

Billie Myers

"Am I here Yet?"

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There's got to be more to this, the future
There's got to be more to this

Sitting around in my imagination
Using someone else's logic for loose change
Where the speed of light isn't always fast enough
So could you hurry up and get another life, if you
please?

You wear a suit, I wear a smile
You yellow taxi the 4 minute mile
I'll be your driver if you'll be my ride
Your financial adviser, me and my hitch-hiker's guide

Wrote a letter to the future
Asking for directions
It came back to me, return to sender
There I go, am I here yet?
Am I here yet, am I?
There's got to be more to this

My emotional bends are doing somersaults
My head is where my feet should be, on the ground
I chose the path of most resistance, had to be
different, made my mark
But then I crossed the lines, you read between

Pardon you, oh excuse me
You left your manners at the pleasantries
Blind ambition is so hard to please
Look at me, I've been told I'm exceptionally ordinary

Wrote a letter to the future
Asking for directions
It came back to me, return to sender
There I go, am I here yet?
There's got to be more to this
There's got to be more to this

Straight ahead, always forward
Change direction, nobody's looking
Draw a circle and stand in the middle

Touch the sides, they're never ending, they're never ending

Oh yeah, am I [Incomprehensible]
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, oh yeah

Wrote a letter to the future
Asking for directions
It came back to me, return to sender
There I go, am I here yet?

Don't wanna be rich, don't wanna be poor
Don't wanna to be a bitch, I'm not asking for more
You'd settle for less, I'm happy like this
Don't you wanna get a life?

Don't wanna be a victim of fashion
A plastic sensation, a hippie chick coke fiend
Higher than an astronaut, lower than a politician
Leave your name and number in the bin

Don't wanna be rich, don't wanna be poor
Don't wanna to be a bitch, I'm not asking for more
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