

Turn Left

Didier Vanelli

Once I thought I knew where I came from
Now fogging up a blur I cant recall
How many times have I been here before?
Could this be my birth town? OhNow as I am searching for a soul
Crossing country looking for a real job
Nothing seems to suit me, no
Guess Ill keep doing what I did beforeWalking down the stairs
Anonymous, detached
On the corner I turn
I turn, I turn leftLooking out at the waves
I could stand here for ten more days
Crushing stones with my toes
That woman looking at meCould she be my relative? Oh
Would she be my best friend? Oh
Wonder if shes seen me here before?
Could she be my relative? OhWalking down the stairs
Anonymous, detached
On the corner I turn
I turn, I turn left

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