

Who? Where? Why?

Jesus Jones

Who am I? Where am I? Why do I feel this way?
Where am I? Why do I feel this way? Have you ever felt that it's someone else living your life?
The image of you only better, it's true at the outside
At the outside, at the outside, at the outside Who am I? Where am I? Why do I feel this way?
Where am I? Why do I feel this way? Is there nothing I've done that truly begun by the real me?
Have I stood to the side aware of the tide
That drags me out to the sea Jesus Jones, Jesus Jones Who am I? Where am I? Why do I feel this way?
Where am I? Why do I feel this way? Who am I? Where am I? Why do I feel this way?
Where am I? Why do I feel this way?

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