

# I Had It All

## Bahamas

I had it all and my breath held tight  
She heard a call kept her up most night

And worst of all wondering what about us was ever rightI stayed at home dreamt of all we might be  
Egypt and Rome, she saw all she could see

Then coming home wondering why she couldn't find meNow measure time

To know what's mine

I'm turning around

I'm turning around

Turning on a dimeDone it before dropped it all and I ran

I slept on the shore woke up cold and tanned

I burst through the door like I was still, still your manNow measure time

To know what's mine

I'm turning around

I'm turning around

Turning on a dimeI had it all

Songwriters

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