

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