

Leaving

Hootie & The Blowfish

I was a little lost
Rode home on my bicycle
The night was warm and it was June
Charleston gets so hot so soon
It reminded me of leaving
Walked into a crowded room
Looked around for a place to stand
Everyone I did not know, and knew
Reminded me of you
Reminded me of leaving, this evening
Reminded me of leaving,

Reminded me of you
Stood so near the ocean
Wearing only your birthday suits
We were tripping eight miles high
Shooting stars, your blue disguise
Reminded me of leaving, this evening
Reminded me of leaving, just breathing
Reminded me of leaving...
I was a little lost

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