

## John Farnham "Sometimes"

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Sometimes I feel folded, like a piece of paper  
Dirty with the fingerprints of unrepentant hands  
Who never ever thinks about the words of love inside  
me  
'Cause it's all so plain and simple that no-one  
understands

Sometimes I feel congested like peak hour in the city  
Choking on the petrol and the diesel and the dust  
I sit and wonder how we all could be so stupid  
And I want to leave my vehicle and let it turn to rust

And I wish I had your confidence  
I wish I had your smile  
I wish I had your joie de vivre  
Your innate sense of style  
And I wish I had your body near me  
Warming up my nights  
Saying oooh babe, baby it's alright

Sometimes I feel miniscule just like an amoeba  
Floating on a plate of glass watched by unseen eyes  
And I feel so cold and lonely in that instant of existence  
And I wonder if someone's watching me up above the  
sky

Perhaps there are no solutions  
Perhaps just other questions  
Maybe there's a meaning to my solitary life  
And I know that there's no guarantees  
There's just the pain of living  
Perhaps there are no solutions  
Maybe there's just life

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