

Where You're Going

Jimmy Wayne

When I was in college my class went on a trip to a place down the road where the county kept delinquent kids.
An old man with a badge said to the class "And here we have all kinds of trash."
I could not believe what I just heard, at first I wasn't gonna say a word.

It's not where you been, it's where you're going. It's not who you were back then, it's who you are at this moment.
Kinda like looking at an old photograph, remembering way back when.
It's not where you been, it's where you're going.

I said "Excuse me, sir. I know you won't remember me. But try to imagine how I looked when I'd just turned 15.
Defiant, scared, and confused, dirty clothes and tattoos, nothing really left to lose.
You see the last door on the right? Sir that door used to be mine."

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We all have a story we can tell. Some's been lost, some hurt, some of us have been through hell.
Well the past is a ghost, a door that's been closed, the start of a winding road.
And I know without a doubt, that doesn't matter now, cause...

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It's where you're going.
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Where you're going.
Where you're going.
Oh yeah...
Where you're going.