

# Where You Are Going To

Robin Trower

The first thousand miles  
On ambition stale  
The world of diamond smiles  
And a spotlight glare  
And no one asks where you came from  
Or where you're going to

The next ten thousand miles  
Becomes a race  
And the body was never tired  
Of the hands you have to shake

And no one asks where you came from  
Or where you're going to

When every seed is sown and battles won  
All this froth and foam or is the best yet to come  
And no one asks where you came from  
Or where are you going to