

My Way Home

Kirsty MacColl

All it took was the time it takes
To smoke a cigarette or jam on the brakes
I nearly had it in my hands and now it's gone
Am I complaining 'bout my luck again?
Well it seems to me I was the one
Stood moaning in the morning sun
And now it doesn't matter much wherever I may roam
I keep feeling, feeling my way home

Now you see me, now you don't
You say you will but I know you won't
You nearly had me in your hands but now I'm gone
But not complaining 'bout my life again
No sirree, and what I've got belongs to me entirely
I look left and I look right and I cross this road alone
'Cos I'm feeling my way
I may go up, I may go down but wherever I may roam
I keep feeling my way home

Shall I explain away my life again?
Well it seems to me it's too far gone
To wonder where it all went wrong
I get up and I get down but I get there on my own
And I'm feeling my way
I look left and I look right and I cross this road alone
'Cos I'm feeling my way home