

Islands

Sara Bareilles

Waiting for the bus stop
Waiting for the concrete black top to settle down
Long enough for me to get off and get a little ground
I'm ready for the sea change
Helpless felt this coming from a mile away
And now you're looking at me babe, and how we'll separate if we
can
Cause I still count on one hand the number of good men I know

It's like I'm standing on the edge with just a telephone wire
Trying to get to you first to say the world's on fire
Holding my breath until I know you're alright
Because the water will only rise
When will you realize
You must become an island
You must become an island
You must become an island
And see for yourself that that's what I am

You always dirty up the windows
If you keep 'em at bay that way no one's gonna surprise you by
getting too close
Anybody but me though
You've made exceptions to you rules
And now we're staring down truth neither one of us wants to know

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Holding my breath until I know you're alright
Because the water will only rise
When will you realize
You must become an island
You must become an island
You must become an island
And see for yourself the horizon is all we have
And see for yourself the horizon is all we have

Holding my breath until I know you're alright
Because the water will only rise...