

The Place Where I Feel Most Like Me

Meg & Dia

I'd like to think I don't have roots yet,
Still some traveling in me.
Should have worn back packs through Europe,
Back when I turned 23.
There's still Ireland and the Orientals and Temples, I'm sure.
Places you go, to learn who you are.
I've got to keep looking
And someday I'll be in the place where I feel most like me.

I could be cooking in Paris and needing nobody at all.
I could move back to my hometown,
Meet a good man and we'd fall in love.
We'd have family and birthdays and cars,
Never concerned about who we are.
A life that's so stable and nice,
could it be a place where I feel most like me?

I can't help wishing I could stay right here,
Not moving, not rushing, just breathing in air,
Not thinking, not worrying, just look to the sea,
The place where I feel most like me.