

Something Special

Des'ree

Sitting here, my mind's an empty page,
But I'll try, yes I will to exist.
A funky guitar, liberates me from my cage.
Well you asked so I say, that's how songs are made.

Where do I go when I need some inspiration.
Love affair, jump a cliff, light a spliff.
Simply vibe, with some wicked orchestration.
Well you asked so I say, that's how songs are made.

Oh, searching in the back of my mind,
Try to sleep, see if I dream,
see if something comes from nowhere.
Oh oh. Search again there's something I can find.
Try to sleep, see if I dream.
If I let it go, it comes back to me.
You rest your head to lay.
If you love it so. It comes back to you.
Back to you. Back to you.

What do I do, for a little motivation,
On a beach, out of reach, ooh life's a peach.
Sometimes I need just a little isolation.
On my own, answerphone, toblerone, ummmmm.

A little dedication, a little isolation, yeah.
A little motivation, give me some information. Yeah.
In the middle of the day. When you rest your head to lay