

## FINDING MY PLACE

I remember when we went,  
back home after school.  
To carry on the day's work,  
Of pretending to be cool.

For Hours, we were pirates,  
On our home made ship.  
Made from pillows and blankets,  
and plastic plates that we'd flip.

The sofa was the playground,  
the floor was the sea.  
And the chair in the middle,  
was where the captain used to be.

And I was always stood there,  
The eldest in charge.  
But now all three of us are grown,  
and my job is at large.

**I'm still finding my place,  
in this crazy world.  
'Cause I'm wearing the same face,  
Of that small little girl.**

And other days, we just sang,  
And performed outside,  
to an audience of one,  
which was far from simplified.

Even then I was strumming,  
and singing out of tune,  
And they'd always be the singers,  
singing the wrong words to songs we'd do.

### **(Chorus)**

And now, that just looks,  
Like a bus on the horizon.  
Too far to see the number,  
but too close to say never mind then.

'Cause moving on,  
is what we do,  
and we'll just keep going.  
The different lives,  
That we've been through,  
And sometimes without knowing.

