

Going Somewhere

Colin Hay

Clock strikes eight up on a Monday
Got to bed at half past five
Can't remember Saturday or Sunday
But life is grand
And doesn't it feel good to be alive when you're
Going somewhere
Going somewhere

Paying for food through bricks and mortar
Biding my time trying to have some fun
Half past ten I drink a little water
Time stands still
I've seen my future slip through my hands
Watched the wind whip through desert sands
Then I remember I'm no ordinary man and I'm
Going somewhere
Going somewhere

It's been years since I was a builder
Working with my head and hands
Dreams of crystal glass and silver
Go flashing past
So tantalizing the things that I've seen
I know you know exactly what I mean
Can never look back to where you've been when you're
Going somewhere
Going somewhere

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But life is grand
Doesn't it feel good to be alive
To laugh until the tears roll from your eyes
I'll drink to your health from five miles high and I'm
Going somewhere
Going somewhere