

Where Do I Go From Here

Don Williams

The groceries are gone, my pay cheque is spent.
They turned off the water; I'm behind on my rent.
Last night I drank my last beer,
And where do I go from here?

I've been laid off since Monday before.
The union is holdin' out, hopin' for more.
Well, I could be laid off for years.
Oh, where do I go from here?
Where do I go from here?

Sittin' at the kitchen table,
Staring at my unpaid bills.
Sometimes I feel so unable:
It's the boredom, not the worry that kills.
Oh where do I go from here.

Where do you go when nobody needs you?
Why can't you sleep when there's nothin' else to do?
And why are your thoughts so unclear?
Oh, where do you go? Where do you go?
Where do you go from here?

I don't like complaining and I could use a rest,
But my sofa and chairs just got repossessed.
And my pride is the next thing, I fear.
Oh, where do I go? Where do I go?
Where do I go from here?

Tell me where do I go? Where can I go?
Where can I go from here?