On My Way to Work

Paul McCartney

On my way to work
I rode a big green bus
I could see everything
From the upper deck

People came and went Smoking cigarettes I picked the packets up When the people left

But all the time I thought of you How far away the future seemed How could I so many dreams? And one of them not come true

On my way to work
I bought a magasine
Inside a pretty girl
Who liked to water-ski

She came from Chichester To study history She had removed her clothes For the likes of me

But all the time I thought of you How would you know that I was there How could I soul-search everywhere Without knowing what to do

On my way to work
As I was clocking in
I could see everything
How it came to be

People come and go Smoking cigarettes I pick the packets up When the people leave

But all the time I think of you How far away the future seems How could I have so many dreams And one of them not come true

On my way to work

But all the time I thought of you How would you know that I was there How could I soul search everywhere Without knowing what to do

On my way to work (2x)