Squinting in the light

And it looks like  
A perfect day  
Just too get away  
All this mundane  
Has brought out the rebel I was born to be

And it feels like  
The perfect time  
Just to break away  
This is my life  
It's Sojourn from the norm

Ohhhhhh  
Hey, yeah

I'm an uncomformised  
I like doing stupid things  
Like laughing on a train  
Or falling in love again  
Television, magazines  
tell you how to live your life  
But not how to use your brain

It's too early in the morning  
For my words to come out right  
Just getting used to sunshine  
I'm still squinting in the light

And it looks like  
A perfect day  
Just too get away  
All this mundane  
Has brought out the rebel I was born to be

And it feels like  
The perfect time  
Just to break away  
This is my life  
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Ohhhhhhhh, hey, yeah, yeah

I wanna do something I've never done  
Dip my toes beneath the surface of a sea,  
That I've never seen the bottom of

I'm not perfect  
Don't have to be  
I can walk around in just bare feet  
I'm comfortable in my own skin  
My confidence starts within

Oh, and it looks like  
A perfect day  
Just too get away  
All this mundane  
Has brought out the rebel I was born to be

And it feels like  
The perfect time  
Just to break away  
This is my life  
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Sojourn from the norm