I don't know where it comes from I don't know where it goes But clearly it's going, gone It's time to let it Time to move on

A friend went to Paris
And even if it rains there
Going somewhere is better than nowhere
I don't know where it comes from
Where it goes

Friday morning can't decide
To live or die
When you feel better
You'll be glad you're alive
If you can't sleep
Call her up in L.A.
She's living there
In a house full of blue-jays

I don't know where it comes from I don't know where it goes
Where it goes