

On My Way To Work

Paul McCartney

On my way to work
I rode a big green bus
I could see everything
From the upper deck People came and went
Smoking cigarettes
I picked the packets up
When the people left But all the time I thought of you
How far away the future seemed
How could I have so many dreams?
And one of them not come true On my way to work
I bought a magazine
Inside a pretty girl
Who liked to water-ski She came from Chichester
To study history
She had removed her clothes
For the likes of me But all the time I thought of you
How would you know that I was there
How could I soul-search everywhere
Without knowing what to do On my way to work
As I was clocking in
I could see everything
How it came to be People come and go
Smoking cigarettes
I pick the packets up
When the people leave But all the time i think of you
How far away the future seems
How could I have so many dreams
And one of them not come true On my way to work But all the time I thought of you
How would you know that I was there
How could I soul search everywhere
Without knowing what to do On my way to work (x2)

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