

## Paul Weller

### "Bullrush"

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BULL-RUSH - Paul Weller

In a momentary lapse of my condition  
That sent me tumbling down into a deep despair  
Lost and dazed so I had no real recollection  
Until the rain cleared the air  
When you wake to find that everything has left you  
And the clothes you wear belong to someone else  
See your shadow chasing off towards the shore line  
Drifting into emptiness  
There's a bullrushes outside my window  
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze  
Well, tomorrow I'll walk to the harbour  
Catch the first boat that's coming in  
Like a child too small to reach the front door handle  
Or maybe just too scared to know what I would find  
Now I feel I'm strong enough to take the slow ride  
Not knowing when I will arrive  
I do believe I'm going home  
'Cause I don't call this place my own  
I'm missing what I had  
Happy times and sad

More than I ever thought could be

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