

# Where Were You?

**Jonatha Brooke**

You know the tricks of the trade  
You can hit the soft spots at the center  
You dish it out and take it back riding  
On the wave of your pompous ways Oh, but sooner or later  
You'll have to wring your lovely hands in dismay  
You'll go back to the boardroom, add the numbers up  
And turn the page at the end of the day Where were you at the bleakest of moments?  
Where were you at the hint of success?  
When through the window of opportunity came  
The glimmer of a day in the sun, glimmer of a day in the sun You took the canvas of a life, torn with the wind  
And the loss could still pull you along  
Pocketing images one by one of the past  
Toward your future, a penny for your song Position memories carefully  
You dust them off at holidays  
Then you'll go back to the boardroom  
Declare your passion for the new day Where were you at the bleakest of moments?  
Where were you at the hint of success?  
When through the window of opportunity came  
The glimmer of a day in the sun, glimmer of a day in the sun I don't think that it's me you've got in mind  
Looks like the blind still bluffing the blind  
Lead me on and lay me down  
'Cause where were you? Where were you at the bleakest of moments?  
Where were you at the hint of success?  
When through the window of opportunity came  
The glimmer of a day in the sun, glimmer of a day in the sun

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