

# Walking

Bosson

I pass some kids down at the playground  
I see two lovebirds holding hands  
And there's an old man that I meet each day  
He's drinking the finest brand

I am walking  
In the middle of the street of life  
I am searching for  
A little sign that's telling me left or right  
My head's turning  
Although my feet are going straight ahead  
I keep missing  
If the traffiicsigns are green or red

And I'm just walking  
Between the things I should and shouldn't do  
And it's confusing me  
I find it hard to make a choice or two  
Bur it's my way  
It doesn't matter where I should belong  
I trust my heart  
The only way I know I can't go wrong

I see a family on vacation  
I spot the hottest chic in town  
I see a rich man showing empathy  
To a homeless on the ground

My old friends ain't getting younger  
I watch their children growing too  
And if they ask me when I grow up  
The answer is "I don't know..."

(And)

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Oh...Oh...

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