

where will i be

Fred again..

Oh, the streets are cracked and there's glass everywhere
And the children stare with a motherless eyes
In arms of beauty and on fields of war
Trapped in lament from the poet's core

Oh where
Oh where will I be?
Oh where
When that old trumpet sounds?

I met an Indian girl in Ottawa
She said, you'll be all right when you wah wah
Don't waste your breath, don't waste your heart
Don't blister your heels walking in the dark

Oh where
Oh where will I be?
Oh where
When that old trumpet sounds?

Yeah, I like the heat of your body laying under me
May your wild lip get you where you're going
With your inventions, your intentions, your laughter
Your forever yearning

Oh where
Oh where
When that trumpet sounds?

Are you talking, filling the air, healing the scars
Gnawing away at the steel bars
Going down pure, crawling in the cracks
Going all the way down and coming all the way back

Oh where
Oh where
Oh where
When that trumpet sounds?
Oh where
Oh where
When that trumpet sounds?

Well, the heart opens wide like it's never seen love
And addiction stays on tight like a glove

Oh where
Oh where will I be?