

Paul Van Dyk, Castaway

Some times they raise you
Feelin' far to fine
bound to be
bound to be my dregs

If only up to me
I'd rush it out sea
bound to take us

Out

Some times they raise you
Feelin' far to fine
bound to be
bound to be my dregs

If only up to me
I'd rush it out sea
bound to take us

Out

Cast away
We waste all day
fail to figure out
What is hailed to be ours

Right on
Some days
Fails to the wayside
The way oh way oh way

go the plans to figure out
plans to figure out

Sometimes

Erase you
Pillow thrown to flame
bound to be
bound to be my haste

fold it up to me
Rush it out forsee
Vow to take us

ah-huh

Right on
Some days
Fails to the wayside
The way oh way oh way

go the plans to figure out
plans to figure out

Sometimes
Erase you
Pillow thrown to flame
bound to be
bound to be my haste

Cast away

We waste all day
fail to figure out
What is hailed to be ours

Right on
Some days
Fails to the wayside
The way oh way oh way (2x)

Fail to figure out (2x)