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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