

# On My Way to Work

Paul McCartney

On my way to work  
I rode a big green bus  
I could see everything  
From the upper deck

People came and went  
Smoking cigarettes  
I picked the packets up  
When the people left

But all the time I thought of you  
How far away the future seemed  
How could I so many dreams?  
And one of them not come true

On my way to work  
I bought a magazine  
Inside a pretty girl  
Who liked to water-ski

She came from Chichester  
To study history  
She had removed her clothes  
For the likes of me

But all the time I thought of you  
How would you know that I was there  
How could I soul-search everywhere  
Without knowing what to do

On my way to work  
As I was clocking in  
I could see everything  
How it came to be

People come and go  
Smoking cigarettes  
I pick the packets up  
When the people leave

But all the time I think of you  
How far away the future seems  
How could I have so many dreams  
And one of them not come true

On my way to work

But all the time I thought of you  
How would you know that I was there  
How could I soul search everywhere  
Without knowing what to do

On my way to work (2x)