

Here, Here and Here

Meg & Dia

The time of my life, a record of myself
An accurate sketch of perfect health
A roof on my head, shoes on my feet
Plenty of room, plenty to eat
Been very far, made lots of friends
I love my mother, hope to see her again
I'm a wanderer now, sorrow befalls me
I laugh often, so I suppose I'm gonna be fine
Mozart he said, "There's nothing to composing"
And that's all we do
We just write and play
And write and play and write and
Here, here and here
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears
He said, "Here, here and here"
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears
Here, here and here
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears
He said, "Here, here and here"
He pointed to his heart and mind and ears
(Here, here and here)
Mozart he said, "There's nothing to composing"
(He pointed to his heart and mind and ears)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Here, here and here)
Mozart he said, "There's nothing to composing"
(He pointed to his heart and mind and ears)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Here, here and here)
Mozart he said, "There's nothing to composing"
(He pointed to his heart and mind and ears)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Here, here and here)
Mozart he said, "There's nothing to composing"
(He pointed to his heart and mind and ears)
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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