

## Islands (Really Something)

Whitney

What if this cold life I lead  
Made a fool out of me?  
There's no islands in this motel  
But I'll tip my glass till I'm well beyond fried  
No, it won't be long till I'm going blind  
From the damage done tonight

So long, farewell  
It must be hard to tell  
But I was really something

I never went far playing games  
Or hiding from the winds of change  
So, Desire, where you been?  
You left my mind in a tailspin  
But I suppose it didn't take us long to know  
We'd burn too bright together, you and I

We were lost at best  
Just a phase, I guess  
But it was really something

Break a fall in stride  
And hell, you might just find  
Your life was really something