

# Far Far Far Away

[Lisa Mitchell](#)

We had lunch in a bakery  
At the end of your street  
You say you couldn't stay  
Well i'd suspect your lookin'  
In all the wrong places  
But you won't forget

All the while  
I was hummin' to myself, to myself  
I was starin' out the windows  
To somewhere far, far, far  
Far away, to somewhere far, far, far away

We were friends in the fifth grade  
In the fifth grade  
But you run away  
And i was lost on the oval under the oak tree  
But you found me

All the while  
I was hummin' to myself, to myself  
I was starin' out the windows  
To somewhere far, far, far  
Far away, to somewhere far, far, far away

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written by MITCHELL, LISA  
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