

Des'ree, Something Special

Sitting here, my mind 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.
u res 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 res your head to lay