

Here I am, in the same old clothes, looking back on my  
life  
'Cos I'm here alone. Left out here without a home  
Take no chance, read between the lines, don't accept a  
way  
When she always cries, just try to read between the lines  
I tried to love you Now I'm here, taking things as I find  
them

Now I'm here, wasting time, thinking of me, looking back  
on my life  
Wondering why . . .

It's hard to see and to understand just a-what it's like  
to be pushed around  
Kicking stones along the ground. I don't think it will  
ever change.  
Can I find a way to the front again and have another  
chance to spend my life with you  
And now I'm here, taking things as I find them  
Now I'm here, wasting time, thinking of me, looking back  
on my life  
Wondering why . . .

And now I'm here, taking things as I find them  
Now I'm here, wasting time, thinking of me, looking back  
on my life  
Wondering why . . .