

Frank Barile, Too Late

I know that someday I'll be yours
I ain't got nowhere else to be
On a distant island's sandy shore
I'm already out to sea

The thought of us is all I see
I want it to be all I know
But it's not yet reality
How much further do I go?

And it's too late to fool ourselves
That there's nothing there
And it's too late to pretend that we don't care
And I don't want to wait
Until it's too late

If love equals frustration
Then it's frustration that I crave
But when this is an obsession
I just want to be saved
Now I know that if I drown
Only I can be blamed
For I feel my body dragging down
And my ship's sailing away

And it's too late to fool ourselves
That there's nothing there
And it's too late to pretend that we don't care
And I don't want to wait
Until it's too late