

# 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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