

Brooke Jonatha "Where Were You?"

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You know the tricks of the trade
You can hit the soft spots at the center
Dish it out and take it back
Riding on the wave of your pompous ways
But I know that sooner or later
You'll have to wring your lovely hands in dismay
You'll go back to the board room
Add the numbers up and turn the page at the end of
the day
Where were you at the bleakest of moments?
Where were you at the hint of success?
When through the window of opportunity came
The glimmer of a day in the sun
Glimmer of a day in the sun
You took the canvas of a life
Torn with the wind and the loss could still pull you
along
Pocketing images one by one
Of the past, toward your future,
"A penny for your song"

Position memories carefully
You dust them off at holidays
Then you'll go back to the board room
And declare your passion for the new day
But where were you at the bleakest of moments?
Where were you at the hint of success?
When through the window of opportunity came
The glimmer of a day in the sun
Glimmer of a day in the sun
I don't think that it's me you've got in mind
Looks like the blind still bluffing the blind
Lead me on and lay me down
'Cause where were you?
Where were you at the bleakest of moments?
Where were you at the hint of success?
When through the window of opportunity came
The glimmer of a day in the sun
Glimmer of a day in the sun

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