

Where Were You

Jonatha Brooke

You know the tricks of the trade, you can hit the soft spots at
the center
You dish it out and take it back riding on the wave of your pom
pous ways
Oh, but sooner or later you'll have to wring your lovely hands
in dismay
You'll go back to the boardroom, add the numbers up and turn th
e page at the end of the day.

Where were you at the bleakest of moments?
Where were you at the hint of success?
When through the window of opportunity came the
Glimmer of a day in the sun
Glimmer of a day in the sun

You took the canvas of a life, torn with the wind and the loss
Could still pull you along
Pocketing images one by one of the past toward your future
A penny for your song
Position memories carefully, you dust them off at holidays
Then you'll go back to the boardroom, declare your passion for
the new day

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I don't think that it's me you've got in mind
Looks like the blind still bluffing the blind
Lead me on and lay me down
'Cause where were you?

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Where were you at the hint of success?
When through the window of opportunity came the
Glimmer of a day in the sun
Glimmer of a day in the sun