

On My Way to Work

Paul McCartney

On my way to work
I rode a big green bus
I could see everything
From the upper deck

People came and went
Smoking cigarettes
I picked the packets up
When the people left

But all the time I thought of you
How far away the future seemed
How could I so many dreams?
And one of them not come true

On my way to work
I bought a magazine
Inside a pretty girl
Who liked to water-ski

She came from Chichester
To study history
She had removed her clothes
For the likes of me

But all the time I thought of you
How would you know that I was there
How could I soul-search everywhere
Without knowing what to do

On my way to work
As I was clocking in
I could see everything
How it came to be

People come and go
Smoking cigarettes
I pick the packets up
When the people leave

But all the time I think of you
How far away the future seems
How could I have so many dreams
And one of them not come true

On my way to work

But all the time I thought of you
How would you know that I was there
How could I soul search everywhere
Without knowing what to do

On my way to work (2x)