

Where Did It Go?

Burt Bacharach

Stop the clock, make it stop
Where'd it go? I don't know

Stop the clock, make it stop
Where is that world? Where did it go?

When I was a young boy, twelve years old
Growing up in New York city
I could ride the subway by myself
Never ever be afraid

Where did it go?
And tell me what happened to that world I knew?
Is it really gone?
How did we wind up in this place instead?
Is it really gone?

Now I have a boy who's twelve and a girl who's nine
And a son in college and I worry all the time
Worry about their future, what will it bring?
'Cause nobody is safe these days

Where did it go?
How do we get back to that other place?
There's got to be a way
How do we undo a thousand mistakes?
Gee, there's got to be a way

Where is that world? Where did it go