

For A Little While

John Conlee

When the tide comes up and the sun goes down to rest on Montego Bay

All the rum and tea inside of me can't chase the memories away
By the time you read the things I've said my ship pulled out to sea

I just needed to be free for a little while

As the lights go out in a beachfront bar to hush the Jamaican nights

In a room upstairs my mind prepares to turn off reality's light
And I close my eyes and fantasize till sleep unfolds its wings
And I fly to you in dreams for a little while

Climbin' the walls of this freedom I found
Old sailors and fools are drawn to the sound
And as long as they buy me another round
I'll sing about your smile for a little while

And I close my eyes and fantasize till sleep unfolds its wings
And I fly to you in dreams for a little while
Yes, I fly to you in dreams for a little while