

## Going Somewhere

Colin Hay

Clock strikes eight up on a Monday  
Got to bed at half past five  
Can't remember Saturday or Sunday  
But life is grand  
And doesn't it feel good to be alive when you're  
Going somewhere  
Going somewhere

Paying for food through bricks and mortar  
Biding my time trying to have some fun  
Half past ten I drink a little water  
Time stands still  
I've seen my future slip through my hands  
Watched the wind whip through desert sands  
Then I remember I'm no ordinary man and I'm  
Going somewhere  
Going somewhere

It's been years since I was a builder  
Working with my head and hands  
Dreams of crystal glass and silver  
Go flashing past  
So tantalizing the things that I've seen  
I know you know exactly what I mean  
Can never look back to where you've been when you're  
Going somewhere  
Going somewhere

Clock strikes eight up on a Monday  
Got to bed at half past five  
Can't remember Saturday or Sunday  
But life is grand  
Doesn't it feel good to be alive  
To laugh until the tears roll from your eyes  
I'll drink to your health from five miles high and I'm  
Going somewhere  
Going somewhere