

Where do we go from here

The chairs are on the tables
the floor is gently swept and
they're turning out the lights
and locking doors for tonight

Where do we go from here
now the café is closed
what are we heading for
and which way the wind will blow

We got to dig much deeper
we got to find the answers
we got to wake the sleeper
we'll have to walk in the rain

Where do we go from here
now the café is closed
what are we heading for
and which way the wind will blow

Where do we go from here
now the streets are so empty
what are we heading for
and who's gonna be our judge

No more sad for comfort
no intriguing gossip
no more cosy loneliness
no more sitting by the window

No more lies to ponder
no mysteries to wonder
no more secret meetings
no more bitter truth to swallow

Will we be back tomorrow
will we seek up the sorrow
will we suffer once again
will we find freedom in the end

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