

Natasha Bedingfield, Sojourn

Sitting on the edge of an armchair
My seatbelt un-fastened
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

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The perfect time
Just to break away
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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

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Soujourn from the norm