

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