

Fantasy Island

The Shins

Long in tooth, olives and vermouth
I dine like an aging pilot
Where are they now, the money and the crowd?
Must I really come back down?

It's like I never was a kid, the big math just wasted youth on me
Making impressions like I did, your friends never thought that much of me
And now I want to fall into something else
An origami plane to a distant island
And I don't want to show you my feelings
I don't want to force you to deal
I just want to crash through the ceiling
Before it gets too real

All my life, compromise on wings of resignation
Big grey eyes staring from the sky
Am I humble enough now?
I've always had something to hide
My skinny arms, my evil intentions
And back at school, hitting the fire alarms
Desperately wanting attention

Well I was just a boy
Out there on my own
Wishing I could fly
Fantasy Island
And I don't want to show you my feelings
I don't want to bore you to death
I just want to crash through the ceiling
Get it off my chest

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And I don't want to show you my feelings
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I just want to crash through the ceiling
Before it gets too real
Before it gets too real
Before it gets too real
Real, oh, oh, oh
Real