

Southern Cross

Mason Jennings

I woke up at 4:35, still jet lagged from another plane ride
And opened my window over Bondi beach
Where all the stars seemed out of reach
And recognized none but the southern cross
Sitting on my bed with the light turned off
Till I found a sweet song on the little clock radio and it made me cry
Singing have some faith, have some faith
And I don't know what I want but I know where I want to be
And everywhere I go, I wish you were here with me
Stars hang on tiny strings, my dreams are made of memories
Once everything made sense, now I get so alone that I can't sleep
Will somebody please tell me if this is where I'm supposed to be
Bottles on the table and socks on the floor
Trying to remember what I started this for
When a surfer friend of mine came and picked me up
And we paddled out as the sun was coming up
Talking about how everybody has to find
Something that gives them the strength to be alive
And out laying on our boards in the southern hemisphere, he said to me
Gotta have some faith, have some faith
And I don't know what I want but I know where I want to be
And everywhere I go, I wish you were here with me
Stars hang on tiny strings, my dreams are made of memories
Once everything made sense, now I get so alone that I can't sleep
Will somebody please tell me if this is where I'm supposed to be

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