Something Special

Helen Hall

Sitting here, my minds 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, Oh oh. Search again theres something I can find. Try to sleep, see if I dream, see if something comes from nowhere. u res your head to lay. Try to sleep, see if I dream. If I let it go, it comes back to me. If you love it so. It comes back to you. Back to you. Back to you. Sometimes I need just a little isolation. What do I do, for a little motivation, On a beach, out of reach, ooh life's a peach. On my own, answerphone, toblerone, ummmmm. A little motivation, give me some information. Yeah. In the middle of the day. When you res your head to lay A little dedication, a little isolation, yeah.

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