

# Sojourn

Natasha Bedingfield

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 off 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>