

## 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?