

# Natasha Bedingfield

## "Sojourn"

Visit "[Sojourn](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Sitting on the edge  
Of an armchair  
My seatbelt unfastened  
Shoelaces not tied

Letting the wind mess my hair  
Make up all smudged  
Waking up all blurry eyed

It's too early in the morning  
For my words to come out right  
Just getting used to sunshine  
I'm still squinting in the light

And it looks like a perfect day  
Just to get away  
All the mundane  
Has bought out the rebel  
I was born to be  
And it feels like the perfect time  
Just to break away  
This is my life  
It's a sojourn from the norm, oh, yeah

I'm a non-conformist  
I like doing stupid things  
Like laughing on a train  
Or falling in love again  
Television, magazines  
They tell you how to live your life  
But not how to use your brain

It's too early in the morning  
For my words to come out right  
Just getting used to sunshine  
I'm still squinting in the light

And it looks like a perfect day  
Just to get away  
All the mundane  
Has bought out the rebel  
I was born to be

And it feels like the perfect time  
Just to break away  
This is my life  
It's a sojourn from the norm, yeah, oh, yeah

I wanna do something  
I've never done  
Dip my toe  
Beneath the surface  
Of a sea that I've never seen the bottom of  
I'm not perfect  
Don't have to be  
Can walk around in just bare feet  
I'm comfortable in my own skin  
My confidence, it starts within

And it looks like a perfect day  
Just to get away  
All the mundane  
Has bought out the rebel  
I was born to be  
And it feels like a perfect time  
Just to break away  
This is my life  
It's a sojourn from the norm  
A sojourn from the norm, oh, yeah

Visit [Natasha Bedingfield](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.