

Where Am I Going?

Shirley Bassey

Where am I going? And what will I find?
What's in this grab bag that I call my mind?
What am I doing alone on the shelf?
Ain't it a shame but no one's to blame
But myself

Which way is clear?
When you've lost your way, year after year
Do I keep falling in love for just the kick of it
Staggering through the thin and thick of it
Hating each old and tired trick of it
Know what I am, I'm good and sick of it

Where am I going? Why do I care?
Run through the grounds of Washington Square

No matter where I run, I meet myself there
Looking inside me, what do I see?
Anger and hope and doubt
What am I all about?
Where am I going?

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Where am I going?
Where am I going?
Where am I going?
You tell me

You tell me