

Where Am I Going?

Dionne Warwick

Where am I going?
And what will I find?
What's in this grab bag
That I call my mind?

What am I doing
Alone on the shelf?
Ain't it a shame,
But no one's to blame but myself.

Which way is clear
When you've lost your way
Year after year?

Do I keep falling in love for just a kick of it?
Staggering through the thin and thick of it,
Hating each old and tired trick of it,
Know what I am, I'm good and sick of it!

Where am I going?
Why do I care?
Run to the Bronx, or Washington Square,
No matter where I run I meet myself there.

Looking inside me, what do I see?
Anger and hope and doubt,
What am I all about?
Where am I going?
Where am I going?

I meet myself there
Looking inside me, what do I see?
Anger and hope and doubt,
What am I all about?
And where am I going?
Where am I going?
Where am I going?