

## What Are We Doing Here

John Entwistle

What are we doing here  
Such a long way away from home  
We've been away so long  
Away so long away from home.

So what are we doing here  
In a place where we have no friends  
All we can do is sit and cry  
Let the time drag by and think of home.

Home, what a day that will be  
The faces of people we love that we'll see  
The memories of what we had left will return  
The present remains the past is just burned.

And there's only twenty-five days, six hours, and ten minutes  
And this'll all be five thousand miles away  
Whoops there goes another day  
I'm wishing my life away.

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