

Somewhere Else

Jill Barber

I live on the corner where lovers meet
Young cubs linger and shuffle their feet
Up here in my window seat
Looking down from on high at the world passing by
Just wasting time
Playing songs to myself
You are somewhere else

I live right beside the old clock tower
It serves to remind me that every passing hour
That I spend here alone, dear, all by myself
You are somewhere else

Down at the corner is where I'll be
When the clock strikes the hour that you come to me
But for right now I am here
Playing songs to myself
You, dear, are somewhere else